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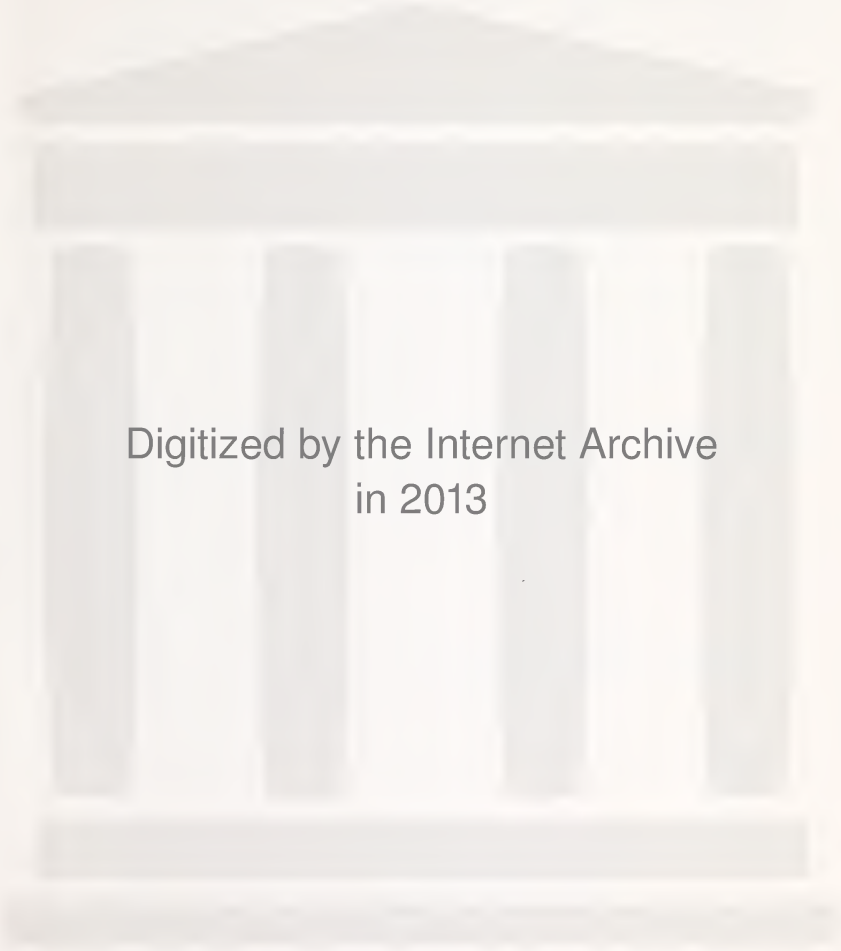
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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1911

ART. I.—BISHOP ASBURY[1]

THERE is always a certain amount of quiet electricity in the air. It vivifies all nature and tones up man. But when it is concentrated it carries the loaded car along the up grades, or darts like a thunderbolt of Jove and shakes down the refreshing rain. There was a general sighing of the oppressed and a longing for liberty in England, but it availed naught till the barons met King John at Runnymede and extorted the Magna Charta. There was a wail in the land of slaves that went up into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, but it availed naught till a Mrs. Stowe put that wail into words and a Lincoln put emancipation into a proclamation. There may be yearnings for a knowledge of God, an agony to know sins forgiven, but in the general decline of religious life, the dead formalism of the churches, the worldliness of systems that have choked the life out of Christianity they find no voice till some Luther springs from his groveling penance as he hears the seemingly audible words, "The just shall live by faith," or some Wesley feels his "heart strangely warmed" and he knows that he does trust in Christ for the pardon of his sins. These are all types of that general state of things in America out of which Asbury was the thunderbolt of concentrated power, the influence that made America one great Runnymede for the vindication of the rights of men and the proclamation of emancipation for millions who had sold themselves into slavery to sin; enabling them to sing of Christ,

> He breaks the power of canceled sin,
> He sets the prisoner free;
> His blood can make the foulest clean,
> His blood avails for me.

[1] Born August 20, 1745; came to America 1771; ordained Bishop at the Christmas Conference, 1784; died March 31, 1816.

Asbury was the Wesley of the new world, founding a kingdom the dominion of which should have no end in time or eternity.

Many are the aspects in which Asbury's influence should be contemplated. First, his power for the founding of the sovereignty of the United States. This influence was indirect but potent. Liberty was a by-product, and by-products often equal in value the main thing sought. Consider the extreme improbability of the colonies achieving their independence. They were made up of utterly heterogeneous elements as to blood, systems of thought, and religion. There were English in New England, Dutch in New York, Swedes in Delaware, French in South Carolina, Spaniards in Florida, and other general mixtures everywhere. Not only did these emigrants bring all the feuds of blood from the Old World to the New, but consider the differences in mental range and in religion. There were Puritans and Church of England people, Quakers and Lutherans, Protestants and Catholics, Republicans and Loyalists, Roundheads and Cavaliers—every variety of thought and feeling, and all rendered intense by the *odium theologicum* of the times. The colonies were exploited by different men for different objects and with different results. Except in the case of the Pilgrims and Puritans hardly any of them came from lofty motives, or for any purpose except gain. How could such a mass of heterogeneous and hostile elements ever make stand against the most formidable nation on earth, thoroughly equipped for effective warfare? God only knew, and he only could provide the necessary power. America, in its beginning and development, is a monument to the power of Christianity. Nothing short of the gospel, which is the power of God, could have welded these diverse and hostile elements into one mind and heart for liberty. To Whitefield, Wesley, and Asbury America is indebted as well as to Washington and Patrick Henry. These itinerants roamed up and down the whole coast kindling a fire of love and service that made possible the success of the American Revolution. Asbury represented in America the Christ who took for his first text in Nazareth, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach

deliverance to the captives, . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised." There is no great achievement in this world into which God does not enter. Nebuchadnezzar, in his pride, may say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built . . . by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Alexander may selfishly seek to dominate all Europe and Asia, but the Lord blows upon the schemes, and they are as naught till they all come to know that "the heavens do rule." On the other hand, the slaves go out of Egypt, the Pilgrims cross tempestuous seas and by God's help found empires that endure, for

> Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Some of the phases of Asbury's influence are not usually fully noted. He had a great influence on the song of the land. All God's works, from stars to souls, are resonant with music. In the beginning "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," and the truest translation declares that ever since God makes the outgoing of the morning and evening to sing. This is not mere poetic fancy but scientific fact. So along down the history of his church in all its great occasions the heart breaks into song. What confusion of jabbering would have filled Israel at the overthrow of their taskmaster at the end of four hundred years of slavery had not Moses led the multitude in the magnificent chant, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Miriam and the female choir of jubilant voices put in the oft-repeated chorus, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." This was five times repeated, as the great themes were recited referring to the inherent greatness of Jehovah in present victory and future triumph. The temple worship was resonant with psalms and antiphones so rich that the world has been filled with them ever since. All will remember that the church in Paul's time was jubilant with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs that made melody in the heart unto God. He gives us a snatch of one of these old hymns in Eph. 5. 14: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and

Christ shall give thee light." And the younger Pliny writes to Trajan in the year A. D. 107 that the early Christians were wont to assemble at daybreak and sing hymns of praise to Christ as their God. Considering the subject of these songs, they could not have been the old-time psalms. Thus in every conceivable distress and persecution these men sang hymns of lofty cheer. Every great revival of religion has also had a revival of spiritual song. The great revival under Luther could not have been what it was without his "Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott," the Marseillaise of the Reformation. So the larger revival under Wesley had Charles Wesley, the incomparable singer, to give wings to thought and feeling. What Asbury did for song in America has never been stated, much less appreciated. He found whatever religious feeling there was largely hampered among most people by the obligation to sing nothing but metrical versions of the Psalms of David. Many of these were extremely faulty in meter and rhyme and lacking in devotional feeling. Think of having the magnificent invitation for all nature to praise God, in the 148th psalm, rendered into:

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep
And wag your tails about;

or this:

When the chosen tribes debated
'Gainst their God as hardly treated
And complained, their hopes were split,
God for murmuring to requite them
Fiery serpents sent to bite them;
Lively type of deadly guilt.

—*William Gadsly's Hymn Book.*

Asbury records in his Journal, August 29, 1807, "I have hastily marked above two hundred hymns . . . to add to a new American edition which I hope will be as good as any extant." And the next day he adds, "The hymns for a new collection occupied my mind much." On September 26 he writes again, "My companions and myself are busy compiling the new Hymn Book," and on October 25 he says, "For three days past I have been busy in seeking appropriate portions of Scripture for the new hymns

designed to enlarge our common hymn book." Thus elegant diction, rhythmical movement and loftiest thoughts were made the constant utterance of these dwellers in forest and city. That these hymns and other books might be made accessible to the people, John Dickins, in 1789, established the Methodist Book Concern. This was a necessary outcome of a conviction recorded in the Minutes of an early Conference that "the propagation of religious knowledge by means of the press is next in importance to the preaching of the gospel." And every preacher was instructed to "be active in the diffusion of Mr. Wesley's Books," and every preacher was expected to "beg money of the rich to buy books for the poor." The eleven carloads of books sent out in one day from the Cincinnati Book Concern was *in posse*, if not *in esse*, in the saddlebags of the circuit rider. To this Book Concern Asbury bequeathed the slender remnant of his fortune when he died, as the most important agency he could help. How little did these humble threaders of the forests think that they were founding and fostering the greatest publishing house in the world to-day!

That this interest in literature was not a mere professional interest is seen in the number of books Asbury read. In his Journal one finds appreciative notes of seventy-eight such books. Considering his constant travel in the worst conditions for any attention to books, he may well be considered as setting an example to men more favorably situated for literary work. What busy minister of to-day could write intelligent references to seventy-eight books he has lately read? The influence of Asbury and, through him, of his preachers on the mental development and taste of America can never be estimated. Our land is noted for the opportunities it affords for the development of men and women in lowly walks of life into fitness for positions of national eminence and power. Many a son in a lonely cabin of toil has risen to be, like McKinley and Lincoln, a power in the world. The Methodist circuit rider has carried the wand that touched the sleeping genius into active life.

Growing out of his own appreciation of literature came not only its distribution by all his preachers, but, as a necessary

consequence, the founding of schools and a college. He planned schools for the whole connection. He had to do with schools in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia. He was not in favor of starting a college so soon, but, since Dr. Coke wanted one, he gave heart and soul to make it effective. When it was burned, after ten years of effective work, he wrote in his diary, "Would any man give me 10,000 pounds per year to do and suffer again what I have done for that house, I would not do it." It was a brave thing to do. He and Coke were like Jonathan and his armor-bearer against the Philistines at Micmash. Asbury preached the foundation sermon June 5, 1785. The country was distressingly poor. It had but just emerged from the disastrous strifes and awful sacrifices of war, was still in turmoil, and the national outcome was uncertain. The Constitution was not yet adopted, and would not be for two years. The first President had not been elected and would not be for four years. Dr. Coke had left America four days before, and Asbury was left alone to make the beginning in all this confusion and lack of development. He preached from Psalm 78. 4-8 concerning the law, and the dealings of God which they had heard and knew from the fathers: "We will not hide them from their children, telling to the generation to come the praises of Jehovah, . . . that the generation to come might know them, . . . that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments: and might not be . . . a stubborn and rebellious generation." He records the fact, so dear to every preacher, that he "had liberty in speaking and faith to believe that the work would go on." He had been quite sick only four days before. Coke was gone; there was not a sod turned nor a stone laid, but he had faith that the work would go on. That faith must have been born of God. It could not have been born of man. The 170 institutions of learning in the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day, with their fifty million dollars of property, and a procession of 60,000 students a year, is the material outcome of that spiritual faith. God honors what he inspires. Asbury showed the general inspiration of all God's people to do every possible thing for the intellectual development

of God's people. In America, as elsewhere, the college is the child of the church. A late report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows that of the 368 colleges it enumerates, only 30 are known to be secular in their origin and management, while 261 are known to be under the care of the different denominations. The world sees men as blocks of unhewn stone. But God and his workmen see a strong and beautiful angel in every one. And each of them makes it his business to bring that angel forth.

Previous to Asbury's time there had been fathers and mothers who on Sunday had taught their children and the children of their neighbors the blessed truths of the gospel. Among these was a Sunday school established by Asbury at the home of Thomas Crenshaw in 1780. But there were no schools generally established by the authority of the church until Asbury caused the following question and answer to be inserted in the Minutes of the Conferences held in 1790:

Ques. What can be done in order to instruct poor children, white and black, to read?

Ans. Let us labor, as the heart and soul of one man, to establish Sunday schools in or near the place of public worship. Let persons be appointed by the bishops, elders, deacons, or preachers, to teach, gratis, all that will attend, and have a capacity to learn, from six o'clock in the morning till ten, and from two o'clock in the afternoon till six, where it does not interfere with public worship. The council shall compile a proper schoolbook, to teach them learning and piety.

Thus this institution, adopted now by every church the wide world over, having now over 23,000,000 students, was first officially recognized in America by Asbury. It was simply the revival and application of the command of God to Israel in regard to his laws, ordinances, and dealings with his people, "Thou shalt diligently teach them unto thy children."

Asbury in this country first established the system of pensions for aged workers, now adopted by so many nations for soldiers and by great manufacturing plants for workmen. He established the "Chartered Fund," the proceeds of which are distributed to every Methodist Conference in the country to-day. Of course, a man of such broad humanitarian feelings would have opinions, words, and deeds about slavery. He had been in this

country but seven years when he wrote in his Journal: "I find the more pious part of the people called Quakers are exerting themselves for the liberation of the slaves. This is a very laudable design, and what the Methodists must come to, or, I fear, the Lord will depart from them." Only a year after this he speaks of a black man who displayed extraordinary gifts in public exercises. And in 1780 two significant questions were printed in the Conference Minutes:

Ques. 17. Does this Conference acknowledge that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion, and doing that which we would not others should do to us and ours? Do we pass our disapprobation on all our friends who keep slaves, and advise their freedom?

Ques. 23. Do we disapprove of the practice of distilling grain into liquor? Shall we disown our friends who will not renounce the practice?

The answer to each was significantly affirmative. Probably this is the first authoritative protest ever entered on public official minutes in this country. To the very end of his life his Journal breaks out with such expressions as this: "O Lord, banish the infernal spirit of slavery from thy dear Zion." It was easy for men in the north seventy-five years later to denounce slavery. Many men became justly famous the world over for a sturdy standing up for the rights of the down-trodden. But Asbury traversed the slave-holding States and did not close his mouth. Imbued with the spirit of Wesley, who declared the slave trade to be the sum of all villainies, Asbury was a kind of vehement John the Baptist of the Christ spirit that finally abolished the whole system by the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

But, eminent and glorious as these services were, they were not the main outcome of his life. It was not a nation made harmonious, schools founded, the lips of a people tuned to sacred song, testimony against slavery, and the advance guard of an army of twenty-three million Sunday school scholars merely that resulted from his life, but a bannered church of the living God, with doctrines that have marvelously molded the thought of the century and a polity that has been approved by his church, that has grown to be world-wide and been largely imitated by others. At his ordination there had come to be, largely by his labors, a

church of 80 preachers and 15,000 members. Thirty-two years later there were 700 preachers and 211,000 members—a gain of over 1,300 per cent, or a gain of over 40 per cent a year over the original number of members. The Protestant Church in America to-day has 139,985 pastors, over 20,000,000 communicants, and is somewhat content with a gain of 1 per cent a year. How was such success achieved? The methods are worth our study.

First. Asbury was the son of pious parents, and grew up a moral youth, "who neither dared an oath nor hazarded a lie." For six years and a half he worked at a trade, like the Carpenter of Nazareth. Under the preaching of the Methodists he "came into a clear experience of pardon and justification before he was fourteen years old." At seventeen he began to preach, and at twenty-one gave himself to the work of an itinerant preacher. After a little more than five years of discipline as a preacher he felt called of God and Mr. Wesley to come to America. The voyage was made in fifty-three tumultuous days—instead of four, as now. In what spirit did he face that stormy sea, exiled from home to a life of hardship in the wilderness of America? He felt called of God to this specific field. Strong intimations came to him that he should give himself to that work. "These," he said, "I laid before God, unwilling to do my own will or to run before I was sent." In the stormy voyage he set down a few things that lay in his mind. Most of all was that he "was going to live to God and bring others to do so." Having made this consecration, he kept every fiber of his being in tense devotion to this divine purpose. Keeping the consecration entire, he could ever distinctly hear the call. He felt as much called of God as was Aaron, as much as Paul was to be an apostle. Methodism has ever kept the blessed reality of a special call of God to the holy service before all its ministry. And what God calls he empowers. Asbury never thought of facing a continent in his own strength. He trusted the God who sent him to stand by him as he did by Paul before the shipwreck and as was his habit on other similar occasions of need. Asbury's Journal is everywhere fragrant with the breath of prayer. He believed the changeless God could work on one side of the globe as well as on the other, in one century as

well as in another, by Asbury as well as by Moses. He had a record of his ancient doings, and derived hope and full assurance therefrom for modern achievements. He believed that the people of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah—Christ said they did—and that the people of America would repent at the preaching of Asbury. And they did. If we compare the achievements of the critics of the Bible with those of the believers of the Bible we shall see on which side God works. Believing in the Bible, he preached its doctrines. Foremost in time is the doctrine of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It is idle to preach the gospel as a mere means of literary culture. It has been tried, notably in our day. The gospel is not the wafted aroma of fancy's flowers. It is the power of God unto salvation. And there need be no salvation without a precedent perdition. The perdition was so definite that the infinite Christ had to come to save the people from their sins. If it was necessary in Christ's time, it was necessary in Asbury's time; and if necessary in his time, it is necessary in our time. A man does not send for a human physician till he knows he is sick, nor for the Great Physician till he knows he is a sinner. Of course it would be useless to show people their sins unless he offered them a remedy. That was always at hand. The first sermon after his ordination was on the keynote of all his work. The text was, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Secondly. Not only did he preach the right doctrines, and depend on God for their right efficiency, but he was everlastingly at it. He preached to the sailors and passengers again and again on his way over. In the rough sea he had to cling to the mizzen mast while he preached from, "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." And toward the end of his ministry he writes of his journey to Boston, "In every house, tavern, and private, I have prayed and talked; this is a part of my mission." Concerning Conference he writes, "It kept us busy to preach five times a day, ordain the candidates, inquire into their gifts, graces, and usefulness, etc." Of September 4, 1785, he writes:

"Notwithstanding I was very sick, I preached thrice, read prayers twice, and held love feast. My flesh went heavily along." This man was often very sick, but, like Paul, having received strength of God, he continued to work. He was carried to his pulpit for the last time on March 24, 1816, and his released spirit was taken by angels to Abraham's bosom the same week.

Thus briefly have been sketched the life and principles of one of the world's greatest men. In all matters that make for manhood, for devotion, zeal, lofty principles, service of humanity, heroic sacrifice, not in one sudden dash of deadly battle but for the half of a century, Asbury equals, if he does not surpass, any man of ancient or modern times. The only man one would think of comparing him with would be Wesley. Let it be everlastingly remembered that this world's greatest men have been followers of Him who rides the white horse of victory through all the ages of time and eternity. But it is vain that the tombs of the fathers be built by unworthy sons. The greatest honor sons can do their sires is to surpass them on their own lines. Sons with tenfold advantages should show tenfold victories. If the fathers had principles of power, practices of prayer and persuasion, still more should the sons adopt and exploit them. If Paul and Asbury were willing to become all things that would save some, so should their successors. The one sacred symbol of our holy religion is the cross of sacrifice. There is something so high that men gladly count all earthly things but loss that they may win it. For an earthly crown Henry the Fifth may cry, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, or close the wall up with our English dead." For crowns of eternal glory, laid up for all who love the Lord's appearing, men may cry not merely, "Once more," but continually, "Most gladly will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me. I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake, for when I am weak then am I strong."

Henry White Warren

Art. II.—A RECENTLY DETECTED PROMOTER OF VITAL PIETY

In the most recent literature on the psychology of religion a leading role is assigned to an interesting but somewhat mysterious agent whose action in the field of religious experience seems only lately to have been discovered. In his Gifford Lectures Professor William James somewhere gives the approximate date of the discovery, but makes no claim to have been the original discoverer. Under his brilliant leadership not a few investigators of religious phenomena have found and enthusiastically transmitted the new light. Not having the qualification of a professional psychologist to make report upon the subject, the present writer hopes to reduce to the minimum all dangers of misrepresentation by using in this paper, as in algebra, a capital "X" for this great unknown, and by employing an expert to furnish the description. It seems necessary, however, to mention in advance that the agent spoken of above has a small partner in the promotion of the religious life, and this partner we may conveniently style little "x." The expert who has volunteered to describe the two is Dr. G. B. Cutten, and his representations are found in his recent work, entitled The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. All page references in the following are to this work.

First of all, it should be noted that big X, being an agent, can be and is spoken of as distinct from "other agents" (15). Little x appears to be one of these others, and, in any case, is a near neighbor of big X. In fact, nothing but a "threshold" separates them. They are not on the same level, however, for big X's place is immediately under little x's. Sometimes the threshold is "lowered" somewhat (16, 354); but how this affects the doorposts and the adjacent floors we are not told. But the two agents are in some other than this merely spatial relation to each other, for they take turns in "controlling" certain things, and on page 15 big X is expressly called the "ally" of little x. Both "work"; little x intermittently, but bix X—so far as I can judge—incessantly. Of the working of both we have some knowledge (348).

Both are represented as personal, for personal acts are freely ascribed to each. Nevertheless, both are represented as resident in our own minds. Within us the "simultaneous" working of the two is said to be at times visible (352). Big X, however, seems to be the more powerful, for at times he "may even force us in opposition to our reason" (17). Occasionally he gets so self-assertive that he "pushes into" little x (47). Anon, in another mood, he is found "writing sermons" for him (17). Then, like some other preachers, he makes insistent "demands" of his little ally, and even sends him messages of "warning" (15). I do not find that little x ever responds in kind. Big X can "dispatch" and even "pop" things into his small companion, but I do not read of any power or disposition on his part to retaliate, even at those times when little x "controls life" (17). However, under certain conditions this self-assertive and domineering big ally "can be communicated with," and in one way or another, in each of us, the pair manage to get on together. In reality, little x is simply what our author calls "consciousness," and big X what he calls "subconsciousness."

"In conversion," we are repeatedly assured, big X is an "important factor" (254). So important is he that, "if there is a divine element in conversion, it must come largely through" him (257). It may, however, come through a mysterious "sluice-way" in his exclusive possession (261, 413, 415). Indeed, in the divine-human work of "revelation and inspiration" big X "has *the major part* to perform" (18). (Italics mine.) Furthermore, "all the subjective value of prayer" originates in big X (413).

Meditating on these perplexing teachings, the present writer cannot help asking himself what we should think of a psychologist who, in all seriousness, should describe memory as a personal agent, distinct from all other agents, and should invent a "sub-memory" in which to store up forgotten things and perhaps material for future memories; who should, furthermore, make the submemory occupy the basement of the imaginary house in which memory resides, with nothing between the two but a threshold (in place of the ceiling and first floor that we would

naturally look for)—a threshold which automatically rises a little whenever anything is forgotten, and is also "lowered" correspondingly when, either spontaneously or through outside influences reaching us through a "submemorial sluiceway," any forgotten thing is brought back to our remembrance. Should we not say that the poor man had lost his bearings and unconsciously become the hopelessly bewildered victim of his own well-mixed architectural, hydraulic, and hypostatic metaphors? What better can be said of any author who, in a professedly scientific account of the self-observed and nonself-observed activities of the mind in religious experience, can use such language as that cited above?

The book from which we have been quoting is in many respects admirable, and it seems a pity that in consequence of some subtle "thought-transference" from F. W. H. Myers, Professor James, and their disciples, the author should have woven into his pages these amorphous and polychrome notions, or phrases, respecting those powers and activities of the human soul which escape our keenest inner vision. It should have occurred to him, and to his predecessors, that space notations do not well apply to spiritual experiences, and that, in a being created for the kingdom of heaven, superconscious sluiceways are quite as thinkable, and quite as predicable, as subconscious.

W. F. Warren.

Art. III.—SOME EXPONENTS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Providence is a vast domain to which all departments of theology are in some sense subsidiary. Nature, church history, and the life of nations are only some of the realms over which it rules. It is therefore deeply interesting to watch how the doctrine has unfolded itself before the eyes of successive generations of theologians. The Old Testament is full of God's gracious rule over nature and human life and his special favor toward his own people. The New Testament brings out the thought of our Father's love and care in a way that banishes doubt and brings sunshine into all lives. The primitive Christians regarded man as preëminently the subject of Divine Providence and the whole economy of creation as subservient to the higher end of the education of mankind. The link between the Old and New Testaments is supplied by Josephus, who says that the Pharisees looked on some actions as the work of fate or Providence, though to do right or wrong was in the power of man. Fate coöperated in all actions, though it did not cause them. The Essenes maintained that nothing befell men save according to the determination of fate. The Sadducees recognized no such power as fate but held that all man's actions are in his own power, so that he receives what is evil from his own folly.[1] Philo, the teacher of Alexandria, whom Eusebius regards as one of the Christian fathers, exercised a profound influence on the thought of the early church. He denied the old doctrine of the eternity of the world, which prevailed largely among Greek poets and philosophers, and maintained "that it could neither exist nor continue but for the productive and providential activity of God. If the world is eternal, it is self-subsistent, and this is the same as saying that it is not subject to the providence of God—a doctrine which is subversive of all religion. The visible world is in continual process or genesis, and therefore it cannot be self-subsistent."[2] Clemens

[1] Antiquities, xiii, 5, 9; xvii, 3–5; Wars, ii, 8, 14.
[2] Watson, Philosophical Basis of Religion, pp. 203–5.

Alexandrinus, the most learned of the early Christian writers (cir. 160-215 A. D.), argued that there was no antagonism of the whole and its parts in the sight of God.[1] We find in his writings the doctrine afterward described as the divine concursus: "Many things owe their existence to human calculation, though they are kindled by God, as if by lightning. Thus health is preserved by medical skill, the carriage of the body by fencing, riches by the industrial art; but the divine *πρόνοια* and human *συνέργεια* always work together."[2] The problem of evil, which bulks so largely in later discussions, exercised the minds of the fathers. Irenæus thought that evil made good shine out more brightly; Athenagoras traced the disorders of the world to the devil and demons. The Neoplatonists taught that the Original Essence was the source of all being. Through contemplation of this man is to become one with it. Porphyry says that Plotinus (205-270 A. D.) attained to this ecstatic union with God only four times during the six years he was with him as his disciple. The teaching of Neoplatonism, so far as what is originally existent works in the world, may be described as "dynamical pantheism."[3] Tertullian, the oldest of the Latin fathers (160-220 A. D.), expresses his conviction that God made the world for man, and that it is not unworthy of its Maker.[4] Cæcilius, in his Octavius (cir. 33), has this noble passage: "We distinguish races and nations; for God this whole world is one home. Kings only know the whole of their own kingdom by the service of their ministers; God has no need of evidence, we live not only in his eyes but in his bosom."

Origen (185-254) is the first of the fathers who gives detailed attention to the subject of Providence. He is "the earnest foe of the doctrine of unconditional predestination. The end and aim of all divine influence and of the orderings of Providence is to bring men back to holiness and blessedness."[5] His views come out most clearly in his answer to Celsus, who, about 176, wrote his *Ἀληθὴς Λόγος*, or True Discourse. Celsus held that matter

[1] Strom, vi, p. 821.
[2] Hagenbach, History of Christian Doctrines, i, p. 191; Strom, vi, 17.
[3] Harnack, History of Dogma, i, p. 348. [4] Adversus Marcionem, i, 13.
[5] Fisher, History of Christian Doctrine, p. iii; Origen, De Princip., iii, 7, 10.

is uncreated and coeternal with God, who exercises a general providence through the laws of nature and a special care over his creatures through the demons, or lower deities. He has not a good word to say for Christ or his followers. Origen's reply was written in 245, when he was in his sixtieth year. Celsus was a follower of Plato, though his expressions are strongly tinged with Epicureanism. He held that God interferes as little with the affairs of men as with those of monkeys and flies. He specially resents the opinion that God made all things for the sake of man. In his view they came into existence not more for the sake of man than of beast and bird. He said: "Thunders, lightnings, and rains are not the works of God," maintaining, like a true Epicurean, that these things are the product of chance, and not the work of Providence. For if these things are of no more use to us than to plants, and trees, and herbs, and thorns, it is evident either that they do not proceed from Providence at all, or from a Providence which does not provide for us in a greater degree than for trees, and herbs, and thorns. Celsus argues: "All things, accordingly, were not made for man any more than they were made for lions, or eagles, or dolphins, but that this world, as being God's work, might be perfect and entire in all things. For this reason all things have been adjusted, not with reference to each other, but with regard to their bearing upon the whole. And God takes care of the whole, and Providence will never forsake it; and it does not become worse; nor does God after a time bring it back to himself." Celsus asserted that everything was regulated by God. Origen justly and wisely replies: "When we say that 'the providence of God regulates all things' we utter a great truth if we attribute to that providence nothing but what is just and right. But if we ascribe to the providence of God all things whatsoever, however unjust they may be, then it is no longer true that the providence of God regulates all things, unless we refer directly to God's providence things which flow as results from his arrangements." It cannot be said that transgressors follow the law of God when they transgress against it. The heresies of Manichæism and fatalism called the church to define its doctrine of providence, and the great political catastrophes of the fifth cen-

tury hastened this development. God was represented as the Preserver and Governor of the world who exercised special care over men. The looser views of earlier times gave way to the conception of a providence which cared for the individual. It was recognized that faith in Providence was first made certain through Christ, and that Christians were under the particular providence of God. In the fight with Manichæism evil ceased to be regarded as something without which virtue would be impossible.[1] Saint Augustine has an important place in the development of the doctrine of providence. His powerful mind was directed to these problems by the events of his own time, and he fixed the opinions of the church. His strong faith in a universal providence comes out in his *De Civitate Dei,* which he began to write two years after Alaric sacked Rome. He held that the *Civitas Dei* had been built up with the world to provide it with the forces of life, and that the divine purpose and will are fully carried out. The old pagan gods seemed in the eyes of many to be declaring war against the new religion, but Augustine traces God's providence through the whole course of Roman history, dwells on the marvels already wrought by Christianity, and anticipates more glorious triumphs in the future. Nemesius, bishop of Emesa, regards providence as the well-ordering of things that are.[2] Jerome did not agree with some of his contemporaries who took special pains to show that the providence of God extends to particulars. He considered it derogatory to the Divine Being to exercise such special care over the lower creation. God concerned himself about the species, not about the individual: how the multitude of fishes were born and lived in the waters, how reptiles and quadrupeds arose and were nourished. He thought it absurd to draw down the majesty of God to a knowledge each moment of the number of gnats that were born or perished. Arnobius, who had been a pagan and a teacher of rhetoric at Sicca, in Africa, at the end of the third century, would not allow that God created the lower animals, from which it would follow that he exerted a special providence over them. Jerome's teaching prepared the way for the distinction between

[1] Harnack, History of Dogma, iii, pp. 249–250. [2] De. Nat. Hom., i, 30.

general and special providence drawn by the African bishop Junilius, who lived about the middle of the sixth century. General providence was seen in the preservation of the species and the circumstances in which it was placed; special providence was shown in the care of God for angels and men, in that of angels for men, and of men for themselves.[1] Chrysostom wrote three books on fate and providence. Theodoret, Bishop of Antioch, who died in 457, wrote ten suggestive orations on Providence. In the first he demonstrates it from sky, sun, moon and stars, and insists that as children are bound to fight for their parents and slaves for their masters, so those who are made and preserved by God should not only fight for him with words, but be ready to lay down their lives for him who is nearer to us than parents, mightier than masters, more provident than all benefactors, safer than any wall, vastly more excellent than all kings together. He refers to the false views held by many as to the gods, and shows that some limited Providence to the bounds of the moon and left the rest of the world to fate. He asks what there is in the world unadorned and unregulated. He bids them behold the order existing among all things, and discern the providence of God which appears and speaks in all. The heavenly bodies, the plants and herbs, the living creatures, all bear their tribute to Him who, as David says, never ceases to endure even though the heavens grow old. He next demonstrates Providence from the air, land, sea, rivers and fountains; from the human frame; from man's hands and the arts they are able to carry out. The fifth oration finds its theme in man's rule over the lower creation. Then he dwells on the benefit of both riches and poverty, of slavery and lordship. His eighth theme has its daily application. Those who are kindly disposed, he urges, do not suffer though they serve bad masters. In the ninth oration we are taught that the pursuit of righteousness is not fruitless. Even though the fruit should not appear in the present life, the resurrection is to follow. The last oration takes a wider view. From the beginning God's providence extended not merely to the Jews but to all men, and this care is still more manifest in the incarnation of the world's

[1] De Partibus Legis Divinae, ii, c 3; Hagenbach, History of Christian Doctrines, ii, p. 40.

Saviour. The closing passage is a noble call to praise. Boethius's *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* was a manual for thousands of scholars in the Middle Ages. Its influence and popularity, indeed, as a book of practical piety, can be compared only with that of the later Imitation of Christ and the earlier Cicero's *De Officiis.* Boethius was head of the Roman Senate about 525 A. D. His famous description of Providence is put into the mouth of Philosophy:

> Providence is the Divine Reason, and lieth fast in the high Creator that knoweth how everything shall befall ere it come to pass. But that which we call fate is God's working day by day, both that which we see and that which is not seen of us. The divine forethought holdeth up all creatures so that they may not fall asunder from their due order. Fate, therefore, allots to all things their forms, places, seasons, and proportions; but fate comes from the mind and forethought of Almighty God, who worketh whatsoever he will according to his unspeakable providence.

Anselm, the famous archbishop of Canterbury, held that "all that is, rightly is."[1] Abelard agreed with Plato that God could in no way have made a better world than he had made. Duns Scotus taught that the goodness of God revealed in the perfection of the world is conditioned by the freedom of man. The schoolmen generally treated providence in connection with the divine attributes, particularly with the will of God. Hugo of Saint Victor regarded providence as that attribute of God by which he preserves all his works and gives to every one his due and right. When evil is done God overrules it. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274) had a genius for theological arrangement of traditional ideas and set himself to construct a system of theology which should satisfy both faith and reason. His views have living interest because he is still the recognized master of Roman Catholic theology.

> The question of divine providence, first definitely raised by Origen, and vigorously discussed from the time of Anselm and Abelard, is treated by him with great fullness. He finds the highest ground for the multiplicity and variety of things in God himself. Every efficient cause seeks to produce an effect as like itself as the matter employed will allow. Hence God must intend to produce the most perfect image of himself, so far as his likeness can be imparted to created things.

[1] Dial. de. Ver., chap. 7.

Now, a multiplicity and variety of things, combined in a definite order with one another, is a higher good than could be secured by the existence of a number of individual things, identical in nature, and unrelated to one another. The providence of God is not merely general, but extends to the minutest detail. If God does not care for every one of his creatures it must be because he has not the will to do so, since his power is infinite. But God's goodness extends to all, and therefore he wills the good of all. He does not allow that the infinite goodness of God demands the creation of an absolutely perfect world, and has no hesitation in affirming that divine providence can be reconciled with the evil in the world and the freedom of the will from which evil springs. Much good would be elminated from the world if there were no evil in it, giving room for the display of patience under persecution and suffering, and the other spiritual qualities. Nor is Divine Providence incompatible with human freedom; on the contrary, with the removal of freedom the world would cease to be perfectly ordered, since without freedom virtue, justice, and foresight in action are incompatible.[1]

The subject of Providence is discussed in his *Summa Theologiæ* (Question xxii). He divides the question into four parts. Under the first head he shows that providence is befitting to God. Then he asks whether all things are subject to Divine Providence. The saying that God has left man to his own counsel (Ecclus 15. 14, "He himself made man from the beginning, and left him in the hand of his counsel") does not exclude man from the rule of Divine Providence.

For the providence of man is included under the providence of God, just as a particular cause under a universal cause. God, however, has a providence over just men in a certain more excellent way than over the ungodly, inasmuch as he does not permit anything to befall them which would hinder their final salvation. (Rom. 8. 28.) The providence of God permits certain defects in some things, though these do not hinder the perfect good of the whole. For if all evils were prevented many good things would be lost to the universe.

The third question is whether divine providence is immediate in regard to all things. Aquinas says two things belong to Providence—a general plan and the carrying of it out, which is called government. God governs inferior things by those that are superior, not from any defect in his own power, but from the abundance of his goodness, that he may give dignity to his creatures. In the fourth section he considers the problem of

[1] Watson, Philosophical Basis of Religion, pp. 381–384.

necessity and concludes that Divine Providence imposes it on certain things, not, however, on all, as some believe.

In keeping with the whole tendency of his system Aquinas regarded the preservation of the world as a continuous act of creation, an opinion which Scotus and his followers rejected. The end of creation was said by Aquinas to be the communication of God's own perfection, "which is his goodness." "God acts not for his own advantage, but solely by reason of his own goodness." The radical difference between the Thomist and Scotist schools appears in respect to the question of the divine agency in its relation to the activity of the human will, or Divine Providence as concerned with the choices of man. Aquinas, like his preceptor, Albert, held to determinism. There are second causes, but God is the prime mover, acting upon them and, in the case of the will, so to speak, within them. . . . As to his theodicy, Aquinas maintains that the defect of one thing may redound to the good of another. Hence a defect in one particular part or place is permitted to be. "There were not the life of the lion if there were not the slaying of animals" on which he feeds, "nor would there be the patience of martyrs if it were not for the persecution of tyrants." "The order of the universe requires there should be some beings who can depart from goodness and sometimes do thus depart." . . . Sin is thus made to be the necessary means of the greatest good.[1]

Providence holds a large place in the works of Dante, whom F. D. Maurice calls "the most earnest theologian of his time."[2] He was an eager disciple of Thomas Aquinas, who died when the future poet was a child. The *Summa Theologiæ* shaped Dante's Divine Comedy, which is the first Christian poem and the most distinctively Christian poem of the world. In his *Convito* Dante is assailed by doubts as to the justice of God. These were caused by the sufferings of good men and the prosperity of the wicked. Dante can discern no distributive justice in the way riches are bestowed on men (iv, 11). *De Monarchia* shows him emerging into the light. God alone, he asserts, elects the emperor; the so-called electors are merely instruments of Divine Providence (iii, 15). His view of life is now governed by a strong conviction of the divine order. Providence rules the world and guides the lives of men. *"Qui cuncta subordinis pulchritudine ab aeterna providit"* (ii, 4, 72). He has a clear view of human destiny:

Two ends have been laid down by the ineffable providence of God for man to aim at: the blessedness of this life, which consists in the

[1] Fisher, History of Christian Doctrine, pp. 238–9; see also Harnack, History of Dogma, vi, 186–7.

[2] Mediæval Philosophy, p. 252.

exercise of his natural powers, and which is prefigured in the earthly paradise [*Purgatorio*, xxviii] and, next, the blessedness of the life eternal, which consists in the fruition of the sight of God's countenance, and to which man by his own natural powers cannot rise if he is not aided by the divine light; and this blessedness is understood by the heavenly paradise. [*De Monarchia*, iii, 15.]

In the seventh canto of the Inferno Dante represents Fortune as a general mistress and guide over human affairs:

> Which at due time,
> May change the empty vantages of life
> From race to race, from one to other's blood,
> Beyond prevention of man's wisest care;
> Wherefore one nation rises into sway,
> Another languishes, e'en as her will
> Decrees, from us conceal'd as in the grass
> The serpent traid.

This is Dante's view of Providence, for in De Monarchia (ii, 10) he says that what Pyrrhus described as Fortune is better and more rightly called the providence of God. Boethius's Consolation of Philosophy (book iv) was in his mind when he thus wrote (see Carroll, Exiles of Eternity, pp. 122-5).

The Mystics of the Middle Ages were inclined to regard "the independence of the finite creature as a breaking loose from the Creator, and consequently as a revolt, and thus to stamp creation as the work of the devil." Yet such a thinker as Henry Suso is lost in admiration of the loveliness of nature and exclaims, "O tender God! If thou art so loving in thy creatures, how fair and lovely must thou be in thyself!" He sees the providence over all: "O Lord, who preserves all this? Who feeds it? Thou takest care of all, each in its own way, great and small, rich and poor. Thou, God! Thou doest it. Thou, God, art indeed God!"[1] The pantheistic tendency becomes stronger in the mystics of a later age. Sebastian Frank said the creature was a passive instrument, "for the bird does not really sing and fly, but is besung and borne up in the air; it is God that sings, lives, moves and flies in it. He is the essence of all essences, so that all creatures are full of him, and do and are nothing else but what God says and wills." According to Tauler, self-abnegation was the

[1] Hagenbach, ii, pp. 226, 231.

fundamental requirement for God to be born anew in man. "In the world he is, and works as in something which is his own; in man he makes use of his own, and informs himself of the same; in him, accordingly, he has his conscious and suitable organ."[1] There is an instructive discussion of these points in Dorner's System of Christian Doctrine, ii, pp. 54, 55:

> Absolute determinism, and to some extent the mystics, would have everything referred directly to God's providence, to the exclusion of the spontaneous activity of the world. The Mohammedan refuses medicine because everything happens as God predestinated. But if everything outside God is impersonal, and without causality, then has providence no real object, and government nothing to govern. And, especially, to wish to exclude freedom in the interest of God's all-comprehending providence would be to look on God as a Monarch able only to effect his purposes by means of unfree, impersonal forces. But it is a higher order of government, nay, true government, to be able to control free forces and bend them to one's own purpose. As regards chance, especially, divine providence, clothed with almighty power, so comprehends everything of this kind in its range that nothing exists without both final and efficient cause.

Luther looked on the world with a poet's eye, as full of providential wonders, and Zwingli, in his treatise, *De Providentia*, shows the same love of nature. Melanchthon refers to the idea that, though God made the world, he afterward left its government to his creatures as the carpenter leaves the ship which he has built to the sailors. He held, on the contrary, that God was present in the world, preserving and sustaining all things. By his boundless mercy he bestows all good, helping or hindering second causes. (*In loco de creatione.*) Zwingli regarded nature as the continued and perpetual operation of God and the arrangement of all things. That constant preservation is to him as wonderful as a miracle. The later theologians distinguished between general, special, and very special providence. Hutter and Gerhard divided providence into the two acts of conservation and government. Quenstedt added God's concursus to second causes, the act by which liberty of action was preserved to men. He speaks of the act of Providence by which God, through a general influence on actions and effects of second causes, so far immediately and at once with them and

[1] Dorner, History of Protestant Theology, i, pp. 58, 9.

by the side of them sweetly influences the poverty and necessity of every one. Descartes, Malebranche, and Bayle developed this into the system of Occasionalism, which maintained that bodily sensation and all our ideas are caused by God himself. God is thus in immediate relation with every thinking soul. This really pointed the way toward pantheism. Under the stress of manifest difficulties and problems of divine government, Calvinism was developed by some into "a ruthless fatalism disguised as Predestination."[1]

We now follow the doctrine into the schools of philosophy. Spinoza (1632-1677) denies personality to God. He

> expressly repudiates the notion of a personal being conceived in our own image. Every determination detracts from perfection. We can, therefore, ascribe to God neither passions nor purposes, neither intellect nor will. He is a Being absolutely perfect, "purged of all anthropomorphism." He is neither the "magnified man" of popular thought, nor the "All-wise Creator and Governor" of natural theology. He is simply the ground of all being, the infinite, all-embracing Substance. . . . Every thought, wish, feeling, is a mode of God's attribute of thought; while every visible thing is a mode of his attribute of extension. God is the all in all, the *Omne esse*, and beyond him there is nothing real.[2]

Design or purpose has no place in Spinoza's universe. Nature blindly produces things without conscious aim or object. That is his conception of God, and every change in the external world and every idea in the mind of man necessarily flows from that source. There is no room left for Providence here. Finite beings have no individuality or self-determination. Leibnitz (1646-1716), in his famous Théodicée, which elevated the subject into a science, sought "to do justice at once to the absolute unity and perfection of God and to the individuality and self-activity of finite beings." He argued that the objections to the compatibility of evil with the divine goodness are mere probabilities, which cannot stand for a moment against the demonstrable truth that God exists and is infinitely wise and just. We know that God is absolutely wise, we see that evil exists. Thus we are forced to conclude that infinite wisdom is compatible with the existence of evil. We must regard the world which God has produced as the best pos-

[1] Pope, Higher Catechism of Theology, p. 109.
[2] Alexander, History of Philosophy, pp. 190, 194.

sible, since all his acts are marked by supreme wisdom. As to the absoluteness of God and human freedom, he concludes that God foresees what men will do in all cases, but this in no way destroys their freedom. God does not will moral evil, though he permits it. God produces all the perfection which men display. Their imperfection is due to their nature as finite beings. Moral evil is thus shown to be due to the lack of clear reason and force of will in man. The theory of a preëstablished harmony between body and soul which makes them act together in seeking certain ends shows how there can be perfect freedom while an all-wise Being foresees what will take place. Physical evil is regarded as the condition of greater good, and if we consider the world as a whole, it is evident that the sum of evil vanishes before the sum of good.[1] Leibnitz is one of the great exponents and champions of the divine government. "His whole philosophy became a rational idealism showing a grand religiously grounded belief in the good world-reason which harmoniously guides everything."[2]

> God has provided everything, he has remedied everything beforehand. There is in his works a harmony, a beauty, already preëstablished. This view does not at all exclude the providence or the government of God. A true providence on the part of God demands a perfect fore-knowledge; but it demands not only that he has foreseen everything, but also that he has provided for everything—otherwise he is deficient either of the wisdom to foresee or the power to provide.[3]

Samuel Clarke (1675-1729) argued that God interposed from time to time to set his works right, but Leibnitz replied that nature was "dependent on a workman too perfect to make a work which needs to be repaired.[4] Ralph Cudworth (1617-1688) "considers the plastic power of nature both finite and fallible, and hence is obliged to have recourse to a theodicy. If this limitation of the divine coöperation (concursus) already betrays a deistical feature, this is yet in many ways checked in his writings; and his friend, Henry More, when speaking of his labors, declares their aim to have been to oppose the Cartesianism which would exclude

[1] Watson, The Philosophical Basis of Religion, pp. 398–429.
[2] Von Schubert, Outlines of Church History, p. 296.
[3] McCosh, Method of the Divine Government, p. 179.
[4] Letters, Leibnitz and Clarke.

God from the world, by again introducing him into the world."[1] This doctrine of Providence is by no means free from difficulties; but it avoids the difficulties that beset the doctrine of predestination. God is not moving men like pieces on a chessboard, but is exerting over them, as free, the guidance to which as a good God he is entitled. So long as he treats them as the free and responsible beings that they are, who can object to his ruling their life in the interest of his own gracious and holy purpose? These statements do not remove mystery from Providence; but they justify confidence in such a providence as the Christian revelation sets forth—a care and direction universal, paternal in spirit, holy in aim, wise in administration, spiritual in quality, educative in purpose, holding ever to the good, and using spiritual means along with spiritual agencies helpful to spiritual ends.[2] The English deists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries shut God out of the world, as did the Epicureans. He was outside the world and above it; he made it and set it going and then occasionally intervened to set it right. It was "the carpenter idea of God."[3] Everything was discarded that did not seem consistent with a narrow rationalism. There was no room for miracles or revelation. The work of Christ was superfluous. "The world is a vast machine governed by the law of gravitation—a gigantic clock fabricated and set in motion by God, but guaranteed to go without further interference."[4] God confined his action to general laws. That crude view left no opening for Divine Providence to interpose in human affairs. God had ceased from his works. Man has an initial knowledge which he must use in his own interest. Butler was the great opponent of deism. His writings turned the whole course of thought into another channel, and were far more damaging to the cause of the deists than most of the other polemical works directed against them put together. As Bishop Gore says, he and others "relaid the intellectual foundation on which Wesley and Simeon and Pusey and Newman built their

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[1] Dorner, History of Protestant Theology, ii, pp. 73, 74.
[2] Clarke, An Outline of Christian Theology, pp. 152, 153.
[3] Gore, The New Theology and the Old Religion, p. 567.
[4] Alexander, A Short History of Philosophy, p. 257.

works of spiritual recovery."[1] The famous apologist is somewhat open to criticism at certain points.

> One of the most important chapters in Butler's Analogy is that which treats of the moral government of God. It exhibits at once the author's strength and his weakness: his strength by the weighty manner in which he asserts and proves the truth of his thesis; his weakness in so far as the whole treatment is dominated by the deistic conception of God as transcendent. For the idea of God as above all things a Governor is vitiated by transcendency. That is to say, it yields a deity standing in a very external, far-off relation to the world.[2]

So far Butler fails to represent adequately the God of providence. "The true conception of God's relation to the universe surely is: God always dwelling in the world and ever active there." M. Bremond, in his illuminating study, The Mystery of Newman, draws out a most interesting comparison between the methods adopted by the English preacher and two of the greatest masters of the French pulpit. Bourdaloue (1632-1704) had a prodigious success in Paris, where he preached for ten seasons between 1670 and 1693 before the court. Solid reasoning, strong conviction, and a lively imagination combined to give him enormous influence over his hearers. Bossuet, his great contemporary (1627-1704), was a noble preacher, but his fair fame is sullied by his assaults on Protestantism and his treatment of Fénelon:

> Read again the sermons of Bossuet and Bourdaloue on "Providence." The latter, struck by the moral side of the mystery, will exhaust, in two immense divisions, the study of the rebel minds who refuse to believe in this dogma. By the time Bourdaloue comes down from the pulpit we shall have nothing more to learn on the history of these minds with their "crime" and "unhappiness." . . . The proportions of a sermon of Bossuet's are still more colossal. In some masterly pages he embraces the whole of dogma and morals: "Art with which God governs—docility with which we ought to let ourselves be governed by him—wisdom of God in his providence—wisdom of the man who knows how to make himself a worthy instrument of superior guidance—the spring and the action, then the usage and application of that sublime policy which guides the world."[3]

It is not possible to choose a loftier theme or treat it in a more imposing style. When Newman treats the same subject,

> his first thought is to limit it. His sermon has for its title, "A Particular Providence as revealed in the Gospel." . . . The whole object

[1] The New Theology and the Old Religion, p. 4.
[2] Bruce, The Providential Order, pp. 62, 171.
[3] The Mystery of Newman, p. 148.

> of the orator is to show how the life of our Lord helps us to understand that God cares for each one of us, severally and individually. . . . What a transformation in our life if we were once for all convinced that God cares for us in particular, calls us by our name, and never loses sight of us! Newman's one object is to penetrate us with this thought. He sets our Lord before us not only as having love for all but as loving in a particular manner which adapts itself to the age and character of each.[1]

John Flavel (1630-1691), who was ejected from the living of Dartmouth in 1662, wrote a singularly suggestive book on the subject, dated Dartmouth, August 10, 1677. It is entitled Divine Conduct, or the Mystery of Providence, Opened in a Treatise upon Psalm 57. 2. His work is dedicated to the Right Hon. William, Duke of Bedford, and is full of fine sayings and striking incidents. He tells the Duke, "My Lord, Providence hath molded you," and reminds him "as it is most honorable to serve, so you will find it most comfortable to observe, the ways of God in his providence; to compose ourselves to think of the conduct of Providence through all the stages of life we have hitherto passed." He next addresses himself "To the Ingenuous Readers, these especially who are the heedful observers of the ways of Providence. . . . I am greatly mistaken, if the history of our own lives, if it were well drawn up and distinctly perused, would not be the pleasantest history that ever we read in our lives. The ensuing treatise is an essay to that purpose, in which thou wilt find some remarks upon Providence in its passage through the several stages of our life. But, reader, thou only art able to compile the history of Providence for thyself, because the memorials that furnish it are only in thine own hands." He gives a list of the "Performances of Providence" with many stirring incidents, and urges Christians "to keep written memorials, or journals, of providences by them, for their own and others' use and benefit." George Steward's Mediatorial Sovereignty (1863) is a noble discussion of the various aspects of Providence. Its moral aspects are to be gathered from the facts of man's condition. The means and instruments of God's rule "are everywhere largely furnished by Providence, which, in truth, is a system kept in motion for this very purpose. . . . The prevalence of kindness, benignity and long-suffering is

[1] The Mystery of Newman, p. 149.

impressed on the course of Providence in an immense, unsparing outpouring of benefits on the world." This goodness makes Providence "The initiatory school of religion." One oracle must sound forth from both the Bible and the economy of Providence—"God is Love." There are, of course, times when Providence is compelled to use the rod to imprint some of its lessons on the mind of man, but forbearance and long suffering are leading features of its discipline, and the lessons are all adapted to the state of our nature and intended to aid in its recovery. Providence is mediatorial and redemptive throughout.

That is a fitting note on which to close this study of the unfolding of the supreme truth of religion. It carries in its bosom all the marvels of nature, which modern science has taught us to regard as a continued miracle, all the facts of the history and moral training of the world; it even ventures to regard our Lord as the greatest of all gifts of Providence and his cross as the lever by which all men may be raised to those heights of purity and self-sacrifice for which they are and were created.

John Telford

Art. IV.—TENNYSON'S MEN

The perpetual quantities in the world are men and women and God. They are the undying folk; and therefore interest in these three is, like immortelles, unwithering. Each high priest in literature takes his turn in ministration at this altar. The materials with which the artist must work do not multiply. Marble and chisel and mallet and the artist's hands and dreams—these are the sum total possessions of Phidias and Praxiteles and Milo and Thorwaldsen and Flaxman and Powers and Story. The Metopes of the Parthenon, the Venus of Milo, the Judith slaying Holofernes, are, so to say, hewn from the same quarry. It is so with the materials of poetry, dream, life. Men, women, God—all things are possible with these. They are all the factors there are. Air we thought was composed of oxygen and hydrogen when Lord Rayleigh discovered argon; but there is no new discovery touching the air of life since the far days of Plato and the still remoter days of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Things remain unchanged, untouched. Kant and Hegel are not wiser than Plato of the fertile imagination and the broad brow. Literature is the art of the kaleidoscope. As you turn the glass new combinations ensue; but the pieces are the same. Just as, when you have the alphabet, no thoughts are beyond its power of expression. That column of symbols seems so inartistic, so insignificant, so devoid of poetry, as expressionless as dust. And then to remember how all great dreams are run into this mold. Æschylus, Dante, Chaucer, Schiller, Cervantes, Milton, Ruskin, Tennyson, Lowell, Shakespeare can shut their purple twilights in the sky this alphabet offers. In such conception the alphabet becomes magical as a music-making sea. Men, women, and God are the alphabet of history, biography, prose fiction, poetry. Each new artist takes up this hourglass, holds it against the light to see the golden sands run down. Tennyson deals with these factors as if he were the first artist born. If he be gifted—for there are no precedents to the inspired poet—every man begins at the beginning. He must feel his way as we do in the dark in new locali-

ties. Tennyson takes up the old alphabet to see whether it can spill out any new words. I hope, in that far, fair land which holds him, he knows the world he lived in and has loved thinks he succeeded.

If Tennyson's men are compared with Shakespeare's men they fail in vigor, health, and the contagious quality. Shakespeare's men are as robust as frontiersmen. When in their company we fly rather than walk or run. We are to be classed with the winged creatures. Tennyson's men walk, but are men. They are somber, but are men. They live in a mellow light as in a cathedral. His poetry is in cathedral light rather than sunlight. Nor is this slurring, nor yet undervaluing either his poetry or his men. Cathedrals, with their dim light, are good places to see in. There is no glare. The world is remote. The studied quiet, half cloister, half calm that follows after tempest, rests there as if after long journey. There is reticence, seclusion, exclusion. Shakespeare stood out under the open sky at noon bareheaded like Cæsar on the march. Tennyson sits in where the lights are toned to suit eyes not used to sunlight. I think we can imagine few places so adapted to get right estimate of life as to sit in Westminster Abbey in a stall of the Knights of Bath, where above you waves in fitful fashion a banner moth-eaten, sword-cut, yet waves fitful to and fro; and against a wall hangs a morion a knight used to wear; and the dim light, hallowed as if consecrated to sacred purposes, shuts your thought in, while all things environing conspire to give a man right views of life if this capacity be not atrophied in him. Cathedral light and air breed right estimates, so that in saying Tennyson is cathedral light we have not subtracted from his adequacy to conceive life and character aright. I do not feel Tennyson's men as I do Browning's, but do not in so saying underrate them. I love those hushed retreats where in cloister lights I may look men close in the face. Tennyson furnishes this necessary quality. He has done as no one else. To my eyes he stands as on an eminence alone, and needs dim light so he may see the better. In the dusk of distance or cathedral or twilights he sees as he can see under no other condition. Sir John Oldcastle is clearer to his eyes

than the Duke of Wellington. This explains why his men were remote, medieval, or ancient; or if modern, as Enoch Arden, with no sign of modernity upon them.

To continue, for working purposes, the comparison between Tennyson and Shakespeare, Shakespeare's men are unreligious and are religious. I have not designated Shakespeare's men as irreligious. Considered as a company they are not that. Some of them are grossly so. They outrage us to the point of anger. Angelo and Iachimo and Falstaff and Iago put our moral blood at boiling heat at low altitudes. But what is intended is that all Tennyson's men seem built on the intended moral plan; and Shakespeare's have no such appearance. They may be moral or immoral, but they are so as it happens, as their shadows fall, unintended. Tennyson's men are aware of their moral selves. They are apprised they have ethical make-up. They feel at whatever remove they may be from God or good that they must face their dereliction. Nothing of that is apparent in Shakespeare: Macbeth is unconsciously moral. Banquo gets the upper hand of Macbeth, not through conscious, but through unconscious moral constitution. Shakespeare is aware that man is a moral being; but his men are not. They are subconscious folk. They are as they are by instinct. They cannot escape themselves; and just as the panther has unknown to himself the feline tread and spring and terrible lust for death, so man has his sub-conscious nature on him. As tears are salt, man is moral in make-up. He fronts God but not in purpose nor in knowledge. God is not down in his book of days. Shakespeare's men are simply instinctively moral. I catch not a glimpse of him contriving a set moral personality. He was so accurate that he knew there were no men not molded in moral matrix. He saw men as they were. But Tennyson has always that moral sense in the foreground. I can never look one of his men in the eyes that I do not see the moral light in them. He is a soul. He has sense of that which never wavers. The pomp of moral purpose is on them all. Truly, the form of this presence varies. Sometimes we note its lack, sometimes its presence. All I appeal to is that we cannot be quit of the feeling that Tennyson was sure his men were sure they were

men who must and did face God. The "Idyls of the King" mean that, that only, that ever. In those dear poems we are at church as certainly as if we were in a cathedral. In his Alcaic specimen, "Milton," note how

> O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
> O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,

is named

> "God-gifted organ-voice of England,
> Milton, a name to resound for all ages."

God has something, somewhere to do in all the men Tennyson has at heart. He has learned this of the Bible, doubtless, which book is not oppressed with moralities but suffused with them and transfigured by them. "The Grandmother" has this to say:

> "To be sure, the preacher says our sins shall make us sad:
> But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
> And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
> And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.
> . . . . . .
> "So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
> But how can I weep for Willy? he has but gone for an hour;
> Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
> I too shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed?"

The babbling old body feels the eternal and has the hand of moral life holding her whether she would or not. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" rises toward the master matters of the soul as it proceeds:

> And while we hear
> The tides of Music's golden sea
> Setting toward eternity,
> Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
> Until we doubt not that for one so true
> There must be other nobler work to do
> Than when he fought at Waterloo,
> And Victor he must ever be.
> For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
> And break the shore, and evermore
> Make and break and work their will;
> Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
> Round us, each with different powers,
> And other forms of life than ours,
> What know we greater than the soul?
> On God and godlike men we build our trust.
> . . . . . .

> Speak no more of his renown.
> Lay your earthly fancies down,
> And in the vast cathedral leave him,
> God accept him, Christ receive him.

Here is such word as Shakespeare would not have thought to wave above a bier. The word "soul" and the magnificat of it are Tennysonian, and in the manner of man's sensing himself and the keen discernment between what wastes and what abides of him. And the verse, "On God and godlike men we build our trust," may be set down to the sound of sea music as the Christian philosophy of life and history. This moral manner is not obtrusive but is intrusive. It is wherever man walks. This morality is the dirt on which this poet's men tread as well as the spirit out of which these men are blown. All the men have it. Some good, some bad, but the faces turn like the faces of Dante in the shades toward the Face in fear or hope, but turn wistful, wonderful, and oftentimes sublime. The English battle cries in the drama of Harold are "Harold and God Almighty." Withal, this is the juice of the ripe grapes of this poet vintage. Man and God Almighty, one man and God; and these make and retain moralities for the soul. Reduce man to little or naught, reduce God to little or naught, one or both; and the morality is dead, though you know not where it be buried. So once and for all we shall hold all Tennyson's men for moral. The sense of freedom is in their wrong as in their right; and freedom makes a man.

Life is fenced in as by bold mountains by three things—work, love, religion. Watch these great, glorious hills and see whether or not they do include life. Put into the infinitive mood, which is the mood of free existence, we shall find four phrases—to be, to work, to love, to pray. And if these four terse statements appear to be contradictory of the three terms in which it was affirmed life might be put, look again and ponder that the first of the four phrases is, "to be," namely, life. That infinitive is existence; and the latter statement quadrates point for point with the three-term statement; and the four-term statement quadrates point for point with the three-term statement. To be, equals life; and life is to work and love and pray, or work, love, religion. And men may be classed, all of them, not one omitted, as workers,

lovers, religionists. Here, then, we place Tennyson's men, workers, lovers and God-men. But because the enumeration may be elucidated in a brief article by the intercalation of a subclass which, in fact, belongs to all the three classes specified, I have grouped them in companies, where some of them are not less their major fact, but where is some gain or lack which makes them plainly brothers. All Tennyson's men, then, for present purposes shall be grouped under four heads:

I. Men with a flaw in the harness, less or more.
II. Workers.
III. Lovers.
IV. Religious men.

I

The men of the fatal flaw. They are Lancelot, Merlin, Geraint, Balin, Balan, Modred, Gawain, Lucretius, King Philip, Sir Tristram, Sir Percivale, Earl Doorm, and Sir Aylmer. What is here attempted, as hardly needs be said, is a characterization, not an interpretation. These men will be seen to be in one or more of the threefold classes—workers, lovers, or religionists. Who fails in one is apt to fail in all, because life is so cohesive. Lancelot I name the king of men whose hurt is the flaw in the harness. He is so great that we dare hope the highest of him. He did, he loved, he failed in religion. To whomsoever that failure comes it is catastrophal. There is no half-way house in goodness. Virtue is abrupt. There is no parleying. "Art thou for me or against me" is its solitary challenge. Lancelot was an achiever. He was king of tourney. He was a valiant leader of men. Men took to him. Women adored him. Elaine died for him. Queen Guinevere sinned for him. He was a vast lover, though a sinful lover. We watch him as we watch Marc Antony, with fascinated gaze. Those loves which wreck thrones are monumental, think of them as we may. This kingship in love, that puts all aside for it, makes us weep when this love is wrong. Such devotion makes our hearts ache. Lancelot had saved all this wreck of heart and kingdom and friendship and honor had he put manhood first; that is, to say, had he put God first. Re-

ligion is an amazing preventive. It stands at the gate of life and says, "Be clean." Life must be aboveboard, unimpeachable, unafraid. Then no officer is a menace. Then conscience cannot make your face turn pale. Lancelot is too great to be bad. Greatness owes goodness to itself and to mankind. One touch of the illicit on Lancelot has put him among the wreckers of a realm.

Geraint fails in work. He was undoubted lover. He was redoubtable knight; but love, as Enid saw, though love for her, made him erratic and uxorious. Love instead of emboldening his arm and making its tendons all steel, weakened it until it was flabby as an arm of a paralytic. He was moping. He sat enjoying his wife's eyes, sunning himself in his wife's presence, feeling the fine thrill of holding her little hand. But Enid knew what man was for and what woman was for. She knew that love for a woman should make a man all the more a man, and all the more a world influence and a soldier. She saw that love was dethroning Geraint, her beloved. That broke her heart. He heard her sobbing, suspicioned her, grew blackly jealous, grew cruel, and flung from amorist to achiever. This thrust him into the list of warriors again. At last he came to himself; but scarred he is. We feel about him as we do about Griffith Gaunt. He cannot get quite back into our esteem. Despite his purity and absoluteness in love, his flaw has shamed him. Man must be up and doing. He is built for the city and the mart, for the field and the fray. All things must but qualify for this. To love a woman is to make a man so much more, not so much less, a man of deeds. Discoverer Nansen's wife stood on the North far shore and saw her husband sail into the bleak ice fields, not knowing he should ever return, but waving him a valorous farewell and an encouragement. Washington's wife nerved him for his championship of liberty. Browning's wife helped his heart to sing that book of battle, the Ring and the Book. Wordsworth's love made him so much the more a student and lover of Tintern Abbey and Yarrow, unvisited, visited, revisited. "Love qualifies" is what God has to say about it. And Geraint's shame was that, with him, love disqualified.

Merlin was a thinker. He was statesman behind the king, like Hamilton or Milton or Luther or De Tocqueville. He was the silent member of Cabinets, like the Duke of Sully. He was historian. The world's events are at the tips of his fingers. He thought with his feet, saw with his fingers. He weighed kingdoms as a grocer would weigh salt or spices. Merlin was a man of whom kings would be afraid. He was like Archimedes, contriver of Greek fire and lifter of ships from the sea by his engines of thought. Merlin was what the world names wise; and wisdom is a perilous gift. It may make its possessor haughty, arbitrary, unapproachable. Wisdom wrought none of these defects in Merlin. He seemed safe. He was old. He had mastered many tyrannies of trial. He trusted himself. And then a wily woman slew him. Say what you will regarding Tennyson's inability in making personalities dramatic, lissom Vivien's slaughter of wise Merlin is graphic as if written in fire. The entire history is apparent. Merlin from a woman's wiles fell into the reproach of helping slay a king and wreck a kingdom. Not that this is an unusual story; for it is pitifully usual. Samson suffered that defeat. Marc Antony suffered that defeat. Many a man besides Merlin has. Let that go. Defeat none the less it is, whatever multitude has been so slain. Stalwart duty, had Merlin adhered to that, had saved his secret, his manhood, him.

Balin and Balan, though two, I have put as one because their defect is identical. They are ruins. They are clean but they lack self-control. They lost honor and life at a stroke because they lost self-mastery. They blindly slew each other. They were born for better things. They meant well by their times and by themselves. Many virtues shone starlit in them. They loved each other—and slew each other. Alas for Balin and Balan! They are lost, not through cowardice, not through lust, but through not being kings of themselves.

Modred was a traitor, and we do not dare to stay with him. He sickens us. If he were master of any virtue we do not know it. He is a stench for the buzzards. Not man nor God will give him certificate of character. He is slow, sinister ambition. We fear

> Modred's narrow, foxy face,
> Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye.

He was eavesdropper. He stood with the ear at the door and overheard his mother's talk. Here is his character put on him by the poet:

> But Modred leaned his ears beside the doors
> And there half heard: the same that afterward
> Struck for a throne, and, striking, found his doom.

He is hollow, false, and bad. He wants a kingdom while he has no competency for being king. He scents scandals and breeds them. He does not know a man when he sees one; or he interprets others by himself. He does not know himself not a man. And all he has to hold him in the memory of the world is that his was the arm that fought against a manly king and slew him. It is his shame keeps him alive. Once Sir Lancelot found him hanging on a wall and spying on the queen and dragged him down and threw him in the dirt. From thenceforth Modred's hate to Lancelot and the queen had never intermission. He plotted against them until they were shamed and lost. In "Guinevere" this hate is put in poet's words like these:

> Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast
> Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,
> Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this
> He chilled the popular praises of the king
> With silent smiles of slow disparagements;
> And tampered with the lords of the White Horse,
> Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and sought
> To make disruption in the Table Round
> Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
> Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims
> Were sharpened by strong hate for Lancelot.

And when he heard Pelleas hiss, "I have no sword," then Modred thought, "The time is hard at hand." His was a rankling hate. When Lancelot trod him down,

> He smiled and went;
> But ever after the small violence done
> Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart
> As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
> A little bitter pool about a stone
> On the bare coast.

And when King Arthur, with his broken heart at Guinevere's guilt and Lancelot's perfidy, was summoning all his courage to the task of being a man under exigencies like these, there came a call out of his heart sad as the call of passing birds at night. "I hear the steps of Modred in the west." Then Modred slew the king and was himself slain. His dying was his only benefit to the kingdom.

Gawain was loyal but light. In him were qualities altogether winsome. I think you could not but love him. He was airy, joyous, brave; and he died while fighting for his king. But some inherent fault kept him from the largest. Gawain was notionate, which identification is to be found in "The Last Tournament," where it is said,

> Dagonet the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
> Had made mock knight of Arthur's Table Round.

His uncertainty of action is disclosed in "The Passing of Arthur," where it is told how

> Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
> There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain killed
> In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
> Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
> Went shrilling: "Hollow, hollow all delight!
> Hail, king! To-morrow thou shalt pass away.
> Farewell! There is an isle of rest for thee.
> And I am blown along a wandering wind,
> And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!"
> And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
> Their season in the night and wail their way
> From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
> Shrilled; but in going mingled with dim cries
> Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
> As of some lonely city sacked by night,
> When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
> Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and called:
> "Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind.
> Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
> Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
> Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"
> This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
> "O me, my king, let pass whatever will,
> Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;

> But in their stead thy name and glory cling
> To all high places like a golden cloud
> Forever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
> Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
> Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
> And care not thou for dreams from him."

And in "The Coming of Arthur" read:

> And Gawain went and breaking into song
> Sprang out, and followed by his flying hair
> Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw.

It is hard to think of a characterization which would better picture the light, fantastic, and what we may call springy way of Gawain than this passage. He had touches of robust manliness in him, for once when Pelleas was set upon by villains, three against one, and Gawain saw, his anger grew hot against such villainy.

> And Gawain passing by
> Bound upon solitary adventure saw
> Low down beneath the shadow of those towers
> A villainy, three to one: and through his heart
> The fire of honor and all noble deeds
> Flashed, and he called, "I strike upon thy side—"

and when Pelleas bade him forbear, so Gawain did; but

> So Gawain, looking at the villainy done,
> Forebore, but in his heat and eagerness
> Trembled and quivered, as the dog, withheld
> A moment from the vermin that he sees
> Before him, shivers, ere he springs and kills.

And when Pelleas was taken and bound and shamed and spurned and thrust bounden out of doors:

> Forth sprang Gawain and loosed him from his bonds
> And flung them o'er the walls; and afterward
> Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's rag,
> "Faith of my body," he said, "and art thou not—
> Yea thou art he whom late our Arthur made
> Knight of his Table; yea, and he that won
> The circlet? Wherefore hast thou so defamed
> Thy brotherhood in me and all the rest,
> As let these caitiffs on thee work their will?"

Such doings and such sayings make us laud the man and love him. He draws us to him as with resistless grasp. But his fatal

flaw was on him, and when he thrust his services upon Pelleas, Pelleas said,

> "Betray me not but help—
> Art thou not he whom men call light of love?"

Whereat Gawain's light reply springs from his lips,

> "Aye, for women be so light."

And when Pelleas intrusts to him his case of love for Ettarre, then Gawain goes right manfully and like a knight blows bugle at the castle walls, comes into danger fearless as a king, but instead of representing Pelleas's love, and pleading for it like a man, becomes himself the lover of Ettarre, forgets his knightly honor and the knight Pelleas, enters into sensuality; and when Pelleas creeps into the castle in the dark he finds Gawain and Ettarre locked in each other's arms, and calls with rigid truth:

> "Alas, that ever knight should be so false!"
> And laid a naked sword athwart their naked throats.

Here stays Gawain, stripped of honor, called false by Pelleas and liar by Ettarre and shown fickle in love, so that though he was strong of strength, yet he was weak of manhood. Gareth made his claim unto the king:

> "I have staggered thy strong Gawain in a tilt
> For pastime; yea, he said it."

And though Gawain were Modred's brother, who rose in treason against the king, Gawain was loyal to Arthur and died fighting his fight. Yet is his blemish on him like a cloud; and he is slain before his death.

Lucretius was fearless without manliness, purposing well, a free rover in the land of thought, who had come into the barren places where matter is all and God is naught and duty is but a silly falling of atoms into place. Fate is great. Merit is dead. Merit cannot stay alive where God is dead. A dreary, accurate poem, "Lucretius" might well mark Tennyson strong in religious things. He saw the futility and fatality of materialism. I suppose this poem is equipped to make all men see; but does not. Drunk Lucretius is, drugged to death by a love potion given him by his wife Lucilia, thinking him false to her, though he is not,

and in his drunken moaning rushes toward his grave and raves his materialism out.

> "The Gods! and if I go, *my* work is left
> Unfinished—*if* I go. The Gods, who haunt
> The lucid interspace of world and world,
> Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred, everlasting calm! and such,
> Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
> Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
> Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!
> If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
> Being atomic not be dissoluble,
> Not follow the great law? My master held
> That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
> I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
> Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
> Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
> That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?
> I have forgotten what I meant: my mind
> Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed."

He wails:

> "Poor little life that toddles half an hour
> Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end—
> And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
> Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
> Not manlike end myself?"

Suicide appeals to him as to all materialists. Lucretius had lost God; and hope is dead.

Enough to say of King Philip, as visioned in "Queen Mary" and as known in history, that he was brute selfishness, save that such phrase does too much asperse the brute. Boisterous, mannish Mary, yet woman at the heart, died for love of him. But nothing he cared. He married her through cold, keen calculation, and was gladly quit of her who could deliver no kingdom to his hands. Philip had no heart. Love had no hearing in his gelid life. He was the very sediment of manhood.

Earl Doorm, slain of Geraint because he would have made Enid a concubine of his among a troop of others, is lust, nude,

unspeakable, putrid, fierce, conquered, and tumbling down among his underlings a headless corpse which had never been a man. No one weeps for him. He was brutality advantaged with a throne.

How strange and how unfair it seems to set beside Earl Doorm the clean Sir Percivale! And in a way it is. He belongs not with Doorm nor Sir Tristram; but he failed; they failed. He failed and has his niche among the failure men. Sir Percivale failed to see that a man was higher type than a visionary. He left his king to die, hacked by the sword of traitors, while Sir Percivale wandered far, a pilgrim for a dream. He searched for the Grail and found it not, but had found the nobler grail of excellent service had he stayed at home and wrought knight's toil beside his king to keep the land for purity and peace and law. For this failure in vision and service I stand Sir Percivale with the clean heart among the broken folk, slain by a flaw.

> Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods
> Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
> At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
> Danced like a withered leaf before the hall.
> And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
> And from the crown thereof a carcanet
> Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
> Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
> Came Tristram.

So does Sir Tristram come, though he is marching to his doom.

> But newly enter'd, taller than the rest,
> And armored all in forest green, whereon
> There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
> And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
> With ever-scattering berries, and on shield
> A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
> From overseas in Brittany returned,
> And marriage with a princess of that realm,
> Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
> Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometimes with pain
> His own against him, and now yearned to shake
> The burthen off his heart in one full shock
> With Tristram even to death: his strong hands gript
> And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
> Until he groaned for wrath—so many of those,
> That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,

Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood while he muttered: "Craven crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

And thus he recited to Dagonet the fool:

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hushed, their music is no more.
The leaf is dead, the yearning passed away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may."

A muddy creed which marks a muddy man. Like creed, like man. Dagonet was right when he made reply to Sir Tristram:

"A helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

. . . . . .

"It makes a silent music up in heaven."

. . . . . .

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But through the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.

. . . . . .

Then pressing day by day through Lyonesse
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
Yelp at his heart, but, turning, passed and gained
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the queen.
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flushed, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace.

. . . . . .

"Not so, my queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak tree in midheaven,
And won by Tristram as a tourney prize,
And hither brought by Tristram for his last
Love offering and peace offering unto thee."

. . . . . .

He spoke, he turned, then, flinging round her neck,
Claspt it; . . . But while he bowed himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touched
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him through the brain.

Tristram a slave of the riot of his blood. There he lies in his own wine-drench of blood; a broken pitcher meant to be a man.

Sir Aylmer is the bigot of ancestry, a hard, narrow man whose heart is hard as age-old oak, who let his daughter die fading like a leaf for love, he dead in all impulses that a man should have. And this dull scion of silly aristocracy is crazy as old Lear; and all the maniac knows to say is "Desolation."

II

The men who do things are named workers. What they do is not important, always enjoining on them that they do good. The workingman is the achiever. We do foolishly when we limit the term "workingman" to him of the pick or hoe. All such as toil at honorable toil are workingmen. The sailor, the miner, the poet, the publicist, the historian, the musician, the artisan of any kind, the navigator, the pioneer, the orator, the philanthropist, the builder of railroads, the digger of canals—all such are sweaty, honest workingmen. Tennyson himself was a workingman above most whom we take into our reckoning; and his workingmen have made our lives beautiful and created hunger for higher things. We dare not be parsimonious in our application of the brawny word "workingmen." They make the world. All such as helped in this reshaping the destinies of men I name achievers. This cry of achievement is sounded in the poem with the title "Will":

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
  Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
  That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
  Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

The negative of work is chanted in "The Lotos-Eaters." The air of balm and calm and slumber with the open eyes is all about them. They come upon a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some like wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountaintops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed: and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red West; through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against the rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
. . . . . .
How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!
. . . . . .
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep midocean, wind and wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

But such surcease from toil would mean the wrecking of the world. We are not on this earth to rest. We are here to work, to grow dead tired so that we fall asleep at our work. Heaven will give us room for resting through illimitable years. We dare not spend excess of time in resting in this sweaty world, for so soon the night comes when no man can work. The toilers are the masters of the world.

The grim king in "The Princess" is worthy of being looked at in the face. A grim determination of might marks him much the man.

But my good father thought a king a king;
He cared not for the affections of the house;
He held his scepter like a pedant's wand
To lash offense, and with long arms and hands
Reached out and picked offenders from the mass
For judgment.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath; he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snowed it down, and rent

The wonder of the loom through warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
That he would send a hundred thousand men
To bring her in a whirlwind.

Sir Walter is a man hale, ruddy, genial, and yet withal an outgrowth of the soil, quite wholesome, manly, strong.

And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
Among six boys, head under head, and looked
No little lily-handed baronet he,
A great broad-shouldered, genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-haired and redder than a windy morn.

The Duke of Wellington is sepulchered in noble gloom and glory in Tennyson's "Ode On the Death of the Duke of Wellington." The ode is very noble. Put it with Pindar and Collins and with Keats and with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" sanctified by its comprehension of Lincoln and with Walt Whitman's "My Captain." This characterization of the Iron Duke is as strong and surly as Lowell's characterization of Grant in his poem on that chief captain. Hear the dirge for the dead great Duke:

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute;
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretense,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

That phrasing, I think, sums up the man as no other words could do. He dwelt among the amazing soldiers of the world. He was the victor of Waterloo!

The soldiers of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" cannot be omitted. They heard the command; they answered it; they strewed the pitiful hill with corpse of horse and man. They were

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell:
They that had fought so well.
. . . . . .
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.

They failed, but in failing achieved. You cannot defeat the hero soul.

"The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava" thunders in our hearts. Those Scotch soldiers who knew no fear, but plunged on, man and horse, leader and led, among the hosts of foes to cut, slash, die, but grew afraid only of defeat. The gallant three hundred. The martial might of them thunders as reverberant tempests yet, yet, and yet forever.

"Victor Hugo" is

Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!

"Montenegro" beats with eagles' angry pinions,

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
Against the Turk.

The followers of Maeldune were brawny folk, fierce, fitful, feverish, bellicose—but sail by the Isle of Silence and by the Isle of Shouting and the Isle of Flowers and the Isle of Fruits and the

Isle of Fire and the Isle of Witches and the Isle of the Saint—but helped into manhood at last by the Isle of the Saint and found forgiveness and forgave him whom they sought to slay.

The men of "The Defense of Lucknow" are men. The dying Lawrence with his last breath had given command, "Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post." Death was storming about like a winter wind.

> Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
> Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
> Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stooped to the spade,
> Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
> Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their shell,
> Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
> So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think for the rest;
> Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—

And so they died—but at their post. The stench of putrid death, horrors eating at the heart, they fought through. They stayed, they fought, and they prevailed. "Hold it for fifteen days! We have held it for eighty-seven." They are saved by their valor and the blessing of God.

"Harold" is berserker in the fight. A hundred valors dash from his sword. He knows not danger's name.

> Our axes lighten with a single flash
> About the summit of the hill, and heads
> And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by
> Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

And himself shames them all.

> Yes, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver
> Against the shifting blaze of Harold's ax!
> War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
> The mortal copse of faces! There! And there!
> The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield.
> The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,
> The horse and horseman roll along the hill.

As Malet said, "King or not, hath kingly fought and fallen." And William The Conqueror gave testimony of his might:

> "Three horses had I slain beneath me: twice
> I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,

> And that was from my boyhood, never yet—
> No, by the splendor of God—have I fought men
> Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
> Of English. Every man about his king
> Fell where he stood. They loved him."

Gareth is achiever. He was a servant in the king's kitchen, yet a knight. He thought service needing doing, and nobly done, reputable. When Lynette made claim of help at Arthur's Court Gareth was given her for a knight. She despised him; but he knew himself, fought her battles, slew her foes, answered not her speech save with his sword. There was no honor but service; and service seemed to him the gauge of manhood. He was right. We feel him now the man he was.

"Becket" portrays a spirit born for rule. Henry II says:

> "The army's might
> Is Becket's. He hath beaten down my foes."

Becket's voice says:

> "Sire, the business
> Of the whole kingdom waits me. Let me go."

Queen Eleanor calls him

> "As brave a soldier as Henry
> And a goodlier man."

And Fitzurse's reply is,

> "He helped the king break down our castles,
> For which I hate him."

He speaks to a noble as if he were a churl and to a churl as if he were a noble. He knew not fear. He held against the king and kept the house of Canterbury against the realm. He was careless if he died. His weaknesses were many, but himself was much the man. He was worth a whole house of kings. His massive will makes him masterful. So he stands living; so he lies dead. Foliet called him "a mitered Hercules." His fight with Henry is something good to hear and see.

King Henry is a man of rugged might, fierce, lawless, unmastered of himself, lewd, passionate, fitful, yet huge of fist and fierce of sword, and we feel that, bad as he was, he left a better realm than he received. He, ruthless, stayed the ruthless might

of dangers manifold. Wicked he was, but strong, and must be set down among the masterful characters who wore the name of king.

With Ulysses we might tarry long. He never wearies us. Sloth worries him.

> It little profits that an idle king,
> By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
> Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
> Unequal laws unto a savage race
> That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
> I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
> Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
> Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
> That loved me and alone; on shore, and when
> Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
> Vext the dim sea: I am become a name.

He is then and now

> Strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

We see sweat stand out upon his forehead mixed with drench of sea wave; and his arms are thewed like the arms of the great Anakim. He pricks us with a spear to leap from sloth to never-ending toil.

W. A. Engle.

Art. V.—NATURE AND THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE: A STUDY IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY

Students of literature occasionally come upon expressions or passages of peculiar vitality. Some phrase, some conception, some relating of ideas, some flash of deep insight penetrates to the nerve centers of feeling with such quick and keen surprise as to produce a thrill in the soul that only the touch of genius can awaken. It is like the tremor of spirit suddenly felt when one comes into the presence of a master-painting, or when the ear is unexpectedly smitten by an awakening and heart-searching strain of music. It is the breaking forth of a hidden fount of light, causing the mind to pause in silent but thrilled delight. Such passages belong to what De Quincey called the literature of power. Such a passage of consummate art is the huntsman scene drawn by Matthew Arnold in his poem, "Tristram and Iseult," following the death, so heavy with unutterable pathos, of the two lovers whose years had been a long heart-tragedy, caused by a hopeless separation decreed by an unpitying fate, and who found surcease of sorrow and the peace of union only in death.

The ancient legend runs that Iseult, daughter of the king of Ireland, was betrothed, by the promise of her father, to King Marc of Cornwall. In her voyage to fulfill the betrothal vow she was attended by and placed under the care and protection of Tristram, nephew of the Cornish king and one of the noblest knights at the royal court of Tyntagel. That her daughter might be bound to her husband by a deathless affection the mother of Iseult in parting gave her a philter, or love potion, to share with her spouse on their bridal night. But by mistake during the voyage Iseult and Tristram pledged themselves by drinking that love-wine, and suddenly they started up in the consciousness that unwittingly they had quaffed that which had with magic power kindled in their hearts a quenchless fire of love and bound them together by unbreakable and fatal bands. Then began the tragedy that grew in agony and hopelessness through all the years that followed. Iseult married the Cornish king, whom, for no fault of his, she could not love, and

the palace of Tyntagel to her grieving soul was a mocking prison. She was compelled to deck herself with queenly jewels and, though her heart was tortured by a hopeless passion, smile and dance, during weary hours of gayety at the court; while Tristram, his desperate love for the queen having been discovered, fled to Brittany and became a feverish wanderer,

> The love-desperate, banished knight,
> With a fire in his brain,
> Flying o'er the stormy main,

now fighting the invading chivalry of Rome, but always seeing the form of his lost love gliding "through the crossing spear"; then serving again by King Arthur's side, seeking in battles and knightly company to forget his care. But

> Ah! what boots it that the jest
> Lightens every other brow,
> What that every other breast
> Dances as the trumpets blow,
> If one's own heart beat not light
> On the waves of the tossed fight;
> If oneself cannot get free
> From the clog of misery?

To another, to her of the White Hands,

> The sweetest Christian soul alive,
> Iseult of Brittany,

Tristram was married, "more out of gratitude than love," and to her from time to time he returned from his wanderings, and to her at last he came when his spirit's strength had failed and death drew nigh. But when he knew that the end was near his heart went out across the sea to his queen at Tyntagel. He sent a swift messenger entreating her to come to him that he might have the solace of her presence and her touch before he should set out to "sail the seas of death." Secretly and swiftly she responded to his summons, and on a stormy night she came to him, where he tossed wearily and fought weakly among the shadows of delirium, calling her name, sick of soul with the wish that she might come, but moaning:

> "But she'll not come to-night.
> Ah no! She is asleep in Cornwall now,
> Far hence; her dreams are fair, smooth is her brow.
> Of me she recks not, nor my vain desire."

But he sees her at last, and knows that her presence is not a trick of his fevered brain, and their souls pour themselves out in a few heart-hungry words bridging the chasm of the years, so bitter with sorrow behind which lay the hour when long ago in youth they parted; and then he left her, praying for "One last kiss upon the living shore," and she, crying out,

> "Tristram! Tristram! stay—receive me with thee!
> Iseult leaves thee, Tristram, nevermore!"

knelt dumbly by his bed and yielded up her soul to follow into the other world him from whom she had been so cruelly separated in this:

> She sinks upon the ground; her hood
> Had fallen back, her arms outspread
> Still hold her lover's hands, her head
> Is bowed, half-buried, on the bed.
> O'er the blanched sheet her raven hair
> Lies in disordered streams, and there,
> Strung like white stars, the pearls still are;
> And the golden bracelets, heavy and rare,
> Flash on her white arms still—
> The very same which yesternight
> Flashed in the silver sconces' light,
> When the feast was gay and the laughter loud,
> In Tyntagel's palace proud.

We must feel the weight of the utter sadness of this story, coming to its silent, dramatic close in that room in the lonely castle on the storm-beaten coast of Brittany, in order to awaken with a recognizing start of understanding to the deep meaning and the masterful genius of the picture which the poet places over against that solemn chamber in which the sorrowful and long-tortured lovers lay in the calm of death, their tragedy at last ended in everlasting peace. This is the passage of vital, thrilling power in which the poem finds its culmination, and the penetrating sadness of which expresses a conception most characteristic of Matthew Arnold's mood in the presence of the sorrows and tragedies of human life. Only the dullest soul can look upon this picture without having thoughts awakened "too deep for tears":

> The air of the December night
> Steals coldly around the chamber bright
> Where those lifeless lovers be.

Swinging with it, in the light
Flaps the ghost-like tapestry,
And on the arras wrought you see
A stately huntsman, clad in green,
And round him a fresh forest-scene.
On that clear forest-knoll he stays,
With his pack round him, and delays.
He stares and stares, with troubled face,
At this huge, gleam-lit fireplace,
At that bright, iron-figured door,
And those blown rushes on the floor.
He gazes down into the room
With heated cheeks and flurried air,
And to himself he seems to say:
"What place is this? and who are they?
Who is that kneeling lady fair?—
And on his pillows that pale knight
Who seems of marble on a tomb?
How comes it here, this chamber bright,
Through whose mullioned windows clear
The castle-court, all wet with rain,
The drawbridge and the moat appear,
And then the beach, and, marked with spray,
The sunken reefs, and far away
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain?
—What! has some glamour made me sleep,
And sent me with my dogs to sweep
By night, with boisterous bugle-peal,
Through some old seaside knightly hall—
Not in the free green wood at all?
That knight's asleep; and at her prayer
That lady by the bed doth kneel.
Then hush, thou boisterous bugle-peal!"
—The wild boar rustles in his lair;
The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air;
But lord and hounds keep rooted there.

Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
O hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tasseled bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pastime take—
For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here!
For these thou seest are unmoved;
Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
A thousand years ago.

For what does that arras stand, with its wrought forest scene, the hounds, and the green-clad and stately huntsman rooted in en-

chanted silence and staring with changeless and unknowing eyes upon the dead lovers? What is it in this picture hung over against the heart-breaking tragedy that at once chills and thrills us and throws over the scene an unearthly light and penetrates it with unutterable melancholy? It is not simply a stroke of the poet's art, however consummate; it illustrates the philosophic reaction of Arnold's mind when brought in contact with the tragic aspects and incidents of human experience; for the staring and unknowing eyes of the huntsman, with his silent pack on the tapestry waving ghostlike across the entrance to the chamber of death, to Arnold's thought stood for the blank unconsciousness of nature that knows nothing either of human happiness or human woe; and nature, simply because it is unconscious and untouched by human passions, blind, and deaf, and nerveless, unbounded and imperturbably calm, offers the best escape from life's defeats and affords the best solace for its disappointments, the best healing for its deepest wounds.

If this conception were found only in "Tristram and Iseult" we might regard it merely as a single touch of art. But a study of Arnold's poems makes it clear that it belongs to his philosophy. It is a theme that throbs in sad undertones through all the music of his verse and from time to time breaks out into clear and strong but melancholy tones. Take, in further illustration of this recourse to the unconsciousness of nature for escape from the grief of tragedy, the other narrative poem, "Sohrab and Rustum," a Persian legend heavy with the tragic sorrow of Oriental fate. Rustum, the great Persian warrior, fought with and slew Sohrab, his son, neither knowing with whom he fought. Sohrab was the fruit of an amour of Rustum's youth and had never been seen by his father. His mother, fearing that Rustum would take him to be trained as a soldier, had reported at the child's birth that it was a daughter, and, so thinking, Rustum had no further interest and the child was left, unmolested, with his mother. Grown to manhood, he became famous in arms, joining himself with the Tartar host, and "carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians and terrified the boldest warriors of that country." Through his mother Sohrab knew the great Rustum to be his father, and longed,

when he should attain to a fame that would render him not unworthy in his father's eyes, to make himself known. With the hope that he might find proper opportunity for this disclosure he issued a challenge to the Persian host to fight in single combat any champion chosen from their ranks, sure that the one first chosen would be one of their younger warriors, whom he was confident he would defeat, and that after that, to save the Persian pride, Rustum himself would come forth, and to him Sohrab would declare himself as his son. But there was none of the Persian chiefs who dared to take up Sohrab's challenge, and they appealed to Rustum to be their champion. This he consented to, but under an assumed name. They fought not knowing each other, though when he saw him Sohrab had a troubled sense that his antagonist was his famous father. But they fought, and at last Sohrab was transfixed by the spear of the older man, who, in casting it, proclaimed his name; on hearing which the younger, unnerved, dropped his shield, and so received the steel in his unprotected breast. Then came the revelation. Rustum was made to know that he had slain his son. His proud heart was broken; he wept with unconsolable grief over the noble youth who lay dying in the sand, sat down and covered his own head with sand-dust and held the smitten head of his son, until at last Sohrab drew out the spear from his side and with the crimson stream breathed forth his soul; and then Rustum covered the face with his cloak and sat in silent and awful sorrow by his dead son:

> And night came down over the solemn waste,
> And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
> And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
> Crept from the Oxus.

To this sorrow nothing could be added. What solace, what lightening of its dismal and crushing weight, was possible? Nothing except forgetfulness in escape into far distances and other scenes. That ministry of forgetfulness and that far-carrying distraction of thought only nature could give; nature, that knows nothing of human sorrow, and that sweeps infinitely about the little local points where for a moment individual souls cry and moan, but swallowing up in her unmeasured calm all cries and obliterating

by her waves all the signs of the ruins of human hopes. And so to nature the poet turned from the dead son and the crushed father whom the night and the fog covered with their deepening pall:

> But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land
> Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
> Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
> Under the solitary moon; he flowed
> Right for the polar star, past Orgunje,
> Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
> To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
> And split his currents; that for many a league
> The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
> Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
> Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
> In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
> A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
> The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens, bright
> And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

But not external tragedy is the deepest, but internal; its sorrows are inconsolable and its wounds incurable. Cruel and pitiless misfortune may, like a resistless storm, lay in ruins the whole structure of a man's hopes and ambitions; a conjunction of hostile forces and circumstances may crush a man's enterprises as arctic ice, pushed by adverse winds, crushes a boat caught in the grinding floes, and inexorable fate may bludgeon the unprotected head of its victim and leave him bleeding and helpless in the dust. All this is external tragedy—the assault upon life by external forces too mighty to be resisted. But this is not the culmination of tragedy; that culmination occurs only when the battle and the defeat are within the soul itself. Overthrow by superior force may be a grievous misfortune, but it is not ruin while the strength of the spirit endures. The Sabeans fell upon Job's oxen and asses and took them away, and slew the plowmen in the fields; the lightnings fell suddenly from heaven and consumed his flocks and the shepherds; the Chaldeans seized and carried away his camels and put their drivers to death; a mighty storm swept away the houses of his children and left his sons and daughters dead. These

were mighty waves of misfortune that overwhelmed Job, but the might of his soul was not broken. "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshiped; and he said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Dire calamity had befallen him, but not hopeless tragedy. Such tragedy was at the door when Job's wife said to him: "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die!" From that tragedy, which would have been remediless, he escaped when he replied: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" The body of the man was cast down among the ruins of his fortune, but the soul of the man stood erect, facing God without fear. His inner strength was unbroken. In the study of the feature of Arnold's poetry with which we are now dealing we shall, therefore, perceive that tragedy in minor form only is represented in "Tristram and Iseult" and in "Sohrab and Rustum." The brave knight lying dead, and the sad, fair lady kneeling, but lifeless, by his bed in that castle chamber, with the unknowing eyes of the huntsman looking down from the swaying arras, had suffered through dreary years, but their love endured, and caused a great light to shine when they came to die. By iron fate Rustum was caused to slay his son, whom he did not know until he saw him lie dying in the sand; but the son died as a hero, and with words of love on his lips, and the father grieved only as a great soul can, bowing to a fate that he could not understand. These old legends are stories of tragedy, but of minor tragedy only—the tragedy of external misfortune. Tragedy in its major proportions and qualities remains to be described, and we find it in Arnold's dramatic poem, "Empedocles on Etna." In this poem we are told how Empedocles, once famed and followed as one of the chief Grecian philosophers, withdrew from the world, in which he had ceased to have any place or part or interest, and climbed to the lonely cone of Etna and cast himself down into its boiling crater. But the tragedy lay not in that desperate plunge into quick and fiery extinction, but in the sapping and drying up of the inner

springs of faith and strength. The life cast at last into the mountain's heart of flame was only fit for burning, for it was but a dead trunk from which the vital sap of hope and sympathy and courage had long before been drawn off.

Accompanied only by Pausanias, a physician and his enduring friend, Empedocles rode from Catana through the night to the slopes of Mount Etna, slowly climbing during the day toward the upper heights. As they journeyed, resting from time to time, he discoursed to his friend, who had no suspicion of the tragic purpose in his master's mind, and in his discourse sought to set forth his deepest thought; first, perhaps, for the sake of defining his mental position to himself, and, secondarily, to give a strengthening lesson to Pausanias, from whom he knew he was so soon to part:

> "He has his lesson, too, and that debt's paid;
> And the good, learned, friendly, quiet man
> May bravelier front his life, and in himself
> Find henceforth energy and heart."

For himself, standing near the hour when in self-destruction he would end a long and hopeless inner struggle, he said:

> "But I,
> The weary man, the banished citizen—
> Whose banishment is not his greatest ill,
> Whose weariness no energy can reach
> And for whose hurt courage is not the cure—
> What should I do with life and living more?"

Let us enter into the discourse of this spent mind and understand the spirit which prompted the philosopher, beaten within himself and mocked by his own thoughts, to end his life. It is the drama of a struggling soul ending in defeat—and that is the only defeat, after all, taking place in this world that need concern us. Translating Arnold's classic verse into clumsy prose, thus ran the thought of Empedocles before he rendered himself to the elements from which he came: "The soul of man is like a wind-blown mirror reflecting a few glimpses of truth but never seeing anything as a whole. The gods laugh at man who knows not what to believe, not daring to stamp anything false where he finds nothing sure. The wise man, feeling day and night the burden of his own

soul, delves into his bosom seeking what his ailment is and finds what cure he can. Man finds no other light than the right-reading of his own breast. The sophist who would enjoy the world, whether right or wrong, and the pious saint who forsakes the world, both alike are fools. Men are unhappy because their lot fails to please their will, and they make their will the measure of their rights. If men would understand that they have no right to bliss they would not complain against the gods when their lots are hard. It is an empty dream for a man to imagine that the world exists merely to promote his welfare. The world has been from of old, we are but strangers in it. Every man springs from his parents' stem, and their blood mingles with his, and his roots strike into a far foretime. Our lives must keep chime with tunes which we did not create. Not the world is new, but we, while we, in our vain conceit, are not content to mark the world's course but would have it follow ours. We would be rich and yet be spendthrifts; we sigh for health and yet treat our bodies ill; longing for inward peace, we will not look within, and, refusing to cease from sin, we still hope to be delivered from misery. But, even if we forsake all evil, other things clash with our lives. The forces of nature, like ourselves, desire their own way, and lightning and flood and wind fight against us, and work our overthrow, and our lives are darkened by the evil deeds of other men. And we, not content to fight as best we can and win by strife all that can be won, make for ourselves gods to whom we impute the ills which we should learn to bear, forgetting that we are of one stuff with whatever Powers there may be, and that our railings are in fact against ourselves. Worse than this, we invent malignant powers who, we fancy, are devoted to imbittering our lives; and to balance these we imagine kind gods whose work is to perfect what we vainly try. We strive to attain to all knowledge—of stars, and earth, and sands, and the words from dead men's lips and the works of dead men's hands; we muse upon our own minds, spending our wit in naming powers which all men use. And when at last we realize that we cannot measure the immeasurable, despairing of any true science for ourselves, we solace ourselves with the thought that such knowledge is with the gods. But our inability to know affords no ground for

the belief that there are any gods who do. And we make the same mistake concerning pleasure that we do concerning knowledge; inventing a world beyond this in which the joys will be fulfilled which here eluded our grasp. Rather the fact that our prayer for happiness here has been so often mocked should cause us to fear that the same will happen elsewhere, and so keep us from flying to dreams and make us content with moderate desire. True wisdom does not consist in feigning a future bliss in some doubtful coming state, but in enjoying the bliss which may be had and making blest the present day. Life gives scope for effort; but because it teems with evil it is not granted us to nurse any extravagant hope. And yet, while we may not dream, we need not therefore despair."

Thus he discoursed to Pausanias midway up the mountain, and his words were those which he wished his friend to remember and to be strengthened by as he returned to his place in the world. Then he dismissed him, as the evening was drawing nigh, bidding him to return to Catana. To his friend's anxious question, "Thou wilt return to-morrow to the city?" he replied sadly and enigmatically:

"Either to-morrow or some other day,
In the sure revolutions of the world,
Good friend, I shall revisit Catana.
I have seen many cities in my time
Till my eyes ache with the long spectacle,
And I shall doubtless see them all again;
. . . . . .
Thou know'st me for a wanderer from old.
Meanwhile, stay me not now. Farewell, Pausanias!"

The second act of the drama reveals Empedocles in the late night standing on the summit of Etna, all the cheerfulness gone which he had assumed with his friend. Now the black mood of his melancholy is upon him and he is musing bitterly with himself:

"No, thou art come too late, Empedocles!
And the world hath the day, and must break thee,
Not thou the world. With men thou canst not live,
And being lonely thou art miserable;
For something has impaired thy spirit's strength
And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy.
Thou canst not live with men nor with thyself."

Then he threw down at his feet his golden circlet and his purple robe, the symbols of his former fame as a preëminent sage, and with them his laurel bough, symbol of the harp and song. He was weary of the harp because weary of the solitude in which it had solaced him; for solitude, he complained, can fence a man from the multitude, but who will fence him from himself? Should he, then, fly back to men? They would welcome him, help him for a while to rid him of the presence of himself, keep up their friendly chatter in his ears, until he would fly back again to solitude,

> "And so change back; and many thousand times
> Be miserably bandied to and fro
> Like a sea-wave."

For a moment his thoughts reverted to happier years when he could number many friends, when his mind responded to all outward things, when the shock of mighty thoughts filled his mind with pure and natural joy, before he had lost his own balance and become the slave of thought. But those days were long past:

> "Fullness of life and power of feeling, ye
> Are for the happy, for the souls at ease,
> Who dwell on a firm basis of content!
> But he who has outlived his prosperous days;
> But he whose youth fell on a different world
> From that on which his exiled age is thrown—
> Whose mind was fed on other food, was trained
> By other rules than are in vogue to-day;
> Whose habit of thought is fixed, who will not change,
> But in a world he loves not must subsist
> In ceaseless opposition, be the guard
> Of his own breast, fettered to what he guards,
> That the world win no mastery over him;
> Who has no friend, no fellow left, not one;
> Who has no minute's breathing space allowed
> To nurse his dwindling faculty of joy—
> Joy and the outward world must die to him,
> As they are dead to me."

So, darkly musing, he came always back to the conclusion, "There is no other way." Gazing down into the crater's sea of fire, he cried and leaped:

> "Leap and roar, thou sea of fire!
> My soul glows to meet you.

Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me, save me."

The tragedy is ended—the tragedy of a soul that had fought and lost; a star that should have taken its place in the firmament of eternal light and calm gone out in darkness. What word of consolation does the poet give us in the presence of this unutterable tragedy? No word, for there is none. There is no consolation for this tragedy but forgetfulness; it must be dismissed and the mind must be drawn away from it. And so Arnold turns again to nature for the only help he knew; and there are few purer, sweeter strains of music in literature than the song of Callicles, the youthful harper, with which the poem closes, and on its limpid waves of sound we are carried far away from the awful event that had taken place on the mountain cone:

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee;
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea—

Where the moon-silvered inlets
Send far their light voice—
Up the still vale of Thisbe
O, speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks;

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lulled by the rills,
Lie wrapped in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments outglistening
The gold-flowered broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
  Outperfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
  The night's balmy prime?

'Tis Apollo comes leading
  His choir, the Nine.
The leader is fairest,
  But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
  They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
  The glorified train?

They bathe on this mountain
  In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
  Their endless abode.

Whose praise do they mention?
  Of what is it told?
What will be forever,
  What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
  Of all things; and then
The rest of immortals,
  The action of men;

The day in his hotness,
  The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
  The stars in their calm.

J. T. McFarland

Art. VI.—FACING THE DESERT

On the shore of a southern sea he watched the waves sport with a shell. Catching it up, he held it to his ear, entranced as he listened to the song from this "child of the wandering sea":

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Deep lay the snow in the valley. The short day drew swiftly to its close. The homes of the Alpine village were aglow with the evening fires. A stranger youth appeared, heeded not the calls of hospitality, but pushed on for the mountain path. All through the wild, wintry night he struggled upward. As the day was breaking he passed the retreat of the pious monks, and a few hours later

> A traveler by the faithful hound
> Half buried in the snow was found,
> Still grasping in his hand of ice
> That banner with the strange device,
> Excelsior.

Nineteen centuries ago the Galilean King said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." The world, the worlds, the ages with their trampling hosts move forward to some glorious day. In this progressive movement God has employed many nations. In the present hour he calls on us—

> Take up the white man's burden—
> Ye dare not stoop to less,
> Nor call too loud on freedom
> To cloak your weariness.
>
> By all ye will or whisper,
> By all ye leave or do,
> The silent, sullen peoples
> Shall weigh your God and you.

If in time we weary of the burden, we shall be set aside for the stronger and more willing. Perhaps China is now awakening to serve again in the forefront. The process is slow, the time is long, and some must lead the line once, twice, thrice, ere the goal is won. Who shall say that Jerusalem will not be revived in the good time of a wise Providence and from the famous old ports of Joppa, Cæsarea, Tyre, and Sidon go forth the ships that shall influence the commerce of the world? Think you not the hour may strike again for Egypt, and she become a factor in the better government of kingdoms? Egypt, so long the land of dreams and of memories, shall awaken from her sleep, and where for untold ages the great river has moved on to the sea amid the silence of ruined temples and buried cities, there shall beat the conquering hearts, the desert blossom with beauty, and life ride forth on the bosom of the Nile. Yet Egypt is only a part of a vast continent which we call Africa. Africa is the new-found world with unmeasured possibilities. Since the morning of time the hot winds of its sandy wastes have driven over the waters of the Mediterranean, softening the air and purpling the grapes in the vineyards of southern Europe. Will the day dawn when there shall issue from these deserts moral and commercial forces to enrich and ripen civilization even to the remotest island of the farthest sea?

Twenty centuries back the observing Roman said that Africa was the land which furnished continuously something new and strange. In each age from this dark continent has come the startling, the mysterious. Certainly the excitement has not lagged in our own time. With liveliest interest we have watched there the play of nations—England, France, Germany, Italy. The story of France in some parts reads like legends of the heroic days, and none is more thrilling than that of her latest hero, Marschand. In June of 1899 he returned to Paris. The case of Dreyfus was absorbing the public mind, else the welcome accorded this Frenchman might have rivaled the spectacular triumphs of the old Romans. At thirty-three years of age he had conquered difficulties as great as the greatest in the martial life of the youthful Alexander. The march of the Anglo-Egyptian army from Cairo

to Khartoum is one of the outstanding achievements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Thirteen long years Kitchener was moving forward, fighting continuously the awful and ever-present enemy—the desert—and incidentally fighting the troops of the Mahdi. How well I remember the thrill that went round the world when the news flashed over the wires, not the news of the battle of Omdurman that destroyed Mohamed-Ahmed, but the news of the Sunday following that battle! Four gunboats crossed the Nile to Khartoum. From the boats disembarked a detachment from every corps which had taken part in the recent battle. The troops formed before the palace in three sides of a rectangle, with General Kitchener, his officers and staff in the open space. "Under a dazzlingly glorious sun stood the Sirdar. As he raised his hand the Union Jack ran up the halyards; the cannon roared; 'God save the Queen' was voiced in melody by the Guards' band, and Sirdar and private stood at attention, every hand at helmet-peak in salute. At the same instant the Egyptian flag was given to the breeze. Again the cannon broke the silence, and the Soudanese band played the Khedival hymn. "Attention!" Three cheers for the Queen,' cried the Sirdar. Helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all the long years of discord and of struggle. Then after the 'Dead March,' and amid the solemn minute guns, fell a deep hush. Four chaplains moved slowly forward to conduct a brief and simple service to the memory of the brave man who, thirteen long years ago, had so often stood on the very terrace which lay in ruins before them and, hoping against hope, looked northward over the desert—but in vain—for any sign of help from England! The air of Gordon's favorite hymn was played while even the cold Sirdar could not keep back the tears:

> 'Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
> When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!'

England forgets not her sons! She sends them forth to die, but she never forgets them."

A million square miles in the heart of Africa constitute the Egyptian Soudan. Khartoum, a thousand miles from Cairo, is its center. "Khartoum, made sacred to all earnest souls by a memory that lifts up one's sense of the potentialities for suffering, for endurance, for courage, for hope, for glorious and heroic self-sacrifice of the heart of man! The very air of the desert-town that lies in the broad palm of the giant hand that forms the junction of the White and the Blue Niles seems to tingle with the spirit of the great Englishman who died there." This is the country of the blacks, the land stained with blood, where the worst passions of cruel races have wrought their wild ruin. The greatest curse of the Egyptian Soudan was the slave-trader. Some of the slave-kings amassed fabulous wealth and assumed royal prerogatives, disputing authority with the Khedive. It is quite impossible to picture the utter desolation resulting from the sway of these giant monsters. There was a time when the banks of the rivers were dotted with thriving villages and happy homes. But the scene changed. The garden became a wilderness, visited only by wild animals and all manner of creeping things. The prime minister of Egypt, Nubar Pasha, asked Gordon to take charge of this region of chaos and despair. He remarked as he left Cairo, "I go alone, with an infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad so to trust him as to fear nothing, and, indeed, to feel sure of success." But he did not succeed. Bit by bit the truth forced its way into his mind. He writes, "When you have got the ink that has soaked into blotting paper out of it, then slavery will cease in these lands." He thinks of some one to aid him. "Find me the man who utterly despises money, name, glory, honor; one who wishes never to see his home again; one who looks to God as the source of good and the controller of evil; one who looks on death as a relief from misery; and if you cannot find him, then leave me alone." This was the man who put down the Tae-ping rebellion, and when the royal emissaries entered his presence to bring the thanks of the Emperor in the form of bowls of gold, he drove them from his presence with a cane. The regent of China visited the British ambassador, Sir Frederick Bruce, as he was departing for home and addressed him

thus: "We do not know what to do about Gordon. He will not receive money from us, and we have already given him every honor which it is in the power of the Emperor to bestow." In the light of such incidents as this we understand why, when the life of this man was known to be in danger, special prayers were offered for him in the Greek and the Roman Catholic Churches, in the Church of England, and in the churches of America, in the temples of China, and—what had never been done before for a Christian—official prayers for him were presented at the shrine of Mecca by the whole Mohammedan world.

England's heroes are scattered widely over the earth. Hardly a spot of any considerable area that has not associated with its history some one of her brave sons. Gordon will be remembered forever as the hero of Khartoum. Here he made his final stand. It was his second experience in the Soudan. He had been reappointed to carry out the work of evacuation. England refused longer to guarantee the government of the Soudan, and Gordon was asked to go and withdraw her garrisons and bring out her subjects. He went and failed. At any rate, he failed to bring himself out, and he was worth more than all the rest. Why he failed is a question. Was he asked to undertake a task which from the outset was hopeless? Were his own judgments regarding plans and actions overruled by official orders from home? Were his appeals for help disregarded until it was too late? What we do know is that the black hordes laid siege to Khartoum, wore down its defense, and three hours before daybreak, January 26, 1885, broke through the thin red lines. Gordon, hearing the exultant shouts, arose from his bed and went quietly down and out to meet his fate. We are told that he was shot as he was moving with a small party of soldiers toward the church of the Austrian mission which had been selected as the spot where a last desperate resistance might be maintained. "Thus fell in the dark hour of defeat a man as unselfish as Sidney, of courage as dauntless as Wolfe, of honor stainless as Outram, of sympathy wide-reaching as Drummond, of honesty as straightforward as Napier, of faith as steadfast as More."

Many of us are familiar with the statue of Gordon in Tra-

falgar Square, and others of us have read the noble inscription in Saint Paul's Cathedral to

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B.,
WHO AT ALL TIMES
AND EVERYWHERE GAVE HIS STRENGTH
TO THE WEAK,
HIS SUBSTANCE TO THE POOR,
HIS SYMPATHY TO THE SUFFERING,
HIS HEART TO GOD.

But there is a third monument to Gordon, without question the greatest that has been erected to his memory. It is in the place where it should be, Khartoum, and it represents him in an attitude truly expressive. It is a life-size figure of him in bronze seated on a dromedary. "In that great statue the face of Gordon is not turned toward the Nile, by which he might have escaped; it is not turned toward Egypt, through which help too late was on its way; it is turned, with the face of the dromedary on which he is mounted, out toward the great desert, whose voice he alone heard, whose opportunities he alone saw." This was Gordon. All through his life his face was toward the desert, and for the redemption of the desert he died.

B. M. Tipple

Art. VII.—THE VARYING FAME OF MRS. BROWNING

In one corner of a public hall in an Italian University is displayed an elaborate mediæval monument built to celebrate the intellectual achievement of one of the very few alumnæ of that ancient institution. A "unica exempla," the inscription reads, of a lady who accomplished the unparalleled feat of passing the examinations for the doctor's degree and who was honored with the laureate; which is the Italian way of saying that she became a doctor of philosophy. Probably the lady herself would not have liked to be called "unique," nor perhaps to have been named any kind of an "example" at all. The sentiment of chivalry no doubt was responsible for the memorial, and she, being dead, could not help herself.

When we come to the days of Elizabeth Barrett Browning we find a woman who, though she was not a woman's-rights woman and abhorred the so-called "strong-minded," resented critical judgments that were inspired by sentiments other than those of pure literary justice. Times had indeed changed since the days of the mediæval laureate, but not so much that the modern poet could reach forward and take hands with the procession of women who have made it no longer a unique example when the doctorate is conferred upon a woman quite *de jure*. Yet Mrs. Browning looked out to the future clearly enough to say that she did not at all think that because a woman was a woman she should be spared the ordinary risks of the arena in literature and philosophy. Logical chivalry she considered to be more radically debasing to women than any other. Once, speaking about a certain controversy in regard to Miss Martineau, she declared that it was not as a Harriet Martineau, but as a thinking and feeling Martineau, that she held her to have been hardly used. One might say that it must have been not an Elizabeth Barrett, but a thinking and feeling Barrett, who was speaking when she wrote:

> You never can be satisfied with praise
> Which men give women when they judge a book
> Not as mere work but as mere woman's work,
> Expressing the comparative respect

> Which means the absolute scorn. "O, excellent;
> What grace, what facile turns, what fluent sweeps,
> What delicate discernment. . . . almost thought!
> The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
> Among our female authors we make room
> For this fair writer, and congratulate
> The country that produces in these times
> Such women, competent to . . . spell!"

But, however she may have felt about it, she certainly received very little else during her lifetime besides the "logical chivalry," the "comparative respect which means the absolute scorn," which was the general obsession of the period in which she, as the misnomer has it, flourished. For the women poets of her time and up to her time fed the world with poetry of so thin and watery and conventional a quality, and were praised so inordinately and with so patent an insincerity, that when a woman was born with a mind to penetrate to the core of justice, not to say with a feeling for the rosy rind of humor, she could not fail to resent the patronage; and it is a definite proof of Elizabeth Barrett's poetic capacity as seer that such comments and praises as these were but Dead Sea fruit to her taste. Yet against these equivocal and unsatisfying acknowledgments on the part of her critics we see in her letters that she was personally too modest to demur or complain. Nor would she have had the loftiest ideals of the poetic art abated for her sake one least degree. One feels a sort of reluctance to quote the opinions of well-meaning people who, had they written a half century later, must have expressed quite different sentiments. However, even Jove cannot remake the past, and they must, with all the rest of the world, stand or fall by their judgment of themselves expressed in the kind of judgment they have passed upon a poet of their time who happened to be a woman.

The first work Elizabeth Barrett published under her own name was The Seraphim and Other Poems. This came out in 1838 and was received with modulated acclaim. The frigid Athenæum, which, as the young poet realized, made it a point of duty to shake hands with one finger, was enthusiastic over the new book by the young prodigy, saying cordially that it was

specially welcome as an evidence of female genius. And The Examiner asserted that Miss Barrett was indeed a genuine poetess. This form of praise, together with several special criticisms—that she made defective rhymes, that she used the name of Deity too frequently, and that in writing of angels and heavenly scenes she trenched on ground sacred to Milton—was the motive in all the critical chorus of succeeding years. No one listened to the pathetic plea of the recluse that in her rhyming she had been endeavoring to enlarge the borders of English poetic capacity—a thing that her husband actually did in a later year and compelled the world to forgive him for doing, too! And as to the Miltonic imitations they gave her only such cold comfort as this: she had chosen a subject from which Milton would have shrunk and which Miss Barrett would not have attempted if she had more seriously considered its unapproachableness. In the first place there was not, they said, any human interest in seraphim, and in the next place the awful narrative of the Evangelist exterminated all parallel or supplement. The least unsuccessful attempt in his day, the critic suggested, was to be found in "The Descent into Hell," by Mr. Heraud. Who, we wonder now, was this Mr. Heraud? And where are the roses of yesteryear? As for the roses of The Seraphim we see that they continue to bloom even until to-day!

It is interesting to see how criticism flows in inherited streams. They are the merest gossips, those critics, and seem to have been so in all generations. The one that first gets hold of a new writer leads the cavalcade, and too often, alas! he does this without more than half reading the book. So the stream of back-handed critical comment flowed on. In 1845 Whipple said that Miss Barrett was the greatest female poet that the English had produced. Gilfillan, in Tait's Magazine, called her the most masculine of female writers. Leigh Hunt declared that she was the most imaginative poetess that had appeared in England, and Frederick Rowland patriotically called her chief among the learned poetesses in the land. Even the dear friends of the poet did not escape their share in the effeminization of the world's ideal of her. None could have been a truer friend to

her than was Mrs. Jamieson; yet she did her no friendly stroke when she sent back to England those well-meant observations upon the newly married Brownings as they paused to visit her in Paris on their runaway wedding journey. The story is well known, how Robert Browning bore Elizabeth Barrett from the tyranny of her peculiar home and carried her southward, where, as her physician had decreed, lay her one hope for the return of life and health. No one can now accuse either of them of want of boldness; but were they keeping on the proper side of rashness as sane, accepted, unpoetic people invariably do? The event showed that they were, but the event up to that time had not proved it to Mrs. Jamieson. She had with her, she said, a poet and a poetess, both excellent; but, God help them! for she knew not how the two poet heads and poet hearts would get on through this prosaic world. The impression one gains from Mrs. Jamieson's startled note is of a trembling incapacity on the part of the two adventurers. But to do her justice, however, it is not so much the admiring, solicitous, mother-hearted friend that is to be blamed as the timeworn obsession of the tiresome old world as to what constitutes the poet head and poet heart. To be sure, Browning was guilty of carrying his little bride in his arms to the fountain of Vaucluse; but the two did also together fit out their Casa Guidi house with cheap, if interesting, bits of furniture which they purchased in the secondhand shops. They were not unpractical; and it must be said for the housekeeper of that poetic home that in all the pages of her closely written correspondence we do not find one real complaint on account of their poverty. The only thing she supremely wanted to do for which means were inadequate was to visit Jerusalem. (The world is impoverished for the lack of fulfillment of that dream!) Moreover, time and means were found to give some help to others, notably to that ineffective thunderer, Walter Savage Landor, who is said to have been for a time on the charitable hands of the Brownings.

But to come back to the immediate critics of her works and their part in forming the world's conception of this literary personality. By and by Aurora Leigh was finished and the criticisms came a thought nearer to justice. "O the wonder of it!" cried

D. G. Rossetti; and Landor was so unprejudiced as to say that in certain stanzas he found the wild imagination of Shakespeare! But the old-fashioned insincere criticism could not yet keep out. It was a unique, wonderful, and immortal poem, said Leigh Hunt, adding as it were *sotto voce* that it was astonishing for its combination of masculine power with feminine tenderness. And Bryan Waller Procter wrote to James T. Fields that it was by far (a hundred times over) the finest poem ever written by a woman; all other wearers of petticoats, except Sappho, he added, must courtesy to the ground. In 1861, again, Samuel Smiles continued to be kind to the ladies as he confessed that female poets held now a more distinguished place in literature than at any previous period in history. Women who wrote, he solemnly assured us, were no longer regarded as a questionable sisterhood; nor did he know of any land that possessed a choir of poetessés equal to that of England. France and America possessed sweet singers indeed; but he defied the world combined to equal the songstresses of his native land. Such praise should not fall upon deaf ears; but, alas! in the year in which he spoke the lyre of the greatest English "songstress" fell silent from her hands. Nor could she be hurt when Tuckerman, though condescending to acknowledge that Mrs. Browning was an honor to her sex, stated that she had been laboring to reconcile herself to life through wisdom, and would remind her that this was a masculine process, the intellect being the main agent in realizing such an end. Nor was she listening when a belated spirit of time past, J. G. Holland by name, stated yet once more the overwhelmingly evident fact that she was the greatest poetess of the century; nor could she be pained when, as all the world knows, came that jet of venom from the famous Edward FitzGerald (the man who loved Omar well enough to waste a lifetime and some gifts of divine genius on a translation thereof). At Mrs. Browning's death he confessed that it was rather a relief to him. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, he knew; but what was the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children, and perhaps the poor; except in such things as little novels they only devoted themselves, he said, to what men did so much better,

leaving that which men did worse or not at all. This criticism had the merit at least of sincerity; and, after all, being punctured everywhere by judgments strangely askew, it has not done so much real harm as the double sort of comment that seems fair on the chivalrous face of it but has so deadening an effect upon the endeavors of woman.

But the worst for Mrs. Browning did not come to her from her own country. In the land of the ideal man was to be found a writer who could sound a still profounder depth of unchivalry. In rank perversity, in cool insolence, in deathly dearth of chivalry, this from Lowell seems to surpass even the venomous jet of Fitz-Gerald. "Her muse," he said, "is a fast young woman with the lavish ornament and somewhat overpowering perfume of the demi-monde." This is what Lowell gave to her in return for the gift of the Aurora Leigh.

And now in Ruskin we come to a ray of dawn. We know what Ruskin's ideals in literature were. In the Appendix to The Elements of Drawing he went out of his way to assure his following of students that it was of the greatest importance to them, not only for art's sake but for all kinds of sake, in these days of book deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature and live on a little rocky island of their own with a spring and a lake on it, pure and good. Then he mentions the Brownings among the poets best to know, adding that Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh was, as far as he knew, the greatest poem that this century had produced in any language.

But at last the Sonnets from the Portuguese have come, and have sunk into the consciousness of the world. In this species of composition she ranked with the great masters of the world, exclaimed R. H. Stoddard; after Shakespeare she was the equal of any, said G. B. Smith in Poets and Novelists; and T. W. Hunt, in Studies in Literature and Style, declared that she here displayed—O shades of the Athenæum!—a genius for form! Stedman, in Victorian Poets, rose even to this high point: he was disposed, he said, to consider the Sonnets from the Portuguese as, if not the finest, a portion of the finest subjective poetry in our literature. It was no sacrilege to say

that their music was showered from a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the Swan of Avon. This is refreshing and almost makes us forgive what follows, for he added that the Sonnets formed the most exquisite poetry hitherto written by a woman and of themselves justified him in pronouncing their author the greatest of her sex—on the ground that the mission of a female poet is the expression of love, and that no other woman approaching her in genius had essayed the ultimate form of that expression. Than comment like this one would far rather have the frankness of a Percy Lubbock, who called the Sonnets commonplace, thought they showed distressing lack of distinction, and that Mrs. Browning's "antidotes of medicated music" made him think of cold sponge!

There are two other critics that must be included in this list of those who judge themselves in judging another. The first is one from whom one would least expect justice—and on legal grounds: namely, Mrs. Browning's husband. This is what Robert Browning said: "I am only a painstaking fellow. Can't you imagine a clever sort of an angel who plots and plans and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, then carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and while this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star; that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine." At another time he said, "Her glories will never fade!" Such comment as this we may take simply as a testimonial to the author's own greatness. The other critic to be mentioned is to be listened to because he is the latest to speak and therefore (since the world does move) may be expected to give us a new enlightenment in justice and insight. This critic is Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. According to this new arbiter of thought in our time, Mrs. Browning was a great poet, and not, as is idly and vulgarly supposed, only a great poetess. This is his language, not ours. The word "poetess," he adds, is bad English, and it conveys a particularly bad compliment. Elizabeth Barrett, he says, contrived to assert what still needs but then urgently needed assertion, the fact that womanliness, whether in life or poetry, was a positive

thing and not a negative of manliness. Her verse at its best, he declares, was quite as strong as Browning's own and very nearly as clever. The difference between their natures was a difference between two primary colors, not between dark and light shades of the same color. Chesterton refers to the fact, already noticed here, that when Elizabeth Barrett began to write, it was a time when it was thought necessary for a lady to dilute the wine of poetry to its very weakest tint. Yet nothing, he says, is more remarkable about her work than the absence of that namby-pamby elegance which the last two centuries exacted from women who aspired to write. Instead of obeying these laws of convention she wrote poetry that was open to the objection of being too heady and high-colored; her error was in a certain audacity and luxuriance, blossoming out into violent metaphors. With her came again an element that had been absent from English literature since the days of Elizabeth. Mr. Chesterton calls this a fusion of elementary human passion with a certain "hot wit," a love of parallels wildly logical and of brazen paradox and antithesis. We find this hot wit, he says, as distinct from the cold wit of the school of Pope, in the puns and buffooneries of Shakespeare, and lingering in Hudibras, but not again till we read such as this from Mrs. Browning in her poem on the first Napoleon, entitled "Crowned and Buried":

> Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise-sooth
> But glittered dew-like in the covenanted
> Meridian light. He was a despot—granted!
> But the *αυτός* of his autocratic mouth
> Said yea i' the people's French; he magnified
> The image of the freedom he denied.

Then Mr. Chesterton speaks of the "quaint things" one often finds in Mrs. Browning's poetry, and instances the references to the eyes in the peacock fans of the Vatican which she has described as "winking" at the tricolor. It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, he suggests, and leads us to the inference that Mrs. Browning has here taken that step. He generously adds, however, that in order to take that step one must first reach the sublime. Whether the merits and faults of Mrs. Browning de-

serve to be classed with the merits and faults of the great Elizabethans is not the question here. We may, however, perhaps ask whether she may not have sometimes reached the sublime, and also, if answering in the affirmative, whether or not she did take that fatal next step which it has fallen to the lot of very few of the greatest to avoid taking, or of which at least, through the mutations of taste and of custom, few have escaped the accusation. For even the purist shall not escape artistic calumny. In this particular case Mr. Chesterton, with all his fairness and insight, seems to us to have stopped just a degree short of understanding her. May we refresh the memory by quoting the peacock-fan stanza? It occurs in a poem called "Christmas Gifts," one of a selection of eight poems that she published the year before her death—that "thin slice of a wicked book," as she called it, because it was full of passionate criticism of the policy of England toward Italy. "Say it's mad, and bad and sad," she said, "but *add* that somebody wrote it who meant it, thought it, felt it, throbbed it out with heart and brain, and that she holds it for truth in conscience and not in partisanship." In such a book as this, sprung from such a fervor of inspiration, appeared "Christmas Gifts." The Pope sits in state in the holy chair "and asks for the gifts of the time." A king of the west—it is Napoleon III—responds to this call and gives to him for a Christmas gift—the tricolor:

> Red, for the patriot's blood,
> Green, for the martyr's crown,
> White, for the dew and the rime
> When the morning of God comes down.

Mrs. Browning's well-known part in Italian independence and her faith in the generosity of that Napoleon who came, as she believed, to help in the struggle of a sister nation, give us the background to understand the poetic situation she has here devised. The Pope in state receives the Christmas gifts and the tricolor comes among them.

> O mystic tricolor bright!
> The Pope's heart quailed like a man's;
> The cardinals froze at the sight,
> Bowing their tonsures hoary;
> And the eyes in the peacock fans
> Winked at the alien glory.

Now, certainly the poet in her passion does not intend that dangerous word "wink" to be used here in its fifth meaning, which is the only one of all its many meanings that can circle over into the realm of the ridiculous. We find that she was never afraid of the tricksy little word. "Men's eyes wink before convictions new," she says once.

> Sudden in the sun
> An oubliette winks. Where *is* he? Gone.

A tragic spot in the verse! I fancy that the wink as a semiconcealing, semirevealing gesture, suggesting humor, hardly had a place in the social realms that her restricted life knew. The same may have been the case with Sylvester when he wrote

> Eternal Father, at whose wink
> The wrathful ocean's swelling pride doth sink!

Nor can we believe that Keats meant some sort of a joke when he mentioned the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim" of that "beaker full of the warm south," though we could much more easily believe it of the "beaded bubbles" than we could of the astonished papal peacock-eyes when the French tricolor came tragically into the presence.

To take the step from the sublime to the ridiculous involves, perhaps, a certain obliviousness to the quality of the latter; for who would take that step if he fully realized what he was doing? A string for humor may be wanting on the lyre of a poet who is both great and true. Such a lack is felt upon the delicate and well-played instrument of both Tennyson and Wordsworth. Now Mr. Chesterton acclaims Mrs. Browning as the possessor of an Elizabethan "hot wit," but she must have been unacquainted with a certain twin sister of that species of wit if she was not able to see that it was an absurdity quite beyond the bounds of any kind of wit to imagine the peacock-feather eyes tipping the wink, as the phrase is, to Napoleon's entering tricolor, especially in view of the fact that this act would have implied some kind of a community of interest between them, and of this it is impossible under the circumstances to conceive. Of simple plain wit, however, Mrs. Browning was not lacking. Irony, who lives in the next cottage

to wit, abode with her closely in those days when she was rejoiced to find that her boy stamped with his little boot on the color yellow whenever he saw it, because that color was the symbol of Austria, and when she found that she must bear to see that hated power

> wearing a smooth olive leaf
> On her brute forehead, while her hoofs out press
> The life from these Italian souls.

There is also an exquisite example of delicate and piercing irony in the stanza quoted above where she says "The Pope's heart quailed like a man's." In all her maturer work there are strokes of irony that are true as a die. But the lighter mood was with her also. There never was a poet to whom verse was a more serious business than it was to Mrs. Browning, but her letters ripple over with raillery and humor. "I stroke down my philosophy, to make it shine, like a cat's back in the dark," she says in an early letter. "If you are frank beyond discretion, I will be secret beyond womanity," she assures one correspondent. She often runs some unworthily arriving contemporary a merry chase. As thus: "Talking of poets—no, not talking of poets, but thinking of poets—are you aware, O Orion, that the most popular poet alive is the Reverend ——— who walks into his twenty and somethingth edition 'like anything'? I mean the author of 'Satan,' 'Woman,' 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'The Messiah'; the least of these being in its teens of editions and the greatest not worth a bark of my Flushie's! Mr. Flushie is more a poet by the shining of his eyes! But is it not wonderful that this man, who waves his white handkerchief from the pulpit till the tears run in rivulets all around, should have another trick of oratory (as good) where he can't show the ring on his little finger? I really do believe that the 'Omnipresence of the Deity' is in the twenty-fourth edition, or beyond it—a fact that cannot be stated of Wordsworth after all these years." The evidence in the letters is all for a humanly sensitive personality, full of delightful idiosyncrasies, sensitive to the least motion of the spiritual air in any direction, and with almost infinite powers of adaptation, but, on the other hand, keen, incisive, muscular, wholly capable of the concentrated stroke.

This leads us to think further of the personality of this English "songstress," and to wonder what other elements may have entered in to form the world's soft, misty, effeminate ideal of her. In these days of composite psychology, the law of the crowd, and the prevalence of the half-tone, has anyone thought of the influence that authors' portraits must or may have had upon their fame? We see that the fame of an author goes up and then down like a wave of the sea. What was it that made Dickens so madly a favorite in 1860, swept down the furore until there were none so poor to do him reverence in 1880, and again pressed him to the top of the wave in 1890? In such cases as this may it not at least partly be that some Australian publisher has foisted upon the world a recently discovered portrait, has flooded the market with millions of copies, and so started a tidal wave which, flowing powerfully across the world, has come thumping at last against a ruined arch of London Bridge with force enough to make it tremble so that the lone New Zealand traveler there cannot finish his sketch of Saint Paul's—a sketch intended no doubt to decorate some New Zealand edition that will not now appear! A vision like this comes to us wildly; but it has more than a baseless fabric since it is founded upon our knowledge of the way things go in our time. Perhaps the portraits of authors that the world has possessed have had more to do with these changes of mood than we have supposed. We want the people we love to be beautiful—that is, if we can possibly have them so. They are beautiful in our eyes and we insist that they shall be in the eyes of others. And this is just as true of the poets we love as it is of our personal friends. How long the lovers of George Eliot went mourning because of her insufferable plainness of feature! And even the fancied resemblance of her profile to that of so great a person as her own Savonarola failed to reconcile them to the supposed stolidity of her own. At last, to save their feelings, some one who knew her came forward to say that, though plain of face, an ever-varying light of expression played over her features. This was a help surely; but real joy did not come to them until a new picture had been given to the world. And in this picture the oval of the face, the clearness of

the iris, the height of the brow, the delicacy of the mouth, and, ah! above all, the dimples set in either cheek, combine in a most charming effect. The lovers of Marian Evans do not care whether she really had those dimples or not. It is quite enough for them that they have been credibly informed that she had them. If she had them not, her lovers are glad to be deceived. We now feel for her what the abnormalities of Shakespeare's supposed portrait have kept us from feeling for him—that we should like to know her personally; that we should dare to talk with her, not fearing rebuff.

In the case of Mrs. Browning the most familiar picture for all the world is a reproduction from the portrait by Field Talford. In this picture the hair is parted smoothly on the brow and is rolled into soft curls on either side, covering the cheeks but not entirely concealing a retreating chin and a rather rabbit mouth. Heavy dark eyelashes are strongly outlined on the narrow, unintellectual brow, and the eyelids hang low over languishing eyes. It is difficult to think that the woman of this picture could have written "Napoleon III in Italy," "A Curse for a Nation," "The Cry of the Children," or any one of those pieces of powerful invective that voiced her natural and her adoptive patriotisms. It is a weak, sentimental face; does it truly represent how Mrs. Browning looked? The Authors' Club in New York city has in its treasured collection a very interesting portrait sketch of Mrs. Browning, a copy of the picture that Mr. Browning called "the only approach to a likeness extant." This portrait is made in gray on a dull brown paper with touches here and there of black and white to bring out the higher lights. She is represented as standing by the end of a sofa, her hand resting on its arm. The original drawing was made, of course, in the days of the hoop, and the amplitude of the black satin dress with its wide ruffles fills the lower part of the frame. The bodice is almost like a jacket, the fullness below the waist forming the uppermost ruffle of the skirt. Laces cling about the neck, peep out along the vest, and fall from beneath the wide-wristed sleeve over the delicate hand. The whole style of the attire seems quaint and old-fashioned to our eyes. But let us put our hand over all this and look only at the face. She is

standing with her left shoulder toward us, and as she turns her countenance in our direction she looks as if she would in one moment open her lips and speak to us. What would she say if at this instant she should speak? With our memories filled with the sentimental softness of the other picture we are surprised at the power in this—the boldness of outline, the strength of the chin, the thinness of the lips, the firm curves of the mouth. The brow is normally high and broad, and it is full over the eyes. And from those eyes looks a beseeching expression behind which, however, lurks an unflinching command which we feel would come to the front should beseeching fail. Yes, the owner of this face could have composed "A Curse for a Nation." When asked by the Angel to write a nation's curse and send it over the western sea she would indeed have said:

> Not so, my Lord!
> If curses must be, choose another
> To send thy curse against my brother.

Yet should the Angel insist that it was just because they were her brothers, and because her heart was sore for her own land's sins, and because she was a woman, and

> A curse from the depths of womanhood
> Is very salt, and bitter, and good—

that it was for these very reasons that she must write the curse, then we feel that she would mournfully have obeyed.

> Because ye have broken your own chain
> With the strain
> Of brave men climbing a nation's height,
> Yet thence bear down with brand and thong
> On souls of others—for this wrong
> This is the curse. Write.

The righteous fury that flows and flames in the written judgment that follows could truly have been uttered by the lips of the woman standing there in this queer worn little picture.

We admit that it is a dangerous thing to pin our faith to any one picture. We would never do it in the case of a living companion. And many a person when separated from a loved friend has refused to look upon any photograph at all, since no single one and no imagined composite of all attainable pictures of living

expressions can equal the reproduction that the memory herself makes in the mind. It is, therefore, all the more unfortunate when the world adopts one sole suggestion as to what its treasured conception shall be. In this case how may we add to our material and gain a more satisfying conception? Let us see whether we can do any better by listening to what those who knew Mrs. Browning personally have said of her. In view of the fact that one unhappy critic has declared that the Hand that made her great did not make her fair, let us try to catch a composite expression from many descriptions written by those who knew her—including Hawthorne, Trollope, Rossetti, and others of the long procession of friends, interested and disinterested, that made its way to the hospitable doors of Casa Guidi in the middle decades of the last century. She was a small, delicate woman, so slight that to some she seemed to be scarcely embodied at all. Her form seemed to be altogether disproportioned to her soul, her human frame a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit; she was a soul of fire in a shell of pearl. "How could Mr. Browning really suppose that he had an earthly wife at all?" pleasantly asked one. She seemed of an elfin race, ready to flit away at any moment when he least thought of it. (So, alas! it proved.) But if she did belong to the race of elves, she was a good and wise fairy, and sweetly disposed toward the human race. It was marvelous how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature could impress one as she did with the certainty of her benevolence, for there seemed to be a million chances to one that her unsound health might have formed her instead into a miracle of acidity and bitterness. Should one stop to think of it, one realized that she had a pleasant, intelligent face, a most expressive, sensitive face; one has called it a spirit-face; another says a handsome, oval face. Her voice was the excellent one; it was low and sweet, and it had an agreeable and slightly plaintive tenuity. Dark ringlets clustered down into her neck and made her face look whiter by their sable profusion. "Sable" is the word Hawthorne used. Whereupon Mr. John Bigelow remembered perfectly that those ringlets were not sable at all, but a dark chestnut, and declares that Hawthorne's constitutional propensity to take somber views of things must be

called upon to account for the liberty he seems to have taken with Mrs. Browning's hair. Other witnesses testify: a little warfare goes on; much copy is the result. In the end the world settles down to the opinion that the ringlets were not a chestnut and not a raven-black, but just a simple very dark brown. Meantime Mr. Bigelow has put himself immortally upon record that those curls did not flow naturally, but that they were induced and persuaded by "one of those artifices of the toilet." We wonder how he knew! We wonder how he dared to say it! And we cannot help wishing that so ungallant a suggestion may some time be recanted! At any rate, that softly massed hair shadowed a pale face in which blazed a pair of piercing, inquiring eyes that looked out sensitively at the stranger. It was wonderful how small she was, how pale her face, how bright and dark her eyes—those splendid eyes, that lived like coals in her pain-worn face. They must have been of the kind that are the despair of biographers, for they were sometimes large, tender, serious eyes of bluish-gray fringed with dark eyelashes, and then on occasion they blazed into splendor and were dark and commanding. And they must certainly have been the chief element in her smile, which was like a sunbeam. As you greet the lady of Casa Guidi, she puts into yours a hand that is small and frail. Thanks to the beautiful cast of the clasped hands of the two poets made by Miss Harriet Hosmer, it has been revealed to us exactly how that little hand was shaped, so delicately fashioned it was, and if there is any characterization in the shape of hands, so fully the poet's hand, and so feminine withal, as the sculptor represents it nestling confidingly in the strong, mobile clasp of her husband. She always had a look of youthful comeliness, partly no doubt because of the delicacy of her physique, and she was very gentle and ladylike in her manner. With all her varied and profound learning and high poetic gifts, she was as simple and unassuming as a child. She made people feel at home with her. She could visit with a new friend for an hour or two, and then send her away feeling that years of delightful acquaintance had passed between them. Her manner had an incomprehensible sweetness, one might almost say affectionateness. Her conversation charmed. She was mobile, she was tactful. She was

not loquacious; she never showed off, or seemed to desire to; but she had her own originality wherewith to help on, and it was conversation—not monologue. That was its charm. A virtue seemed to go forth from her so that when a friend came away from a visit with her he could say that he felt himself to be better, to have higher views and aims than he had before. And this not because there had been any talk or look or word of the nature of preaching, or anything approaching to it, but simply by the perception and appreciation of what she was, of the immaculate purity of every thought that passed through that pellucid mind and the indefeasible nobility of her every idea and sentiment. Does this composite give any suggestion of the charm of the woman who at one call awakened the great Robert Browning to the reality of human love? When Elizabeth Barrett felt that she must write to two or three of her nearest and dearest friends to explain how she came to leave her father's roof and go away to marry a poet, she justified her love for him on the ground of the "strange, straight sympathy" that flashed between them. Her sensitive nature Robert Browning no doubt thoroughly understood. To him she was a certain star that "like the angled spar" could throw "now a dart of red, now a dart of blue"; but when his friends wished also to see the wonderful star that dartled the red and the blue it would "stop like a bird, like a flower hang furled"—which, take it all in all, is an epitome of what we see written in their letters. There were things of which she could not speak and which she could not bear to hear spoken of. Any reference to them made her whole nature "hang furled" like the star: the lost brother, the more and worse than lost father, both life-long and never dulled griefs of hers. Those who know the story ought now to understand this special constricted side of her shy nature.

With the new and altogether lovely moon-symbol Robert Browning tries again to tell us not as to her color of iris or curl, but in symbols suggesting the psychic realities of his soul's perception of her soul:

> This to you—yourself, my moon of poets!
> Ah, but that's the world's side; there's the wonder,
> Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!

> There in turn I stand with them and praise you—
> Out of my own self I dare to phrase it.
> But the best is when I glide from out them,
> Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
> Come out on the other side, the novel
> Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
> Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Was the poet side of her the world's side? Was the woman side of her the side that Robert Browning treasured as his own? One would have thought that it would have been the other way. The bright, clear, open side, where she welcomed the guests of many nationalities in the Casa Guidi drawing room, the practical side, where she ruffled the pantalets of her little boy and wrote tomes of letters telling about his curls and his bath, and his precious sayings, the side where she discussed spiritism and the practical politics of four nations and more—one would have thought this to be the world's side, and those novel, silent, silver lights and darks undreamed-of, where her husband hushed and blessed himself with silence, to be the poet's side of her, especially of a poet who was the moon of poets herself! But perhaps 'twere to consider too curiously to consider so. We cannot put our finger on one part of a human being and say, "This is poet," and upon another part and declare, "This is man or woman." More than that, we do not want to. If this moon-symbol gives us any suggestion as to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's personality, she had indeed the soft half-pathetic radiance of moonlight, the silent silver lights and darks undreamed of that make an indescribable charm, although that charm may have failed to work on people who could quarrel over the color of her hair. But she had also the persistence of light about her. She had the axiomatic power of a single ray of light to reveal and strike home. We have the right to perceive that with all that poetic fineness in the picture there was a certain outline of massive strength. Her spirit was as nearly perfect as ever passed to the world of light, said one; and this could not have been so, even to the eyes of an admiring friend, if she had been all softness and languishment. To one she appealed as an heroic woman. None of her poems can express what *she* was—so grand, so comprehending, so strong, with such inspired insight! Her

heart was with all good throughout the world. She was human at the red ripe of the heart. Though gentle she was pertinacious in difference. And so, though Robert Browning could apostrophize her as "Lyric Love, half angel and half bird," he also called her "Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun."

It takes many rays of light and a long exposure to make a composite like this. The picture does justice, perhaps, to the social aspect, but needs some sidelights from "Casa Guidi Windows," and from "Italy and the World," and from "The Cry of the Children," to bring out the massive lines here contended for. That the love-hungry world begins to see how closely she pressed to its heart is shown in the innumerable editions of her Sonnets from the Portuguese on two sides of the sea, not to say on the shores of many seas. Now that we experiment so individualistically with our verse-forms, set our dramatic scenes in any heaven or any purgatory, and have no "songstresses" at all, we must remember that she began to do and be these reprehensible things while hermetically sealed in an unventilated room half a century ago.

The contention of this article, now it is written, seems to be that Mrs. Browning was not made on the pattern of any man's idea of what a woman poet ought to be, but that she was a natural normal woman, full of human feeling and large social vision based on knowledge; and that she was a rippling fountain of life, fun, and raillery; moreover, that she was large-brained, courageous, independent, with an intellectual firmness and loyalty absolutely impregnable. "Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also," said her husband in the fourteenth stanza of "One Word More." And Robert Browning would have been the first to say that in that "spirit-small" hand of hers, which in "By the Fireside" he imagined to be propping her "great brow," he could himself see, as the world now does, the force as well as the delicacy needed for the deeper social crises, for the cruel kindness of the expert surgeon.

Martha Foote Crow

Art. VIII.—PRAGMATISM IN "IN MEMORIAM"

When the death roll of A. D. 1910 comes to be made up, no more significant name will appear on the list than that of the scholarly and acute Harvard philosopher who gave his indorsement to the thought-system known as pragmatism. The name has been before the world for less than a decade, although there were professed pragmatists before the twentieth century. Two things about this system are undoubted: first, that it belongs to our generation, and, secondly, that its home is the United States. The exponent of it who now resides at Oxford was formerly on the staff of Cornell University, and even he does not claim priority in its promulgation. But its main pillar was undoubtedly William James, whose weight of thought, felicity of expression, and magnificent cosmopolitanism made him a natural leader among thinkers. If we study his career, what is noticeable is his immediate interest in religious questions. He refused to allow his intellectualism to separate him from the concerns of ordinary humanity, thus creating a vicious dualism which has retarded thought in the past. With him inquiry ranged everywhere; the man whom he studied was not merely the educated and the cultured, but every type. Brought up to be a physician, he always remained a pathologist. The old school of metaphysicians explained emotions and passions in an intellectual way, and regarded all action in the final issue as a product of logic, but William James sought for truth and power outside the intellectual field, and declared for an empiricism that was essentially human. The old methods and system of rating values left character out of the query—which is just the most valuable element in all human life. To appraise everything by the intellectual, and reduce the moral and ethical to intellectual values only, was a fallacy of the very emphatic and self-satisfied school of rationalists. No wonder religious people kept to the other side of the fence. The weakness of the rationalists was the dualism which they set up. Such of them as declared for a pure materialism, a monism of matter, were really outside of the general consensus of belief,

which clung to the fact of free will and the existence of mind that could dominate matter. The wiser among them became agnostics, thinkers who contented themselves with the pursuit of questions that admitted of intellectual verification. The scientific world had apprehended the principle of evolution, and with infinite pains and enthusiasm was devoting itself to the elucidation of things objective. The other subjects pertaining to the intuitions of mind were left in abeyance, and remained unsolved and neglected so far as concerned them. It is wrong to regard Darwin as the first thinker to grasp the import of evolution. The great mind of the German Goethe was quite alive to the issue, and his poetry is full of the evolutionary idea. The questions he heard discussed in his youth (for he was brought up in an evangelical atmosphere)—the inner life, sanctification, immortality—he dismissed later as troublesome and not likely to yield results worth the pains of inquiry. On the whole, it may be said that the mind of Goethe dominated the nineteenth century; I mean that his outlook and interpretation of things were accepted as normal and just. The diagnosis of this "physician of the iron time" was fairly well accepted as authoritative. With the close of the century this creed of culture and force began to lose its charm for many thinkers. It was dumb or uncertain on such vital questions as life and love. Mankind still went to the churches to be told what were the issues of life, and what things we ought to love. If religion could give an authoritative answer to these questions and satisfy the masses, then it was surely quite as valuable as the science and philosophy which merely instructed people how to use things to the best advantage, and find culture and refinement. One of the most significant incidents, to me, in modern history is the conferring upon William Booth, general of the Salvation Army, the highly cherished degree of D. C. L. by the aristocratic University of Oxford. If there was one movement thirty years ago that came in for contempt and ridicule at the hands of scholars and gentlemen, surely it was the noisy and pushing Salvation Army. Matthew Arnold, that apostle of Oxonian culture, derided it. But it held on its way, comforting the masses, and instructing them what things to love, revere, and

cherish. It explained life and love, points whereon science was dumb. The world, in a surprisingly short time, recognized its worth, and hence the honor conferred upon its general. The event pleased pragmatists.

Pragmatism may be described—"defined" is too serious a word for this mere passing explanation—as the philosophical rating of value by the scale of the good done to humanity. It rejects other-worldism, and calls that good which men here have found to be good, and that true which men accept unquestioningly. The subjective man is made the measure of all things, and the one fact in the universe is the living, loving, choosing personality. When a bell within us, so to speak, rings clearly, announcing that such or such a fact is good or true, then the fact is good or true. There is a solidarity in mind which prevents this empiricism from becoming a species of anarchy. Indeed, this solidarity of the universe is one of the fundamentals of pragmatism. The excessive individualism which characterizes rationalism is a menace to humanity. In life the important thing is not what this or that acute intellect thinks or proves to be true, but what the mass of men love and hate or view with indifference. A band of sincere worshipers is not something for a true philosopher to dispute with or disapprove of, but a fact of tremendous import to human life. Human life, judging, rejecting, revering, has the first claim upon his attention. To the pragmatist the world is a great laboratory, wherein the workers are busy finding out for themselves what things are good and true and permanently useful. For the old Platonic pattern laid up in heaven, the types, modes, or ideas existing in the mind of God from all eternity, he has no use. Life is in the present passing into the future. The to-day and to-morrow of this world we live in; these are the facts worth considering. But with pragmatism in its further issues the present discussion has nothing to do, the subject being "Pragmatism in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'" For two generations this elegy, which expanded into a philosophy of life, has been a source of untold comfort to doubting but true-hearted men and women. It was the clear protest against an arrogant rationalism and a deadly indifferentism. Tennyson knew the issues involved

in a narrow conception of evolution, and was shaken rudely out of an æsthetic indifferentism. When the poem appeared in 1851 it was a little ahead of the age, and was not understood for a decade except by the initiated, for it handled not only evolution in a masterly way, but the antidote to evolution falsely accepted as an explanation of all things. In a very distinct way its philosophy is a forerunner of pragmatism. One feature is common to pragmatism and the outlook of the author of "In Memoriam," the conception of a world so vast that men need not trouble over the practical difficulties of human immortality. How restricted was the old idea of the world, with heaven just above the clouds and Hades in the bowels of the earth, the round world thus including all created beings except a few elect spirits! But, as the apostle of pragmatism remarks, "the tiresomeness of an over-peopled heaven is a purely subjective and illusory notion, a sign of human incapacity, a remnant of the old, narrow-hearted aristocratic creed. . . . The heart of being can have no exclusions akin to those which our poor little hearts set up." Tennyson's world of seventy years ago had begun to grow and expand in an extraordinary way. The electric telegraph superseded pigeon flights for rapid messages the very year after Hallam's death; indeed, the record flight for carrier-pigeons was made in Belgium the summer he died; a fact which may explain the recurring reference to this mode of communication in the verses of "In Memoriam"; for example, Section xii, "Lo, as a dove when up she springs." Steamers were now crossing the Atlantic, and railway trains speeding across islands and continents. Science, pure and applied, was wonderfully active:

> "A time to sicken and to swoon,
> When Science reaches forth her arms
> To feel from world to world, and charms
> Her secret from the latest moon!"

I thought of these lines the other day when I stood with Professor Aitken at the foot of the great Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, and he described to me the latest devices for "charming its secret" from a heavenly body. Attached to the lower end of the large tube is a triangular box which incloses electrical apparatus

delicately adjusted to register two things—the distance of a star and its composition. I will not go into the scientific details; it is sufficient to indicate the uses and value of the wonderful instrument—one of the most carefully adjusted among all electrical appliances. I did, indeed, quote the lines, and as we went on to talk of Tennyson's intense interest in all things scientific he told me that Johann Gottfried Galle was just dead in Germany at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Galle it was who first gazed upon the planet Neptune, and set the scientific world at rest on the subject. The discovery took place on the night of September 16, 1846, in the Sternwarte at Berlin, where he was observator. At this time Tennyson was busy with the composition of his great elegy. It was a Cambridge man, well known to Tennyson, as belonging to his own university, who first made the positive statement that such a planet existed in the heavens. At the close of the seventeenth century Herschel had discovered the planet Uranus, and thus added one to the moving bodies of the celestial universe. Close observations made by Professor John Couch Adams, who had left Cambridge for Saint Andrews University in Scotland—my own alma mater—revealed the fact that the movements of Uranus were disturbed by the presence of some other factor, probably a companion planet. A few months later, from independent researches, Leverrier in France made the same announcement. In England, Airy, the astronomer-royal, and Challis of Cambridge, at once set to work to locate the new planet, and were narrowing down results to a few possibilities when Galle found the planet. The intense interest taken in the whole matter by the Cambridge men may well be conceived, not least by Tennyson and his set, who, though wrapped up in poetical and philosophical problems, breathed the atmosphere of the home of Sir Isaac Newton. Those were strenuous days like our own, and the masterpiece of the great Victorian poet is a record of all the deep problems discussed.

The central problem of the poem is religious and philosophic. It is a mistake to divorce these two terms, as if religion could ever be severed from philosophy, a mistake that pragmatism does not make, but which the Sense philosophers of the past two

hundred years have constantly been making. Where is the final harmony of the universe, and what is meant by immortality? Is the final harmony found in self-perfection? Does it consist in æsthetic self-satisfaction? "No," says religion, "for the essence of religion is self-renunciation and the bowing down to a higher will." The question before philosophers to-day, pragmatists and others, is, What is the higher will, and what is immortality? In his most recent work Mr. Chesterton lays down some maxims that will surprise many people. He regards one of the evil influences of our time the tendency to place everything in the present and the future, and forget the past. "Eternity" is a word that reads both backward and forward; but especially, to the devout man, it reads backward. To know God is to know him in revelation and in history. God explains the universe, and we can understand immortality only through him; for "immortality" reads backward. The great song of harmony with which "In Memoriam" begins, and which was written after the writer had passed through the depths and was in the sunshine again, begins with the invocation, "Strong Son of God, immortal Love," that is, the love that was from the beginning. As Saint John has it, "In the beginning was the intelligence, the life, the light, and the Word was with God and the Word was God." By this eternal life, and by it alone, can our wills be understood, and to get our wills in harmony with this life is to realize the real end of our being and to consecrate them. The hymn accordingly, beginning with the invocation to immortal Love, goes on to the great fact of religious existence, and enunciates this maxim of the heightened personality:

> Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

The opening section of the elegy proper is a pure discord. It implies the rejection of a cherished theory of existence, held by some thinker for whom the poet had high respect:

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

Notice the past tense—"held," not "hold," although the lines are often so misquoted. The philosophy of life here referred to as inadequate and unsatisfying is that of the German Goethe, the prince of modern poets. It is the doctrine of self-realization, the completion of the pyramid of man's highest possibilities in this life; as if a man's work or labor were ultimate. But, at crises in a man's life, he finds that he is more than his work, and that he must fall back on the springs of action and of life in order to have real spiritual nourishment. "That genuine personal work," says a recent writer, "into which a Goethe might have concentrated the powers of his soul, may come, through the very concentration which ennobles it, to be a narrowing or a hardening influence." Such a time came to Tennyson when his dear friend and hero, the saintly Hallam, was suddenly called away from earth. Was Tennyson prepared to call his friendship with Hallam an experience, to be used to help him and to be gradually forgotten? Or had he here touched the immortal thing called Love, the Life Worth Living, and was this remembrance to be cherished as jealously as the miser treasures his gold? Tennyson rejects with disdain the phrase "dead selves"; he chose the latter alternative. There must be no mundane, commercial interpretation of his ideal friendship:

> But who shall so forecast the years,
> And find in loss a gain to match?
> Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears?

He had come to the limits of rationality and enlightened common sense, and was face to face with a nature which killed off her noblest offspring, just when they were about to yield their legitimate influence. A beneficent Nature had evidently to be rejected, and he was face to face with the fundamentals—the real meaning of Life, Love and Human Will, lying outside of a "blind Nature," cruel and remorseless.

The first three sections of the poem, then, present us with a dilemma, whose two horns are both distasteful, but not equally so, to the poet. The first horn is the more repellent. The outlook upon life, with his friend gone forever and nothing to be

done but make the best of his loss, is associated with a comfort that is repulsive: "He will be the better for the experience, and raise on the old soil a new crop of still more valuable experiences." He refuses utterly thus to dig up the sacred garden of his friendship, and make commercial profit out of it. The garden must be preserved with all care; the plants must not be allowed to wither. The seasons must not be suffered to lay it waste or make it desolate. But then the other horn—what of it? To live wholly in the experiences of the past is to lose touch with the present, and make him surly and angry in a world which killed his greatest joy. He must shut himself up, so to speak, in a cemetery, and become a mere caretaker of the vaults of death. This is preferable to the sordid solution just considered; but it means a continual martyrdom of the senses. Can God have meant human flesh and blood to endure it? The solution is just hinted at in sections xiii and xiv, where a spirit world is apprehended, the contemplation of which relieves the tension of his feelings and allows him the comfort of tears. On one celebrated occasion, the most dramatic in his life, the great English statesman, George Canning, declared on the floor of the House of Commons: "I called in a New World to redress the balance of the Old." Though the cause of liberalism seemed hopeless in Europe, with the mighty forces arrayed against it, republics were rising across the Atlantic imbued with the spirit of progress; and on these he counted for final victory. There is a similar change of base noticeable in "In Memoriam." It changes the value of the terms in which the two cases of the dilemma are expressed. His friend is no longer dead, but a living occupant of another and brighter world. Again, the world is no longer the mere world of phenomena with no outlet beyond the vaults of death. These vaults open to a world of reality, the eternal world of spirit. The solution of the dilemma, then, consists in rejecting the terms in which the two cases or horns are expressed. Death, treated as a final boundary in the mundane vocabulary of the first case, comes to be regarded as a mere passage or ford to something beyond. The point of that horn is thus blunted. The world of phenomena which his loss rendered hateful to him because it seemed under the

sway of cruelty and injustice, becomes a mere obscure corner of the great, bright universe of God. There is light beyond. And the point of the second horn is equally blunted.

At sections xiii and xiv we receive vague hints of the solution. The melting into tears is a significant and helpful sign—as is his lyric, "Home they brought her warrior dead." It removes a dislocation, and effects a junction with the world of sense. The twenty-seventh section closes with a note of resignation. For twenty-seven sections, then, the poet is in the depths of sadness and despair, and the only palliative left to him is the maxim of the pagan Seneca: "*Magis gauderes quod hubueras, quam moereres quod amiseras*":

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

But with the Christmas bells came Christmas hope and faith. Not through argument delivered from the pulpit, however, nor through exhortation, nor mystically through ritual, but through the pragmatic channel of consecrated lives. It is strange that so few writers on "In Memoriam" should see the extraordinary significance of poem xxx. It really marks the crisis in the poet's spiritual life, when he definitely ranged himself with the believers—the devout women:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy
Nor change to us, although they change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

The closing quatrain is significant as showing his change of mood:

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

It represents his own condition of renewed hope. The modern mystic, Maeterlinck, has a significant passage in his "The Treasure of the Humble," which bears out this interpretation. "For women," he states in his "On Woman," "are indeed the veiled sisters of all the great things we do not see. They are indeed nearest of kin to the infinite that is about us, and they alone can still smile at it with the intimate grace of the child, to whom its father inspires no fear. It is they who preserve here below the pure fragrance of our soul, like some jewel from heaven, which none know how to use; and were they to depart, the spirit would reign in solitude in a desert." The thought occurred to me, in examining the lines critically, that the melodists must have been singing a definite hymn; and it seemed worth while to discover what were the lines which had inspired them. Catholicism, with all its glorious sacred lyrics, hardly seemed to furnish a clue, for the tone of these lyrics is more that of the ascetic's cell or the martyr's stake than of the bereaved Christian home. It will be hard, I think, to find verses which suit the conditions so satisfactorily as certain familiar lines of Dr. Isaac Watts. The use of the word "veil" is in itself an indication, and the whole imagery is congenial:

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

For from this time on, the word "veil," in the new phrase, "behind the veil," recurs again and again as a significant term, implying the barrier that shuts us out from the world of spirit beyond.

With the very next section the poet calls us to a contemplation of the consecrated life of faith and love, of which the New Testament type is Mary, whose "eyes are homes of silent prayer." The Master is her hero, and she is satisfied. In her heart the human and divine have inexplicably met. Tennyson

encountered the same phenomenon in his own sisters, and it convinced him, once for all, that the fundamentals of our life, the things worth living for, remain matters of simple faith, not within the domain of our analytic powers.

With a solution of the nature of pragmatism, however—which, after all, is a form of empiricism—Tennyson did not, and could not, rest satisfied. That prayer, and a creative, all-intelligent God, may possibly be mere useful illusions, the dreams and comforts of heroic spirits, was no satisfying doctrine for him. He accepted the Christian doctrine of immortality without reservations; he lived in the hope of seeing his dear friend again, changed and ennobled, but still the same. He kept sacred the living self in his own person in readiness to meet the Master; hence the significance of his famous "Crossing the Bar":

> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

Will and personality, as the pragmatists rightfully declare, are the first, last, and most precious things in life; but they gain their satisfactory interpretation only in a rich and full Christianity.

James Main Dixon

Art. IX.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON THE OVER-SOUL

Emerson, it is said, was not a philosopher but a prophet. That he was not a philosopher is evident to anyone who reads ten lines of his prose or verse. A philosopher is one who forms, or accepts, a philosophy, that is, an arrangement of all known facts pertaining to some circle of knowledge, in a system; but Emerson neither formed nor accepted a system. He is, rather, like a man up in a trellis throwing down luscious clusters of grapes into a basket, with now and then a dry stick or a withered leaf, without the least regard to the order in which he tosses them in. What Lowell says of his verse is in some degree true of his prose:

> In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
> But thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter.

Not being a philosopher, he rarely discerned the relation of the great truths which he expounded to other truths which conditioned them. But Emerson was a prophet, in that he told forth the grand thoughts which seemed to come to him by intuition, or, as he himself might have said, by revelation, with all the self-forgetfulness and earnestness of an ancient seer.

Two men are gazing upon some majestic fane, a philosopher and a prophet. Both stand before the magnificent façade. The philosopher is impressed, indeed, but not satisfied. He wants to know the plan, the philosophy of the building; and so he goes on to view foundations, walls, buttresses, towers, roof, interior, adding picture to picture on the walls of memory, until the how and the why of it all bursts upon him. The prophet stands gazing upon the façade, enraptured with the view, as he beholds arch rising above arch, column above column, pier above pier, pinnacle above pinnacle, until the whole great thought in stone seems to be leaping up into the blue sky. To call him to walk about it and view the towers thereof would seem to him sheer impertinence. He is satisfied with what he is seeing and wants no more.

Such a prophet is Emerson. "Our faith," he says, "comes in moments"; and by faith he seems to mean "the evidence of things unseen," the intuition of ideas before unknown to him.

He does not think it necessary, or even well, to prove that these ideas are true. His answer when asked, "How do you know that it is truth, and not an error of your own?" was, "We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know that we are awake when we are awake." He quotes with approval the saying of Swedenborg: "It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases, but to be able to discover that what is true is true, and that what is false is false." This intuitive grasp of ideas, and intuitive certainty of their truth, seemed to him to be the proper attitude of "a mind that is grandly simple."

This quality in Emerson's conceptions and teachings makes them wonderfully clear and impressive. He is, to use his own words, "a fervent mystic, prophesying, half insane under the infinitude of his thought"; and we may go far before we find a presentation of the unity between God and the devout soul more impressive than Emerson has given in his essay on the Over-Soul. In it he says: "We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, 'God comes to us without bell'; that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so there is no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and where God, the cause, begins." Again he says, "Within man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related, the eternal ONE." And again: "Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonal. In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made, as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party, or common nature, is not social; it is impersonal, it is God." "Let man learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart, this, namely, that the Highest dwells with him, that the sources of nature are in his own mind, if the sentiment of duty is there. But if he would know what the great God speaketh, he must 'go into his closet and shut the door.'"

Impressive these teachings certainly are. Their simplicity makes them so; and what could be more simple than that pure monism which resolves the whole into the One, which teaches that "the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one"? At the first glance such a

view must be clear; but is it therefore true? We are coming to doubt the Cartesian doctrine, that "what we comprehend clearly and plainly is true." We are coming to suspect, rather, that a very simple view of a very complex subject is apt to be either altogether false or so inadequate as to be misleading. And this we believe to be the case of Emerson's teaching concerning the Over-Soul. It is *inadequate.* The prophet never advanced beyond the façade of the temple of truth. He never learned, never cared to learn, indeed, the why and the how of that indwelling over-soul. It is *misleading.* It cannot be true that "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God." To believe this would be to launch out upon the shoreless sea of pantheism, where many souls have sunk into atheism.

Thank God, we know better! Beautiful as is the façade, in the words of Ruskin, "the outside is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern." It is only when we enter into the holy place, and stand in the presence of the loving, personal Father, that we understand that indwelling presence which seemed so beautiful to Emerson as the Over-Soul.

But while we throw away the false explanation, we need not throw away the inner experience of that sweet, pure, devout spirit. For such was Emerson in spite of his errors. Mr. Conway relates that when some zealous Methodists objected to Father Taylor's friendship for Emerson on the ground that, being a Unitarian, Emerson could never go to heaven, Taylor said, "It does look so, but if Emerson goes to Hades, I am sure of one thing —that he will change the climate, and emigration will set that way." There need be little doubt that his "ignorance" God "winked at"; and that the communion with the Over-Soul, which he found so sweet, was nothing else than the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, dwelling not only in the high and holy place, but also with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

David Keppel.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

FAIRBAIRN ON PREACHING

We are moved to put upon these pages some of Dr. Fairbairn's words on the noble power of preaching.

"Jesus said, 'Go, preach the gospel,' and soon there came the apostolic churches that stood in the cities round the tideless Mediterranean. Out of preaching came the conversion of those great barbarian peoples who poured into Rome, and yet were made more Christian by so pouring. Out of it came those missions represented in the far North by Columba and the men of Iona, who gave their early character to the people of my land; out of it came Augustine of Canterbury, who came late to these Southern people and ought to have come earlier, bringing what was later in origin, and in nature different through long delay. Then there went from our islands away back to the Continent, Saxon, Scottish, and Irish preachers, creating homes of light where darkness might have seemed to be. As a consequence, there came the conversion of the Northern nations, achieved by preaching. And what was the Reformation except a resurrection of the ancient function of preaching? And what were the Reformers —men like Luther, Zwingli, Œcolampadius, Calvin, Beza—save preachers? Would not the enumeration of them be but the naming of men great in literature because great in speech? Was not the sermon, the appeal to reason and experience, its great instrument? and was not the counter-Reformation accomplished by the same great instrument? Could Richard Hooker have been the man he was, or have written his Ecclesiastical Polity, unless he had been a preacher, who had Travers to compete with, in the 'spacious days of great Elizabeth'? Or without the Golden Grove would Jeremy Taylor have had a name fragrant in letters? Did not the sermon awake Richard Baxter and compel him to compose those sermons that seemed, in spite of their metaphysical subtlety and refinements, to his contemporaries so like 'logic on fire'? Did not John Bunyan through hearing a preacher become our supreme allegorist in literature and history? Was not stately John Howe made by the appeals of 'golden-mouthed' Stephen Marshall; and by the same agency three generations of Edmund Calamys, and simple-hearted and subtle-minded Isaac Watts? Were not the

sermons of John Wesley and George Whitefield causes that helped to bring about the evangelical Revival; and is not their successor, John Henry Newman, better remembered as a preacher than as a celebrant? Great, therefore, is the power of the pulpit and of human speech, which here means the truth of God, though his truth as realized in the awed and reverent spirit of man. I know I shall be pardoned one personal reminiscence. Well, then, in the summer of 1894 I hurried away from Oxford to the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, which lies to the north of Tweed, where I, at least, can breathe ancestral air such as was once breathed by men often dumb yet never silent. In the town of Oxford the British Association had met, and there had gathered the many illustrious men that make the name of England famous in science, together with distinguished men from many lands, who had come to mingle their discoveries with ours and to hear from us what discoveries we had made. Just a week after I had left Oxford and all its fame, and all its brilliance, I stood on a height which overlooked what is to me the loveliest spot on earth, for it is near my own childhood's home. In the distance there rose the gray back, crowned with a lion's head, of Arthur's Seat, and up from beyond it rose the smoke of the gray Northern city, whose buildings upheaved their backs to heaven, and were—

> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town.

Between me and the lion-crowned height ran a little stream, over which battle and feud had often flowed, and which had run red with good Scotch blood. Just behind me was the tower where, when they had captured him, they brought George Wishart on his way to the scaffold and death, one of the many martyrs which our people gave to the evangelical faith. On my right hand and a little behind me lay the small country town where, about three hundred and seventy years since, a brawny, stalwart youth lived, studied, worked, planned, who was called of God and grew into a man of whom it was said, though not till he lay silent in death, that 'he never feared man's face,' who cast out from amid his people a form of religion that had lost power to control men, and so had become mischievous; and created schools in every parish, planning also that high schools, which he described, should be in every considerable town. My people may have many a sin and weakness, yet, thanks to him, they are a people of whom it can be said they are at least educated and love education. On the other side of the Firth, beyond the radiant water, at the farther

end of the land where it looks out into the North Sea, lies the quaint university town where the one famed son of the Renaissance our kingdom can boast, George Buchanan—though among his successors Andrew Melville stands, who runs him close—once held sway, and where in the same office the man reigned who, most of all, can be esteemed as the saintly man of our race, and where he died, just as Charles II came to the throne. When the summons came to him to appear before the monarch and his judges, the answer came, 'I go to obey an earlier summons from a greater King.' He, in his very death, felt that in the distant parish of his earliest ministry and love, Anwoth, if there lived but one soul lost through him, then the thought of that loss would make heaven so great a misery that to leave it and come to earth, where he might emulate his Saviour and suffer and die for the lost, would be to him almost a joy. And northward and westward I could see the peaks of hills beneath which Portmoak lay, where a man called in his day Ebenezer Erskine once was minister, a brawny man and the father of a stalwart race, who helped to make the religion of Christ more of the power it is amid our people. Still farther to the north imagination could picture the braes of Abernethy, where John Brown had herded his sheep while he studied his Latin and learned the Greek New Testament, which enabled him even as boy to win eminence in learning and fame for his church, and the patience and tact which gained him later a professor's place. He became a father to many, and grew into a preacher so known and a scholar so famed that David Hume once said, infidel as he was, 'I like that man, for he preaches as if he had Jesus Christ at his elbow.' And on the same side of the water, just touching the Forth, washed by its waves, lay the town—if town it can be called—of Anstruther, where in the late years of the eighteenth century the muscular and masculine Thomas Chalmers laid up the health and strength that made him the reviver of the church in Scotland. And behind me, between me and the Lammermoors, nestled the little village, placid as ever, where Robert Moffat first saw the light of day, which still stands with us and for our people as the symbol of the preacher's work. Surely as the procession of names passed before me, did it not seem that what made the places beautiful were the persons they suggested, whose very names told that, not kings and nobles, but preachers had made my people? and that while Christ lived in such men and inspired them with the power of reforming man, there was neither promise nor threat of decay on the part either of him or his church?"

ADDRESS AT THE THOBURN JUBILEE[1]

President Crawford, Bishop Thoburn, and Friends: First of all, I bring to this occasion affectionate greeting from Dr. J. T. Gracey, who was in India with Thoburn, Mansell, and Messmore. Why are we here? John Burroughs virtually deifies Walt Whitman. We are Christians and not pagans; we do not deify any man. If this celebration were simply for the glorification of James M. Thoburn, he would hold up his hand in horror and in protest. If he were to speak to us here this afternoon, I think he would suggest that we join together in that refrain of the sweet and holy German hymn, "Let Jesus Christ Be Praised." We are here to rejoice in a conspicuous illustration of what Jesus Christ can do with the man and the life wholly surrendered to his control. And its lesson, especially to the students of this college, is, Consecrate your life, fling it away in splendid abandon for Christ and the world, and see what will come of it for you in the fifty years ahead. It is for us to realize more fully through this celebration the ineffable majesty, the immeasurable power, the imperishable grandeur of Christian ideals and Christian service. If this be not the result, the whole program will be a profitless performance. We are here to nail a few epithets upon the name of Thoburn, to call him some names indicative of our thoughts about him and our feelings toward him.

I begin by calling him an enthusiast. I go to my dictionary for the meaning of the word, and Webster's first definition of an enthusiast is one who thinks himself divinely inspired, possessed of some special revelation. And for proof of the propriety of calling him an enthusiast I refer you to the September, 1906, number of the Methodist Review, in which you will find an article entitled "Inspiration," written by J. M. Thoburn. In that article he tells how as a missionary again and again he has felt himself to be directly inspired by God, has felt in his soul that he had a special revelation from him, not to be foisted upon the church or forced upon his brethren for their guidance, but absolutely peremptory for him in the marking out of his own plans and the choosing of his course. Thus has he lived his life and done his work, seeking guidance from God and getting it. This is notorious. Therefore, under that first definition of Webster, I charge that this man is one of the most magnificent enthusiasts ever produced in the history of Christianity. And

[1] Delivered by William V. Kelley at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., at the celebration of Bishop Thoburn's Fifty Years in Foreign Missionary Work.

the second definition is like unto the first in its fitness and applicability, for by that definition an enthusiast is one whose mind is wholly possessed and heated by what engages it. And I ask you, who know men, whether that does not describe James M. Thoburn. Has he not been wholly engaged and heated by the great work in which he has been engaged? I am reminded of that divine Enthusiast who set aside all claims of relationship and all other interests and said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—and of that later enthusiast who said, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. This one thing I do. I count all things else as dung." A splendid enthusiast, surely, under both definitions of the word!

I trust I shall not desecrate this place nor violate the proprieties of this occasion if I say, in a sense the appropriateness of which will appear in a moment, I trust, that I have figured him in my mind as a plunger. Years ago when he was a young man I am told he was not an admirer of Browning and not a believer in his greatness. But one day in Singapore when weary, if not sick, he was lying down and resting, and Dr. H. C. Stuntz, who was with him, began to read to him parts of "Paracelsus." The Bishop listened until the reader reached that great passage about the pearl diver, in which he says: "Are there not two points in the adventure of a diver, one when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge, one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl? Festus, I plunge." And the listening Bishop exclaimed: "Brother, I have done that many a time. I have plunged."

There are more points than two in the adventure of a diver. This man knows that in his own personal experience. He has known what it is to stand alone, stripped of all secular ambitions, all thought of selfish advantage, naked of worldly resources, and plunge into the sunless depths of heathenism. He knows the experience of the diver as he gropes along the bottom in the mud and mire and slime of heathenism, feeling for pearls, immortal, unspeakably precious pearls. He knows the feeling of the diver when he closes his clutch upon the treasures of the deep; he knows the joy of the diver when he comes up out of the suffocation and the darkness and the mire and holds his pearl aloft in the face of heaven and the light of day. And in this man's case, when he plunged into the depths and came up with his treasures, it was not one pearl but, first and last, hundreds and thousands of pearls. This is what I mean when I call him a plunger. Empty-handed he plunged. He disappeared from sight. He stayed

down a long time, sometimes. He was gone for years and we did not see him. But when he came back it was with his hands full of pearls. He knows what it is to make the grim plunge into dark depths and what it is to rise radiant with his gleaming treasure.

I will call him a typical Christian product. The proof of Christianity is its products, in men, women, institutions, policies. Christianity, like Paul before Agrippa, is glad of the privilege anywhere to speak for itself, to make its argument and present its proof, and everywhere, before the throne of reason, in the court of science, in the halls of culture and the seats of the mighty, it invites the sharpest criticism. Especially in the presence of the heathen faiths it says, "I count myself happy that I am permitted to answer for myself." And it produces its proof in its products—men. The Christian Church in America had such men as Thoburn to send to India, such men as Bashford to go to China, such men as Hartzell to go to Africa, with thousands and thousands like them, first and last, to go to the darkened nations of the earth—Christian statesmen, Christian heroes, willing to toil terribly for the uplift of the nations and the glory of Christ, willing to lay down their lives in long labor or in sudden sacrifice, as the Master may demand.

Christian products are seen in institutions also. Bishop Thoburn, you know better than I do—and your confidence in the prediction is stronger than mine intelligently can be—that the day will come when India, looking upon our institutions planted there by Christianity, will say: "The God that sends relief from famine, the God that builds asylums, that makes the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to walk, through the beneficent and skillful ministry of Christian physicians, the God that sprinkles our land with schools to enlighten our darkness and elevate our degradation, the God that makes such a man as John F. Goucher to plant and sustain a hundred and more schools in the villages of India, and as years go on raises up generation after generation of such men as these, the God that answereth by orphanages, let him be God! Yea, let the God of Christian institutions be our God forever and ever!" That is the cry that will sound all over India in the day of the Lord.

In policies also Christianity has proofs to offer. Why is it that America stands to-day foremost in the eyes of the world among Christian nations? Because her policies toward the people of the world are more Christian than those of any other nation. What the United States has done in and for Cuba, what the United

States has done and is doing in and for the Philippines, what the United States has done in and for China, what John Hay, a Christian statesman, the foremost diplomat of his time in all the world, did for diplomacy between nations when he made frankness and candor and openness and absolute truthfulness the rule and practice in diplomacy, instead of concealment and duplicity and trickery and intrigue; when he demonstrated that the Golden Rule of Jesus Christ is applicable and supremely wise in the affairs of nations as in the affairs of individuals; when he thus presented to the world the spectacle of a Christian product in his own person and in the nation he represented—all this strengthened magnificently the evidences of Christianity. Only a short time ago a prominent official in one of the western provinces of China issued a proclamation in which he commended to the people of his province the Christian religion, the religion that could produce Americans who, having a great sum of money from the Chinese nation in their hands as an indemnity, all uncompelled and even unasked returned into the hands of China a large part of that indemnity. Such a national policy toward other nations presents evidences of Christianity which will irresistibly conquer the world.

One more epithet. I would call Bishop Thoburn a Christian field marshal. What, that gentle, mild-mannered, soft-voiced, and decidedly unmilitary-looking man, a field marshal! Yes, a soldier and a general for Jesus Christ. Years ago there died in Switzerland an old man who told as the most memorable event of his boyhood that once he had strayed into the French camp and had seen Napoleon Bonaparte down on his knees studying the map of Europe on a drum head. A significant sight, surely, for the peoples of Europe, when such a man as he goes to studying the map of Europe on a drum head! He was planning to roll that drum across the width of that map. He was studying the situation of the countries, for he meant to put his armies in their capitals. He was tracing the boundaries of the kingdoms, for he meant to push his drum against them and shove them this way and that according to his own greedy wish and his own mighty will. Forty years ago in India you might have seen a frail, slender young man laying the map of India alongside his open Bible. He too was bent on conquest. He meant to do what he could to carry that Word of Life across the width of that Indian map, east and west, north and south. I call him as great a marshal in his purpose and insatiable longing for conquest in the Christian empire as Napoleon was in the

military conquest of Europe. A Christian field marshal surely this man has been.

I said this celebration brings us here not to glorify a man, but to glorify Jesus Christ, who made him what he is and helped him to do what he has done. And I would like the privilege for just one moment of holding up Jesus Christ before these young people who are here, in order that, if possible, the glowing incandescence of this man's devotion may be kindled in you and that Allegheny College, so honored in her sons and daughters in the past, may send forth from her doors to the ends of the earth many messengers of light who will carry the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ to the perishing nations.

On the first day I ever spent on English soil I heard the great Mr. Spurgeon address a convention of Baptist clergymen. His subject was Jesus Christ, and the charge to his fellow ministers was that they should rouse themselves and lose themselves in Christ, that they should spend themselves unreservedly and passionately in his service. And he closed by reciting some of the words from Macaulay's poem where before the battle of Ivry the soldiers said concerning Henry of Navarre, their king and leader:

"The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: 'God save our lord the king!'"

And then King Henry, speaking to his army, said:

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

And then Spurgeon held up Christ as the divine Captain, the leader who goes forth to certain conquest, who should kindle our souls and our devotion a thousandfold more than any human leader that ever called men to his standard.

Dear young people, rich and fine with the learning of the schools and the discipline of training, now, when the call is sounding,

"The Son of God goes forth to war:
Who follows in his train?"

summon your whole being—"body, soul, and spirit," as the old knights used to say—to respond,

"Be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant, my feet!"

THE ARENA

THE MARBLE ON THE ACROPOLIS

THE voice of a nation is heard in verse, but her soul becomes visible in architecture. Thus, while the literature of Rome was wonderful, the ruins she has left—of roads, aqueducts, theaters, and palaces—reveal more of her reality than do the stately measures of Virgil or the living lines of Horace. The spirit of the Middle Ages seems to have been nearly voiceless; yet a wondrous vision has been left for us to contemplate, in the thousand roofs and spires of her cathedrals. And, while the Rosetta stone has made the Memnon vocal indeed, and even has given voice to the sphinx herself, it has added but little to that comprehension of Egypt's mystic heart that our fathers gained in merely beholding Luxor and Karnak. So, while we attend with delight the song of the Greeks, as we hear it in Æschylus and Homer, we find its source and substance in that marvelous collection of masterpieces, the Marble on the Acropolis.

In truth, no vision of departed glory more beautiful and majestic can be found in all the world than in these ruins upon the holy hill of Athens. Here we find the concentration of all that was greatest and best in the greatest and best period of Greek art and life. Here we see the simplicity and unaffectedness of a youthful and still unwearied civilization, together with its exuberance and frank complacency. In these lines too we behold the excellence of perfect taste, of marvelous refinement, and of an elegance not to be surpassed. These are revelations of the genius of Athens, pictures of her fiery soul itself.

From the broad plain below the beetling sides of the Acropolis rise inaccessible save on the west, and tower above Attica like the throne of a great queen. Even stripped of its buildings, this huge rock would still inspire awe and reverence; but topped by the towering Propylæa, and crowned by the columns and façades of two peerless temples, it is, indeed, no marvel that it impressed the mind of the Athenian with a consciousness of divine immanence and protection.

No more fitting gateway could have been devised for this stronghold of the maiden goddess than the buttressed and fortified colonnade of the Propylæa. Its majestic approach and its massive terraces seem to offer a dignified welcome to him that ascends, while the columned portico above manifests an air of calm reserve and well-bred hospitality. Flanked on the south bastion by that little Ionic gem, the temple of Wingless Victory, and on the north by the empty and crumbling "Pedestal of Agrippa," the grand stairway leads up between Doric columns long since unroofed, to the rocky plateau beyond, where jewels of priceless worth lie scattered in fragments like so much rubbish.

Real jewels lie all about upon the long slope between the Propylæa and the crest. Bits of Ionic capitals, drums of fallen pillars, and sometimes parts of a noble frieze or pediment bestrew the ground, half hidden

by the tufts of long grass and the green bushes that flourish among the rocks. Wonderful surprises lurk in every shadow, and on all sides round memories of a former fairyland seem to fill the place with life.

Toward the north, upon the very edge of the precipice, stands the graceful Erechtheon with all its intricate simplicity. In this structure are embodied the highest development of Ionic architecture and the most nearly perfect freedom possible in the use of a completed order. The simplicity of its style, enriched and varied by its irregular porticoes and by that remarkable porch of the Caryatides, successfully expresses the masterfulness of its designer. In fact, it reveals the very essence of Athenian life, in the frankness and grace with which it submits to the actually labored necessity of its form. Having refinement in every detail, beauty in every proportion, and a subtle elegance in every line, it retains a spirit of youth and hope despite the passage of time.

To the south, however, upon the very summit of the hill, rises, "like an exhalation," the chief glory of the Acropolis—the chief glory of Peloponnesus, and, indeed, the chief architectural glory of the world—the Parthenon of Athene. The Parthenon too refuses to be bound by the convention of an order, but, rather, transcends and glorifies the primitive simplicity of Doric column and entablature. The Parthenon is the incarnation of beauty and grace—the symbol of finish and perfection. With the once snowy whiteness of its marble toned and softened by the touch of a myriad golden summers, till it gleams lustrous as ivory and bronze, it crowns the Acropolis, the chief gem in the diadem of Athens.

The temples of the Greeks were not auditoriums for the accommodation of massed humanity, but were, rather, elaborate shrines before which the people gathered to honor their gods. There were no closely packed nave and transept, no crowded, ill-smelling rabble, such as mark the cathedral service. Instead, when Athens worshiped there came from the city below, ascending the mighty staircase of the Propylæa and advancing from terrace to terrace till it reached the open space before the eastern façade of the temple, a multitude in procession, breathing the pure air of heaven rather than smoky incense, and looking upward at the beauties of the world rather than downward at strings of grimy beads.

Before them rose the Parthenon, rainbow-tinted and bright with sunrise. Behind and below them lay the silent city, still dim with the mists of night. In the western distance shimmered the quiet Mediterranean, extending along the horizon and meeting, with no definite line, the deep blue sky which vaulted above. Beyond the plain to the south rose the hazy slopes of Mount Hymettus, clothed with black cypresses and green olive trees, where awakening breezes were already whispering to the still sleepy nymphs and trembling as they waited for their answers. The musicians left off their piping. The priest slew the garlanded bullock and offered prayer for the people. Nor dare we say that he prayed unheard, that there did not dwell, and does not still dwell, in the marble of that shrine, the essence of a mighty being, a heart, human and divine—the spirit of Athens herself.

Palmer, Neb. B. Z. Stambaugh.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

TEXT-BOOK OR LECTURE AS AN INSTRUMENT IN EDUCATION?

THERE are many problems which are confronting the thoughtful people of our time with regard to education, especially in its higher realm. The first we may mention is the substance of education. What shall be the subjects on which the young men and women of our time are to be trained?

In the old curriculum of the colleges the language foundation was regarded as essential to all high education. This was especially true of the universities of England and Scotland. Cambridge and Oxford were the homes of the choicest classical literature and the finest classical culture. The same was true in this country. Latin and Greek, history and mathematics, constituted the burden of the curriculum and the preparation for entrance to college was confined almost exclusively to Latin and Greek and mathematics. In the best academies of the country three years were devoted to these studies before one could enter the college, and the classical languages were continued until the close of the senior year. There were no electives, and there was no escape from the rigid curriculum laid down by the college authorities. In the college in which the writer was graduated the Latin salutatory was the highest honor.

Gradually the fundamental studies have been shifted. Now science occupies the first place. The classical languages have been retired to a subordinate place, and science, literature, ethics, sociology, philosophy, and kindred studies have been substituted. The merits of the change it is not our purpose to consider. With this change of the subjects of study there has come a change of method. Formerly the text-book was the chief method of imparting instruction. In recent years, with the new subjects, lectures have been substituted, and it is sometimes thought that when the professor uses a text-book he shows himself unscholarly and he is regarded by some as incapable of giving his own views in a course of lectures.

There are certain things in which the lecture method is especially valuable. It is valuable for its perspective. It enables the professor to give within a brief time clear outlines of his subject, and to set in its proper order its relations to other subjects. He can by his personal touch through his own lectures give a vividness to the presentation that is perhaps wanting when the student sits down to pore over his lesson in a book. Thus the outline becomes more striking because it is a matter of more direct address from the teacher to the student.

The lecture also is valuable for its greater brevity, which is promotive of greater clearness. It is not correct to say that clearness is enhanced by enlargement. The writer was once explaining a matter to a friend, desiring to impress upon him its importance. I closed by saying he had heard the same thing from others who had spoken on the

subject in his presence, and that therefore I need not enlarge upon it. He said he had never heard them speak on the subject, and if they had done so they had not explained it as briefly as I had done and consequently it had escaped his attention. There is directness about the personal address in a lecture which is not always found in the more elaborate presentation in the text-book.

The lecture also appeals to the hearing faculty, and thus arrests attention without particular effort on the part of the student. Public speaking has always been the most impressive way of influencing people. The man with full knowledge, clear style, and effective delivery will be listened to with readiness, and the interest in the speaker will be transferred to the subject, and the hearer will thus unconsciously, without effort, receive and retain the facts and principles laid down in the lecture. What one has heard thus, fresh from the lips of the instructor, has a force which is difficult to be secured in the study and recitation of a book.

Another value of the lecture is that it enables the professor to impress his personality on his pupil to a very remarkable extent. It is not what the teacher says that is the most impressive thing about him, it is what he is. The power of a strong personality constantly in the presence of those who are to be influenced is almost incomprehensible and immeasurable. The student is not aware of it at the time; it becomes a common thing to listen to the same voice month in and month out, discussing the same general subject, and if each day is taken by itself he seems to have made very little advance, but when a course of lectures has been delivered by one capable of illuminating the subject, and by his style and manner arresting the attention the student cannot fail at the close of the course to have received an impression which is deep and abiding. Hence everyone who has gone through the experience of listening to a valuable course of lectures in which he has been interested must realize the great benefit which has been secured.

While conceding the value of the lecture system, and uttering no protest against it, there is something to be said also for the text-book. The text-book, in the judgment of the writer, should not altogether be dispensed with. First of all, a new era has come, namely, the era of personal investigation in our institutions of learning. Students are being taught to study for themselves, and to bring to the classroom the results of their own investigations and of their special studies. This involves extensive reading. A student is assigned a topic and he makes that the subject of study for weeks, perhaps for months. He gathers his materials from every source, he combines them in such form as most fittingly presents them to his instructor. He thus becomes a student of books. It is very desirable that one learn early in life to master books, and perhaps there is no better way of beginning this method than by the study of a text-book under the direct eye of an instructor where he shall receive suggestions from time to time as to his method of reading, and where discussion by the professor illuminates and expands it. Further, the text-book affords a standard to which the teacher may appeal in

expressing his own views. One of the greatest difficulties with the young mind is indefiniteness. He does not see clearly the bearings and relations of the subject with which he has to do. He needs a guide to blaze the way as he goes through the dark places; he needs a standard by which he may measure his own views and the views of others. A text-book is not intended to be committed to memory, nor is it intended that all its teachings shall be accepted, but it affords a starting point where he may see the views of the author clearly put and thus be able to note when he differs from the author.

Further, the text-book selected for the classroom work is intended by the professor who selects it to be a masterpiece on the subject under discussion. It is an elaborate work of the author, in which he has concentrated perhaps the best thought of many years. Its style is supposed to be even more carefully wrought out than that of the lecture platform. The familiarity of a student with a master work cannot fail to make impression on him, especially when his work is done under the eye and with the guidance of a skillful instructor. The professor is not expected to be governed by the book which he places in his class. It may be that many of its views are the very opposite of those which he desires to impress, but they are the views of a competent authority; and he will carefully give full weight to his text-book while he gives to the student through his own personality the contrasting views which he desires to impress.

The true method, in the judgment of the writer, is the judicious employment of both lecture and text-book; neither is sufficient by itself. It seems to the writer that the text-book, with its precision and its demand for recitation, is of great service in promoting clearness of thinking and accuracy of presentation. A student who rises in his class day after day, presenting the thoughts of the author in his own language, secures thereby the training in expression which is very helpful to him as a public speaker. It enables him to give out as well as to receive, and to place in his own language the lofty thoughts with which he thus becomes familiar. The student of Butler's Analogy, for instance, which is a book often obscure in its language to the average reader, who shall master the argument and hold it in his memory and deliver it in his own form, will get a habit of deep thinking and of strong expression which will vitally affect his whole intellectual life. So, without attempting to decide with any positiveness as to which is the better, the writer believes that the proper use of both methods will be of higher educational value than if either one is solely employed by the instructor.

The subject is pertinent, especially to the training of the ministry in the theological school. The lecture system has become so established in professional training that a large part of the work in professional schools is done in this manner. And yet, as already indicated, the exclusion of the text-book as an instrument of instruction will not be for the benefit of the student. Both in the text-book and in the lecture system references to books will constantly be made, and therefore in each system extensive reading will be necessary.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SEAL CYLINDERS OF WESTERN ASIA

Probably no man in America has devoted more time to the study of the seal cylinders of Western Asia than Dr. William Hayes Ward, the editor of the Independent. After many years of diligent labor in consultation with learned Assyriologists, at home and abroad, in the museums of America and Europe, Dr. Ward has at last given the public the benefit of his learned investigations in this most fascinating branch of archæology in a quarto of 457 pages. This volume, published by the Carnegie Institution, with its 1,500 drawings and learned discussion of the early art and civilization of Babylonia and the neighboring countries, fills a long-felt want in this field of study, and will be welcomed by every student of these ancient seals which throw so much light upon the development of Semitic art, history, and civilization.

These seal cylinders vary in size and shape as well as material. Dr. Ward has, not inaptly, compared them to a spool, with either a concave or a convex surface. The latter, the barrel-shaped, prevailed toward the end of the Peruvian period. Seals were used by the government, general and municipal, as well as by private parties to ratify legal and commercial documents, especially in the conveyance of real estate. The name of the contracting party was, usually, upon every seal. "This was rolled over the moist clay of the contract tablet in the space provided for it." There was a hole longitudinally through the seal, through which a string, sometimes of silver or gold, passed, so that the owner could wear it on his arm, or about his neck, either for convenience, as an ornament, or as a talisman. They were also worn as rings upon the finger, just as signet-rings are worn in our day.

At first seals were made of clay, which was dried or baked, later of a peculiar hard shell still found in the Persian Gulf. As art progressed precious stones of various kinds were employed by the lapidaries for the formation of seals. Thus we have seals of agate, amethyst, carnelian, chalcedony, emerald, hœmatite, jade, jasper, lapis-lazuli, serpentine, steatite, topaz, several species of marble, etc. The earlier seals were clumsily engraved with some metallic instrument or hard stone. As civilization progressed the work upon them became more and more artistic. The more archaic specimens very often had the figure of some deity as well as other designs. Later seals had not only figures and emblems of gods and goddesses worshiped, but the name too, and in many cases the name of the owner. At a later date it became customary to omit the name, leaving only the emblem by which the deity was designated. It is, therefore, very fortunate that many seals have figures and emblems, and that others have the name and the emblem of the god.

The material used often helps in deciding the provenience as well as the age of a seal. Serpentine, for example, was extensively used in the

time of Gudea, about B. C. 2800; marble too was used at a very early date; lapis-lazuli, probably from the Persian mines, was in great vogue during the Persian period. Red carnelian was common during the middle empire, while rose-quartz is an evidence of a late seal. The more archaic seals were often made of syenite, but jade, on the other hand (there are only a few of these), was late, and used chiefly in Asia Minor. Glass, as might be expected, was seldom used, and then only in very late seals. Egyptian seals were usually of terra cotta. The cylindrical gave way to the conical seals. These in turn became more and more flattened. Sometimes very small seals were constructed and were worn on the fingers. In course of time, as other styles of writing and different writing materials were found, the seal disappeared entirely.

Dr. Ward, in his classification, follows the geographical more closely than the chronological order. Sometimes, however, the age is made clear by the name of the ruler or a date upon the seal. There is a seal cylinder of Sargon I, who, if Nabonidus, king of Babylon about B. C. 555, may be believed, ruled in B. C. 3800; another of Bin-gur-akhi, king of Erech, B. C. 3000, one of Bur-sin, king of Sumer and Akkad, B. C. 2400; and several of Gudea, a century earlier; and so we have them down to Darius, the Persian, B. C. 521-485.

Dr. Ward's classification is: 1, Egyptian; 2, Chaldæan; 3, Assyrian; 4, Syro-Hittite; 5, Persian; 6, Cypriote. There are others, difficult to classify, such as Sabæan, Arabian, and some from the provinces north and east of Assyria. Indeed, there are a few which show clear traces of Greek civilization. Dr. Ward dismisses Egyptian seals with but little consideration as coming beyond the scope of his work. He calls attention to the fact that as far as the seals go they point to a common origin of Babylonian and Egyptian civilization. Syro-Hittite is a general term for Hittite, Syrian, Phœnician and Mycenæan seals. Indeed, some of these have cut upon them nude geometrical figures which might have been executed anywhere, for they show not even elementary artistic taste. The variety of styles, the figures and particularly the writing upon these seals, are all valuable to the student of comparative religions and civilization. The most ancient have no writing; then follow those with rude pictorial characters, then a very archaic style of writing; later on appears a linear script in vertical columns; this in turn gives place to another style of writing from left to right. Thus the skilled epigraphist is enabled to trace with some certainty the development in script from the earliest period to that of the Seleucidæ.

The figures and emblems on these seals, too, offer material help in the work of classification and the fixing of dates. The more archaic seals have on them "the eagle of Lagash" and Gilgamesh. It is a well-known fact that the eagle was the standard of Tello; that is, Lagash or Shipurla, and the emblem of the god Nin-gur-su or Ninib. On the famous vase of Entemena this bird is represented as having in its talons two lions and two ibexes; on some of the seals it is shown with other wild beasts and reptiles of various kinds. The eagle from gray antiquity has figured extensively in the arms of various nations. On many Hittite seals the eagle is double-headed. Modern nations, like Austria-Hungary, have adopted the

same device. Another common design upon the more archaic cylinders is that of the winged dragon; a monster half eagle and half lion. The winged dragon and the eagle are subordinate deities, both subjects to a higher god. It is surprising what great roles these subordinate gods play in Chaldæan mythology. This is especially true of Gilgamesh, the mighty hero whose story is familiar to all students of archæology, notably that recorded in the eleventh tablet of the series, which describes the Babylonian Deluge. Mr. George Smith and others tried, unsuccessfully, we think, to identify the Gilgamesh of Babylonian legend with the Nimrod of Genesis. The hero, usually represented as perfectly nude, with two or three curls on either side of his head, is generally found in company with Eabani, a monster with the head of a man, but with the horns, the legs and tail of a bull. At first Gilgamesh and Eabani were hostile, but later became allies and vanquished everything that opposed them, even the divine bull created purposely to slay Gilgamesh, who, having rejected the advances of Ishtar, had drawn upon himself the jealous wrath of the goddess.

No god figures more frequently upon the seals than Shamash, the sun-god, the judge of gods and men. He is represented in two postures, standing and sitting, depending upon the usages of the temple and the time in which he was worshiped. It is no wonder that Shamash, the great star of the day, should have been so generally an object of adoration, for if any of the heavenly bodies be worthy of divine honors, it is the sun. Many seals represent Shamash in a standing position, with one foot, or both hands upon the mountains, emerging from between the two gates of morning, ready for his daily circuit. He wears a tiara with two or more horns upon his head; rays of light emit from his shoulders. In his left hand is held either a serrated sword or a war club, and often both club and sword. Sometimes the mountain is replaced by a footstool and once by a human-headed bull. Shamash is often accompanied by his consort, Aa, as well as by the worshiper. Here it may be stated that the wife of a god seems to act as an intercessor, for many of the cylinders picture her as leading a worshiper to the presence of the god, her consort, and by her intercession she obtains mercy and grace for poor mortals. Shamash appears too quite as often seated upon his throne, before him the crescent of the full moon, and back of him the sun. In this posture too rays emit from his arms or shoulders and streams of water from some part of his body. In these streams fish are often seen. Occasionally a club or a notched sword is held in his hand, before him, preceded by a "bifront," one or more worshipers with various gifts in their hands. Many of the seals show Shamash sitting in judgment upon the "Bird-man," who, according to some, is Zu, who stole the tablets of destiny from the god Eulil, and with these in his possession, to the utter consternation of the gods, fled to the mountains. Others identify the "Bird-man" with Etawa, and the divine judge with Marduk. Attention might be called to the fact that the Egyptians often represented human bodies with the heads of animals, while the Chaldæans, reversing the order, placed human heads on animals. On one seal Shamash appears as seated in a boat, which, of

course, sails over the waters of the celestial ocean. The Hebrew Scriptures too know of a sea above the firmament, where Jehovah sits enthroned (Psa. 29. 3; 104. 3). The Egyptians worshiped the sun under the name Ra, who had two boats, one for the day, the other for the night. Shamash, it seems, had but one, but this sailed by day through the celestial waters and by night through those of the nether world. It must not be concluded, because a god figures on the cylinders with rays and streams, that it must necessarily be Shamash, for it is clear that more than one god has been represented under the same figure. Thus Sin Ninib, or Marduk, may have been pictured in the same form as Shamash; presumption, nevertheless, always favor the latter.

The gods, as a rule, are dressed much in the same way as kings. This is natural, for kings, as in the case of Gimilsin, were regarded as gods, or divine, even before their death. The fact that the gods were so clothed makes it difficult, at times, to decide whether the seal has a god or a king on it.

The seals teach beyond contradiction that the serpent was an object of worship among the Babylonians. This is easily understood, for ophiolatry was very general, whether as a good or evil power. We find it in Persia, India, China, Egypt, Phœnicia, Israel, and even in Greece.

There is a very interesting seal in the British Museum on which are represented two persons, a male and a female. They are seated, with outstretched arms, close to a palm tree. Behind the backs of these figures is a serpent, erect, with its head in close proximity to that of the woman. The cuts on this seal have so much in common with the temptation narrative of Genesis that many of the learned have concluded that the story of the fall was known to the Babylonians as well as to the Hebrews. Nor should we fail to mention another seal in the Hague Museum which has many points in common with the above. "Sacred Tree"—or may we not call it the "Tree of Life"?—figures on many cylinders. It is distinctly Assyrian, and appears for the first time, as far as now known, on seals of about B. C. 1100. The tree, supposedly a palm, the most valued of all trees in those regions, plays an important part in the literature of all Semitic people. Ezekiel (41. 18) in describing a temple says: "It was made with cherubim and palm trees, so that a palm tree was between cherub and cherub" on the walls. We read in 1 Kings 6. 29, that Solomon carved all the walls of the house round about with "figures of cherubim and palm trees." In the light of these passages and seals we can readily see and understand the sacred nature of the palm tree, the very emblem of the tree of life. Lack of space forbids our entering more fully into the discussion of these seals, so, with a mere mention, we shall pass those of Ishtar, the Babylonian Venus, as well as the seals of the "naked goddess" so common in Syria, and those of the Hittite vested god, the Kassite cylinders, those of the latter Babylonian period, as well as the Persian, Phœnician, Susian, Cyprian, and Arabian, though many of them possess great interest for students of archæology.

The bulk of the seals are religious in their character, and prove conclusively that the Semite people were preëminently devoted to the gods.

There are a limited number of seals of purely secular nature, as, for instance those relating to agriculture, such as harvesting and plowing. The pictures of those old plows are of special interest, for they are almost exact copies of those still used in the countries where these cylinders were made many centuries before our era. Nor can we refrain from calling attention to a physician's seal with considerable ornamentation, and with an archaic inscription which, deciphered, reads: "Edina-mu-gi, the messenger, the god Girra, Ama-gan-sadu, Ur-Lugal-Edina, the physician, his servant."

The animals, trees, and objects on the seals acquaint us not only with many facts in natural history but also with the religious ideas associated with them in many parts of Western Asia. The bison or bull is a familiar figure; he was evidently more terrible than the lion, for Gilgamesh usually fights the former, while his subordinate, Eabani, fights the latter. There were two kinds of bulls, the bison of the mountains and the buffalo of the lowlands and swamps. This difference helps to distinguish between the southern Babylonian seals and the more northerly ones, as well as in deciding the origin of Babylonian civilization. The lion, the emblem of Ishtar, is still found on the arms of Persia and other lands. The leopard and oryx are, as a rule, on seals of the late period. The wild and domestic sheep, the ibex, gazelle, antelope and stag are quite common. The ass appears on at least one seal, and the horse is very common on Persian seals. The bear, camel, dog, fox, monkey, wild boar, and even the rabbit are also represented. The crab, crocodile, frog, porcupine, and tortoise likewise appear. The serpent, as already said, plays an important rôle upon the cylinders.

Of birds, the eagle or the hawk predominates, though vultures, ostriches, cocks, doves, ducks, etc., are often found. The same is true of the locust, the fly, the bee, the scorpion, and some species of fish.

Trees too are in evidence, though the artistic skill of the period was such as to make it difficult to distinguish them at this distance in time and space. The cypress, palm, and fig tree have been identified. Of flowers we have the daisy, the lotus and the thistle, and of cereals, barley, millet, and wheat.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

A LITERARY undertaking of uncommon interest is *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart, Handwörterbuch in gemeinvertständlicher Darstellung* (Religion in History and the Present, a Dictionary in Popular Form), edited by Schiele Zscharnach, Gunkel, and Scheel, with the coöperation of nine additional departmental editors and a large number of special contributors, and published by the house of Mohr, Tübingen. The work will be complete in five volumes of about 1,000 pages each; thus far two volumes have been issued, extending to "Hessen." It represents, on the whole, the standpoint and methods of the new history-of-religion school, although some of the contributors occupy other, though in no case very remote positions. It does not aim at rivalry with the great standard Herzog-Hauck *Realencyclopädie*, which must remain for some time the greatest storehouse of theological lore in lexical form. The design is, rather, to furnish both theologians and educated laymen with a comprehensive guide to the most important results of scholarly researches in religion and theology and to help them to get a clear conception of the tendencies, movements, relations, and problems of present-day religion and theology. In accordance with the general standpoint of the school "Religion," not "Theology," is the chief word of the title, and as much stress is laid on the "Present" as on the "History" of religion. The Herzog-Hauck Encyclopædia includes no specific notices of living theologians, but here these receive not only the formal biobibliographical notices, but in the case of really important leaders of thought also more or less adequate expositions of their theological positions. Each university of Germany and many a foreign one are treated in a special article, in which the theological tendencies of each are carefully and, in general, fairly indicated. The various schools of religious thought are presented in rather ample proportions. Thus we have already, in addition to a brief account of the "Greifswald School," an interesting presentation of the "Erlangen School," and may expect in succeeding volumes a similar treatment of "Ritschlians," of "Modern-positive theology," of (the modern) "Pauline Christianity," of the "History-of-religion school," etc. Good articles set forth the chief movements of recent times in the religious and ecclesiastical world, such as the "*Gemeinschaftsbewegung*" ("Fellowship Movement"), "Christian-social Movements," "The Strife over the Apostles' Creed," "Evangelization," "Prayer-healing," etc. A feature of unusual interest is the articles on poets, novelists, essayists, and statesmen in their relations to religion. As one would naturally expect in a work of its theological standpoint, there are many important articles on the history of non-Christian religions, past and present. In this field of comparative religion one of the most important articles is that on the "Phenomenology of Religion."

by Professor Lehmann, of Berlin. But it is impossible within the limits of this brief notice to give any just impression of the variety of matter of present-day interest that the work affords. Moreover, one cannot too highly commend the pleasing and easily intelligible form of the articles. That the work has also its weak side is reasonably clear. In spite of its generally fair spirit there seems to be ground for complaint that some conservative theologians receive less recognition than is their due. On the whole, the work, although representing a general tendency in theology which seems to us unsound, is gratefully recognized as in manifold ways helpful and inspiring.

TWO NOTABLE WORKS ON THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

In an interval of twelve years since the publication, in 1897, of Holtzmann's *Lehrbuch*, no general treatise on the theology of the New Testament appeared in Germany. And yet throughout the period there was unusual activity in this field. It was the application of the "religio-historical method" of study to the religion of the Bible that excited a fresh interest in the subject. For, notwithstanding its claim of "presuppositionless science," the new school had a theory which it sought to establish, namely, the theory that the religion not only of the Old Testament but also of the New is in no sense an isolated phenomenon, but stands rather in organic connection with the whole religious and intellectual history of mankind at large. Jesus is represented as a religious hero and genius, hitherto incomparably the highest of his class, possibly the highest that ever shall be. But Christianity, even the Christianity of the New Testament, in spite of Jesus's great originality, is, after all, a syncretistic religion, the product not only of the Old Testament religion combined with the original conceptions of Jesus but also of various other factors in the religious life of humanity. Manifold influences from Buddhism, from Parsism, from the religion of Assyria and Babylonia, from that of Egypt, and from Greco-Roman culture entered into the rich product. And this syncretism is represented as pertaining not only to the outward aspects of Christianity but also to its essential ideas and spirit. Those who are interested to acquaint themselves with what has been done in the New Testament field by this school will find a convenient guide in Clemen, *Die religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments*, while Gunkel's *Zum religionsgeschichtlichen Verständnis des Neuen Testaments* may be regarded as a sort of "program" of the aims of the school respecting the New Testament.

Meanwhile, of course, the representatives of a different standpoint have not been idle. And it is noteworthy that the two newest treatises on the theology of the New Testament come from distinguished representatives of a moderately conservative standpoint; Schlatter in Tübingen, and Feine in Halle (formerly in Breslau). Schlatter's work is in two volumes, Feine's in one, which, however, contains about three fourths as much matter as the former. Both were published in 1909. Each is

a really important contribution to biblical learning. Of the two Feine's is incomparably the more convenient handbook for the ordinary student, and is especially satisfactory in its abundant yet concise treatment of all the newer problems, accompanied always by the most important literary references. Everywhere Feine displays the most careful judgment; and while his standpoint is undoubtedly conservative, he is in the best sense of the word thoroughly modern and quite free from anxious fear of what is new. Schlatter, on the other hand, is hardly so available as a guide for the average student. Although his book is smoothly written, there is something in the author's style that makes it rather too difficult for the beginner. Schlatter is one of the most original and profound theologians of the time. To one who has the patience to get into the depths of his thinking there is not a biblical scholar living who can afford the reader a deeper insight into the meaning of the Scriptures. "The greatest living exegete" is the opinion of many of his admirers. His originality is evidenced on nearly every page. He is a marked personality and writes from a deep personal appreciation of the New Testament writings. In the criticism of the two works Schlatter has hitherto been both more blamed and more praised than Feine: more blamed for his unusual disregard of certain critical views in their alleged bearing on the problems of the religion and theology of the New Testament; more praised for his unsurpassed insight into the thought of the New Testament writers. Schlatter is a biblicist of the newer school, after Kähler, the leading representative of the school. Not that the two occupy just the same position or use just the same methods, for each is a man of a high degree of originality. Kähler strongly declares his opposition to "an unmediated, unmethodic biblicism"; and, of course, Schlatter is no less clear in distinguishing between biblical theology and Christian dogmatics. Many of his admirers are eagerly awaiting the fulfillment of his promise to publish a work on The Christian Dogma. It is sure to be a notable addition to the literature of that subject. But in his present work Schlatter imposes upon himself the strict limitations of the historian. With a startling boldness and, perhaps, a sly humor—in view of the insistent claims of the advanced critics that they preëminently represent the principle of unprejudiced historical research—he declares: "I conceive New Testament theology as an historical task and distinguish it from the work of dogmatics, although I find myself herein in opposition to the largest and most effective part of the contemporary literature, which is in the habit of joining the historical presentation directly with polemic against the Christianity of the New Testament. It seems to me, however, desirable that we retain in the church a tradition of the New Testament utterances that is not interwoven with the expounder's own views. I write, therefore, not as the reviewer of Jesus and his apostles, neither as their admirer—they desired no wreaths of glory—nor as their opponent and critic, but see the vocation of the historian in this, that he apprehends what occurred. There is, in my opinion, no higher business for the human eye than the beholding through which we apprehend what Jesus wills and says."

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

We are practically almost omitting this department in this issue of the Review, in order to make more room for Book Notices.

Our brethren of the press are generally a fraternal lot, and often among the best friends of the church and the minister. As a rule they are "to our faults a little blind and to our virtues very kind." Peculiarities the pulpit occasionally has, some of them sufficiently preposterous to the man on the street to justify criticism or provoke a smile. John P. Durbin was indisputably one of the mightiest of preachers, but also one of the most weirdly peculiar; and we wonder what the result would be if Durbin were preaching in this city to-day and a New York Sun reporter were sent to describe in newspaper lingo the preacher and his sermon. When Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, was in his last illness his pulpit was filled one morning by Dr. W. L. Watkinson, who has been heard in many parts of America with great delight. It happened that a newspaper man was at that time making the rounds of London churches to study and describe a list of noted preachers. Dr. Watkinson was number eight in this selected list. Our readers may relish the sketch as it appeared in the London Morning Leader. It is measurably a caricature, but a genial, fond, and admiring caricature, such as the brilliant preacher himself might enjoy reading aloud in the bosom of his family. Professor Phelps of Yale says truly: "Caricatures often give us a better idea of the object than a photograph; for the things that are exaggerated, be it a large nose or a long neck, are, after all, the things that differentiate this particular individual from the mass." The sketch is a bit rough, and a bit incorrect in parts, yet it is so graphic and spicy and withal so gentle in its play that our blue pencil decides to leave it just as the newspaper man left it.

We print it without quotation marks as follows:

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a believer in Baptista Porta's whimsical theory that every human creature resembles one of the lower animals, and was fond of seeing in the faces of animals caricatures of his friends. It is strange that most of us object to being likened unto any animal save the lion, the eagle, the linnet, the nightingale, and a few other beasts and birds that have acquired respectable associations. This is bigotry. All the animals are our brothers, for the cosmic humor that riots in our features riots also in theirs.

As I watch Mr. Watkinson swaying dizzily in the pulpit of the City Temple I joyously salute him as the Giraffe of Methodism. How he came hither is a mystery, for, assuredly, the building was built before he entered, since no door could take his length. Perhaps his incorporeal spirit can reduce it at will. Assuredly, his stature varies between six feet and sixteen. Now and then, indeed, the stretched neck throws the head up to the roof and corners of the edifice.

Thin, Lean, Meager, Spare, Clerical coat tightly buttoned round nothing save the big heart that thumps the broadcloth. Clerical collar hugs base of neck that soars up to the head as Nelson's Monument soars up to Nelson. Head literally in the clouds. Body an illusion cut out of black cardboard; invisible in profile—a fantasy in two dimensions.

Face of a genial Cassius, an amiable Iago. Features all paradoxes. Eyes alight with compassionate sarcasm; mouth curled with ironic love; over all an air of humble egoism tinctured with satirical meekness and sardonic benevolence. Spruce, dapper, neat, as if fresh from the bandbox. Gray hair in wings over ears: parted on left and wisped over to right. Cheeks hollow, chin horned like Mr. Punch's. A phantom white beard as if sprung up between razorings, or like a forgotten lather. Reigning features, eyes and mouth with carefully perpetual smile.

He has the Methodist manner. What is that? The antithesis of the Oxford manner. Extreme unction, excessive emphasis, elongation of vowels, insistent ecstasy, gloating relish, gurgling joy, sincere insincerity. Methodism has its conventions, its ritual, its decorative ceremonial, like other sects. The church curate intones after the fashion of the church curate. Mr. Watkinson prays and preaches after the fashion of the Methodists. His groaning italics are symbols of the spiritual agony that uttered itself lamentably of old. They are now anachronisms, but they carry us swiftly back to the time of Wesley. We see the evangelist of evangelists preaching from a tombstone to that hallowed circle of saintly faces and all the ghostly company of the holy grave.

As he prays for the dying preacher in whose stead he stands, a Methodistical wave of passion sweeps through the pews, and a sudden pity stabs every heart, for the prayer is a prayer of resignation, of acceptance, of hopeful despair. "If it please Thee!" "Thou canst!" But behind the supplicant is Death, the shadow of Life, and the light of faith only sharpens its edge and sombers its shade.

Receding from the abyss that yawns below the pulpit, the preacher strikes up a merry sermon, just as the band plays jovial airs after a soldier's funeral. Psa. 76. 8: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." A perilous text, full of pitfalls, but the preacher is wary, and delicately evades the dusty ineptitudes of Paleyism, boldly commandeering the munitions of science. Imperfections of nature? Climb close to the dome of Saint Peter's. What is it like? With a rasping growl he retorts, "Like the inside of a brick kiln!" And over the pews rustles a sibilant smile—breath gently expired from a thousand nostrils, sighing like the wind brushing across a field of corn. Go down to the floor three hundred feet below. What is it like? "A celestial vision!" This image is the *leitmotif* of the sermon. Recurring again and again, and playing gently on the imagination, it acts as a mnemonic. "Apparent barbarisms show the artist." An ingenious solution of the enigma of existence, the puzzle of pain, the riddle of evil.

He does not repudiate Science: he patronizes her with respectful compassion and reverent pity. Her great triumphs he salutes, and then, with

an ironical inflection, twits her with her greater failures. A scientist says that if an optician were to send him an instrument so defective as the human eye he would return it with a severe reprimand. "An optician could make a better eye than the one that showed you the way here this morning"—pause, satirical neck-craning, pursed and puckered features, derisive forefinger, then, with a long, strident, rasping growl of mockery—"but you couldn't see with it."

Mr. Watkinson would make a great comic actor. He is an elocutionary grotesque. His favorite sound resembles the sound made by a dog worrying a bone. It is an elongated snarl, with shaking vibrations in it, as if he were chewing each word before he let it fall. He likes to send his voice sliding down a vowel. He is fond of squeaks and shrieks. His gestures are sensational. He brandishes his head at the end of his neck like an athletic python, his arms gyrate like a lean windmill, he washes his hands, he scratches his nose with fastidious accuracy, he projects his body over the Bible until it seems as if he is about to drop down on the anxious deacons below.

Sometimes he carries his head on a pike, with the jaunty indifference of disembodied irrelevance. Suddenly he turns his neck into a telescope, but the next moment he is an animated bulrush, and the moment after a Barnum illusion.

Yet through all his variations he holds the brain as firmly as the eye and the ear. "'Could any government be worse than the government of God? Don't judge too quickly. You wait ten thousand years!" This sends a rustle of breathed laughter through the air, for any wisp of humor is welcome in the pulpit. Mr. Watkinson knows this, and often he tries to milk the cow twice, but it is a mistake to break the rule—one joke, one laugh. He knows also that people in pews like to be chaffed, ridiculed, and derided. "God laid the foundations of the earth, though you were not there, and yet they are well laid." "You young people think you know everything, and you do, pretty nearly." These sallies delight the man in the pew.

What pleases me most is Mr. Watkinson's generous perception of his own humor. He enjoys his jests even more than we do. Indeed, feeble souls are apt to flag when a joke turns out to be a recurring decimal.

For my part I like a human preacher, and Mr. Watkinson's foibles and whimsicalities are lovable. He has a gaily exuberant personality, and he is as eloquent as he is eccentric.

This was the newspaper reporter's descriptive tribute to a gifted, accomplished, and widely admired preacher.

We append all out of connection this bit from Chesterton: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and left untried. Men have not got tired of Christianity; they have never found enough Christianity to get tired of. Men have never wearied of political justice; they have wearied of waiting for it."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Studies in Religion and Theology. By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., Late Principal of Mansfield College. 8vo, pp. 635. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.50.

In reality this is not a general collection of essays on various subjects in religion and theology, but a definite, vigorous, insistent, lengthy, and elaborate argument in favor of the congregational polity of church organization and government, and against the episcopal form of government as exemplified in the Roman and Anglican bodies. The author holds that no particular polity or form of organization is enjoined by the New Testament, but that the sacerdotal idea inherent in episcopacy is inconsistent in its very principle with the nature of the Christian religion as taught by Christ, and that the democratic spirit of congregational government is fundamentally essential to constitute a true Christian Church. This is a bulky volume for so great a scholar to give to such a subject; and we cannot help feeling that the particular form of church organization is not so momentous, fundamental, and imperative as Principal Fairbairn thinks it to be. The church in idea and in history is the real subject of this polemic volume, the arguments in which are, of course, keen, able, and thoroughly scholarly, wrought out with sturdy intellectual force and firmness, with Scotch persistency, amounting to pertinacity, as of a learned, strong, and fully convinced mind. But to us it seems that the urgency of this subject is less to-day even in Great Britain than it was twenty and thirty years ago, when Dr. Fairbairn wrote some of these chapters. We think it will be difficult to secure public attention to such a discussion now, when the intensity of interest and battle centers in matters much more central and vital to the Christian faith. No special form of church organization being enjoined by Christ, no one form is obligatory; and the choice of polity may properly be left to each branch of the one great Church of Christ, to be determined by preference, tested by experience, and measured by efficiency. That a church be filled with the Spirit of Christ, live the life of Christ, and do the work of Christ is the supremely important thing, and constitutes a true Christian Church. With the clear and solid style of Principal Fairbairn Christendom is familiar. Tracing the Christian Church from its beginning, he imagines a Roman of the first century coming back now and seeing what the then despised religion has accomplished in the way of transforming the world of human life. Suppose Tacitus, who watched and criticised the beginnings of the infant faith, could look upon the work of the Christian Church to-day—Dr. Fairbairn thinks the Roman historian would be constrained to speak somewhat as follows: "Events do not always verify the judgment of the historian, and the man nearest to a thing may, even though he claims to be an historian, understand it least. In one thing I committed a tremendous mistake. I do not see how I could have judged

otherwise, yet history has been one immense falsification of my judgment. I thought the religion of Christ an execrable, a 'detestable superstition'; and now I find it the religion of the civilized world, a world that is more civilized than our own, and it is the cause of the peculiar civilization. The moral purity of the religion is extraordinary. These churches are not like our temples; their worship is not made an occasion of lust and a cloak for sin; they are the best schools of morals; men are made good in them, taught to be just and free citizens, to live benevolent and beneficent lives. Indeed, this religion and these churches seem to be the moral heart of this people, the source and spring of all their good. What is so unlike our old Roman life and ways as to be unintelligible to me only becomes intelligible when looked at through this religion. These English think of foreign peoples as we never did—as men, as brothers, as persons they would like to believe and live as they do; to be rich and cultivated as they are. Possessing within themselves every good men need desire, they yet send out men to teach their God to the veriest savages. Our gods were our own, as was our religion; but this God and religion for everybody has created a sense of human brotherhood and made all men feel brothers. Then, here, I miss our Roman games: the gladiator is unknown; men do not fight with wild beasts, or with each other, unto wounds and even death, for the public amusement and at the public expense. On the contrary, statesmen do not amuse people; they instruct them, build schools and colleges, create universities, libraries, galleries, appeal to reason, and rule by help of the reason to which they appeal. Here too I perceive the influence of the religion; its spirit of gentleness will not allow men to feel amused with blood and death; and its spirit of humanity makes it so respect and regard men that it wishes no man to be killed, and every man to be taught. Then, too, there are no slaves here; man is free. The proudest noble, the mightiest senator, the very sovereign, dare not lay violent hands on any one, or, like our patricians, throw their servants to feed their lampreys. Law is queen, and all men are equal before it; and all, save the lawless and criminal, are by it made free. Here too the religion has been at work; where men become brothers they can be slaves no more. War, I find, is still common; has even become far more terrible in its implements and scale of destruction, though this makes it less frequent and wasteful of life. Yet here even the same beneficent spirit has been active; the victors do not kill their captives, or sell them into slavery; they protect them rather; enemies respect each other's dead, and agree to help the wounded without respect of persons or armies. Indeed, the benevolence of this modern world surprises me; the spirit of philanthropy seems universal. We exposed our children, thankful to have so simple and efficient a means of practicing domestic economy; here they build hospitals for the foundling and the outcast. We thought life a burden to be borne only so long as agreeable; but here they hold suicide a sin, connivance at it a crime; suffering they seek to soothe, weakness to nurse, building for those too poor to command comfort those places called infirmaries, where skilled men and ministering women wait to serve the sick and heal the diseased. It is altogether wonderful to me,

and would be unintelligible were it not for this religion which I once so much despised. It has worked so extraordinary a change in human nature that it hardly seems the nature of the same humanity. This is, indeed, a thing above nature, as we understood it, above even the gods, as we understood them. A God higher than our highest must, through this 'detestable superstition,' as I deemed it, have entered into manhood that he might do, what he evidently is doing, make an altogether new mankind." "The great minds of the Christian centuries," says Dr. Fairbairn, "have been Christian minds. When the religion began its aggressive course, each side could claim noble intellects; on the heathen side stood Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, Tacitus, Pliny, Juvenal; on the Christian, Peter, Paul, John, and their fellow workers. So far as mere trained intellect is concerned, heathenism is an easy first, but not in the influence that shaped later generations. Here either Paul or John overtopped all who stood against them; and the balance has never been so even since; for it turned swiftly and bent deeply to the religion, and has inclined to it till now. In the second century Marcus Aurelius, Lucian, and Celsus were, to say the least, outweighed by Clement, Polycarp, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, and Irenæus. In the third century the ascetic and speculative genius of Plotinus and the critical intellect of Porphyry touched with sunset glory the eventide of paganism; but the brightening dawn of the Christian day was proclaimed by the eloquence of Tertullian, the learning of Origen, the statesmanship of Cyprian. In the fourth century intellect had deserted the old religions; Julian, Libanius, and their host of obscure rhetors but form a background that throws into the more marvelous brilliancy the galaxy of contemporary fathers, men like Athanasius, Eusebius, Basil, the Gregorys, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Lactantius, Jerome, Augustine. These were the men of the century; their presence on the Christian side proved the hopelessness of Julian's apostasy; to the faith they represented imperial edicts were but the sound and fury that signify nothing. From that hour to this intellect has been Christian; we have but to cite to prove it names as typical of mediæval genius as those of Anselm and Abelard, Peter the Lombard and Albert the Great, Aquinas and Duns Scotus; or as representative of the sixteenth century, as those of Erasmus and Luther, Reuchlin and Calvin, Melanchthon and More, Cranmer and Le Fevre; or of the seventeenth, as Shakespeare and Milton, Cromwell and Hampden, Gustavus Adolphus and Jacob Boehme. Even the century that might seem the great exception to our thesis, the eighteenth, was none, for while the men who made most noise in their own day were infidel, the men who exercised the deepest and most abiding influence were not. No man was so feared, read, spoken about as Voltaire; but who reads or cares about him to-day? At the opening of the century stands Leibnitz, at its middle Butler, at its close Kant, and were there three mightier names in it, or names fuller of living and quickening spirit? Christianity has, then, a sort of hereditary claim on the foremost intellects of time, owes to them gratitude, feels for them love. They have served her, have helped her to serve man, been the chosen vehicles of her profoundest and most plastic influences. And living intellect needs the

religion; it is full of disquiet, of yearnings after the Infinite it derides. Its cynicism, its scorn, its bitter humor, its irony are all born of discontent. Its art is the very apotheosis of sadness, of sensuous desire too indolent and weary to be honest passion. Its characteristic philosophy becomes progressively sadder; in Mr. Herbert Spencer's First Principles there is a glow as of religious enthusiasm; in the Principles of Sociology only a wearisome analysis of matter that never existed in the realms of history and of mind. The men who have broken with faith feel in their best moments sadder, almost inclined to turn back into their yesterdays in search of the faith and hope they have lost. One who comes of a noble spiritual stock, whose delicate raillery of the English Philistine—the man overzealous in religion—is but inverted admiration of the Puritan, has allowed us to hear 'the eternal note of sadness' that comes to him as on Dover beach he looks at the calm sea, watches the full tide and the moon that 'lies fair upon the Straits,' and thinks,

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

The heart as well as the imagination speaks there; that is poetry touched with emotion, the sorrow that comes of a loss too great to be repaired by any gain. In its deep and growing sadness, the cultivated spirit seems to ask, 'Who will show us a force strong enough to draw the tide from its ebb to the full, that it may clothe the naked shore and throw its soft yet sheltering embrace round our hearts and lives?'" We cannot refrain from transcribing Dr. Fairbairn's noble description of The Man Who Worships God: "There can be no object of worship without a subject or person who worships; and if God is the object, man is the subject. It is not, indeed, man empirical, clothed in the accidents of time and place, but man essential and universal, individuated, isolated, the man who stands face to face with God, just as if in all the universe there were only two persons, God and the soul. It is an awful and oppressive thing to feel: 'I am and God is; he may be gracious to me, but he is angry at the sins which I love, and I would fain escape from him that I may dwell with my pleasures and my sins. But I cannot; for he besets me behind and before, and forces me to know that a being made to be a native of eternity must live as an alien in time.' Outside the church, what are we? Physicians, men who fight a noble battle against physical suffering, the causes that enfeeble, the diseases that kill; or lawyers, men who know the affairs and the souls of their clients, and advise with equal equanimity the knave who has come within the clutches of the law and the honest man whom the knave has deceived; or men of business, shrewd, calculating, well versed in the share list, in the ways of the ships on the sea, the cargoes they carry, the markets whence they have come and to which they go;

or workmen, hard of hand, rheumatic of shoulder, wriggling in the grip of their union, or by its help wrestling with their masters for something more and better than a living wage; or mistresses weary with the ways of servants; or servants sick of the whims of mistresses; or seamstresses who have sewn with double thread the shirt and the shroud; or harassed shopwomen; or mothers deafened with the clamor of the children; or wives who yearn for the child that has not come. But inside the church, what are we? Souls, from whom time and its accidents—rank, status, social dignity or the want of it, esteem or disesteem—have all fallen away; and we stand robed in immortality, sinful and penitent or saintly and jubilant, before the eternal God. In the place where we worship we know neither poor man nor rich, neither master nor servant, neither lords nor commons, but only men; but to know men is to know infinitely more than all their titles can signify, all their possessions or professions can represent. For it is all of us God cares to know and all in us that can know God. The Alps seen from below rear their heads crowned with unsullied snow into the eternal sunlight, and they look glorious and grand; but seen from above they lose their proud altitude, and fade into the common dark earth, which owes all the light in which it lives to the sun which shines in the heavens. And social distinctions may loom large to the eyes that look from without and beneath; but to him who sees with the eyes of God these distinctions perish, though the real man remains. For the presence of God levels all only that all may be dignified. Before him the meanest becomes glorious as a bud of immortal being; and the most distinguished loses his social preëminence, that he may enter through the gate of humility the kingdom of heaven. In a state without religion the social transcendence of some men may well become, through the power it gives on the one hand, and the envy it creates on the other, a danger to society; but where the ideal of worship reigns, rich and poor meet together before the Lord, who is the maker of them all. Let no man think that I write as a dreamer rather than as a seer. Let us consider the influence and action of six days of toil on the workman, or business worries, calculations, and cares on the merchant; civil distractions, political and party harassments on the statesman; domestic burdens and family anxieties on the mother; social dissipations, diversions, jealousies, and small ambitions, whose very fulfillment belittles and dissatisfies, on the people who constitute society; and would you say the influence is good and the action beneficent? This state of mind was what the older evangelicals termed *worldliness*. It was the mind for which there was no God, no conscience, no duty, no truth, no ideal to be lived for, no hell to be avoided, no heaven to be won; for there was only riches to be gained, success to be achieved, a business to be pushed, a family to be maintained in dress and decorum. In the so-called upper classes it was love of dignity, place, power, recognition by royalty, and social leadership; in the so-termed middle classes it was comfort, prosperity, the full barn and the ample treasury, well-to-do-ness as the essence of well-being; and in the class we name lower it was greed for better wages, absorption in physical toil, love of brutal sports. In each class worldliness had certain

characteristic forms, but its spirit was one and common to all. It was the passion to live as if there was no world but this; as if man was all body and no soul; as if there was no God but fashion or success or coarse amusements; as if there was nothing worth living for but gaiety or gain, work or sleep. Now, what kind of men would this passion make? Brutal men, who loved their own happiness, and were careless as to the means of attaining it; greedy men, who loved gold, and did not mind what it cost to get it; lustful men, who never thought whether they had a soul to save or lose; frivolous women, who liked to be beautiful and did not care to be good. And out of such persons could moral men be made, or an ordered society, or a happy and contented state? Why—

> Dragons of the prime,
> Who tear each other in the slime
> Make mellow music matched with men.

But take from us our worship, and what would remain save this mind and men such as these? Without the churches where should we have a force strong enough to break the chain of secular causes that binds our days together and prevents us resting our weary limbs from the dismal monotony of the treadmill, or lifting our eyes to see beyond the prison walls the land that is very far off? Our very presence in a congregation is a confession of our belief in a higher world than this, where a nobler and more ideal order reigns, where souls realize their immortality and live in harmony with each other and with God. In worship we are lifted out of time into eternity, we listen to its voices, we speak to the Most High and hear him speak to us. We lose the taint of the world, forget all social and servile distinctions, and become 'fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.' As brothers we sing the same psalm and join in the common prayer; and though we may later in the public arena strive for the mastery, yet the memory of the hour we passed together before the throne of God can never wholly fade or allow either to appear to the other as common or unclean."

A Comfortable Faith. By Malcolm J. McLeod. 12mo, pp. 191. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The best thing in Dr. McLeod's preaching is that the redemptive note rings through it all, clear and strong and dominant over all. Take, for instance, this warm, joyful, evangelic passage: "Our evangel is a glad story of forgiveness. It pardons the sinner, but infinitely more it does; henceforward it makes impossible the sin: it refashions the heart. Of what avail is any appeal to the conduct till the nature is changed? Nathaniel Hawthorne has a story called Earth's Holocaust. It is a story of some men and women who had become weary of their foibles and fripperies, and had determined to make an end of them all in a bonfire. The site selected was one of the broad prairies of the West, where no human habitation would be endangered by the flames and where a vast assemblage might witness the astonishing spectacle. So carts and carriages were hired to freight to the spot all follies and frivolities. There were

papers, magazines, ledgers, commentaries, pedigrees, gowns, wardrobes, marriage certificates, hogsheads of liquor, munitions of war, muskets, tobacco. What a mountain it was! And, when lighted, what a blaze! What a fierce and dazzling luster! Such heat! Such a hissing! Such crackling and riotous combustion! Iron and steel were melted as though wax. It threatened to set the sky on fire. The flames licked up the liquor, as though, like some old toper, they loved it. The drums began to beat and the trumpets to blare with a roar that made the welkin echo. Soon the sun grew pale. This, the wise ones said, is Liberty enlightening the world. There was noticed standing beside the pyre a company of reprobates, who looked downcast at each other, now that their business was gone. And Satan himself came up to comfort them. 'Be not cast down, my peers,' he began; 'there is one thing these wiseacres have forgotten.' 'What is that?' they all shouted. 'Why, the human heart,' said his Majesty with a significant leer. 'Unless they hit upon some trick of purifying that foul thing, it will soon be the same old world again.' How wise these words! How far-reaching! Pardon is well, but until the heart-temple is reconstructed what profit in mere pardon? Impossible to live the new life with the old heart! The old heart can only issue in the old life. Of old the astronomer gazed so long at the sun that he could see nothing else; the image having been burned into him! In like manner let this image be burned into us, namely, that Christianity is a religion of redemption. This is its dominating aim. Jesus was not a reformer but a Redeemer. His first appeal is not to the conversation but to the conscience. He was manifested to take away sin, the guilt of it, the power of it, the love of it. If he was simply a great philosopher, as we are being told, how comes it that more than one fourth of his life story relates to his passion? If he was simply a wonderful teacher, how is it that, from the first chapter of Acts to the last of Revelation, there is hardly a quotation from his lips? This is passing strange. Every page is dripping wet with the wine of his blood. Strange too that Paul should begin his gospel, not with the birth of Christ, but with his death. 'I delivered to you, first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures.' 'We have redemption through his blood,' said the apostle. 'For, if while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by his life.' If God could have forgiven us without Calvary, why should there have been a Calvary? Nay, nay, it were impossible. 'It behooved the Christ to suffer.' The cross is the very center and core of the Christian's faith. A gospel without a cross is an impotent gospel! It lacks the needful dynamic. 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto those who are saved, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God.' The cross is like the famous sword Excalibur in the Arthurian legend. It could not only wound, but, being laid on the wound, could heal. The cross makes sin known, but it also makes Him known who takes away sin. Let us return to our essential orders. We have not been commissioned to lecture on astronomy, nor biology, nor botany, nor to read essays on

the old Hebrew poets. Our work is to tell forth a glad story, a story that cannot be told by science or art or literature. Men's lives can be changed and made completely anew. Sin can be forgiven; not only forgiven, forgotten; not only forgotten, blotted clean off the slate. It is hard to tell men they are sinners, but not so hard when we know there is pardon, and easier still when we know there is victory. What we need to-day is not a mere traditional report of old formulas. What we need to-day is a fresh gripping of the old truth, that 'he loved me and gave himself for me.' 'For God so loved the world, that . . . whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That is the little piece of radium that is yet to lift the world." The three great notes of our evangel are forgiveness of sins, comfort in sorrow, victory in death. In the sermon on the comfort of a lively hope we find this: "Peter said, 'Lord, to whom shall we go?' Let us make it personal and say, 'To whom shall I go?' Only yesterday a sobbing, broken-hearted woman said: 'I am in trouble, in distress; I am all broken up. My heart is bleeding, my mind is in a maze, my brain in a whirl. My soul is lonely and empty. I have a dead child in my home, my first, my only. This morning the grim reaper crept into the room, and when he departed the crib was empty; my darling was gone. He wrenched the precious little thing so roughly, so cruelly, so heartlessly. O, God! whither shall I go? I feel, I feel, this is how I feel—I feel as if I want to go too. Life has nothing left any more, not for me. I have no desire for anything, no aim, no hope, no heart, no ambition. I have lost all grip. I want to go too. I want to die, yes, to die. I am almost an infidel. Yesterday was so bright, to-day is black as the ink of Inferno. I am simply crushed, sick, sore, wounded, bleeding. Can you help me? To whom shall I go?' How many a poor child of sorrow has cried thuswise in the night! How many have knocked their bleeding knuckles at the door of this temple of mystery! How many have wrung their hands and their hearts, and far on into the night kept wringing them, until weary with weeping and watching they fell asleep! Let Ernst Haeckel guess as he may, I want some one on whose beating bosom I can sob out my sorrow, to whom I can tell the grief that is choking my throat, and to whom I can cling when the great grinding, groaning world is staggering under my feet. There is a hunger in my heart—a hunger for bread; there is a thirst down there—a thirst for water. You are bound to rob me of Christ? But before you take him away, may I ask what or whom are you going to leave me instead? You surely will not take him away and leave me nothing. That would be unfair, ungracious, unthoughtful, inconsiderate, unkind. Who then shall it be? What shall it be? When shall I go? What shall I do? To whom shall I listen? Whom shall I trust, if not Christ?" And Dr. McLeod goes on thus: "The resurrection of Jesus Christ is as strong and as certain as evidence can make it. It is sensible, palpable, tangible. I accept the testimony of Mary and Martha and Luke and John and Mark and Cephas and Paul. I accept the history as ultimate. The greatest thing in this world is man, the greatest man is Jesus, the greatest fact is his resurrection; it is the climax of his magnificent

life; it is the credential of his colossal claims; it is the basal block of the whole Christian superstructure, for the church is not built on the birth of Jesus, not on his life, not on his teaching, not on his death, but on his glorious resurrection." Once, Dr. McLeod says, the darkness of doubt overcame him, filling him with anguish of soul. Of that experience he says: "I felt as though the light of the world had gone out. And in my darkness I had to preach. O the pain of it, the pang, the strain, the torture! In this state of wretchedness and woe, I went to a dear old minister in the next village, for advice. He said to me, 'My boy, cheer up, all will be well yet; I have been there too. Let me tell you what to do. Take your four Gospels and read them. Read them in the original. You are going off on your vacation. Leave Renan at home. Just take one book along with you—your Westcott and Hort. Do not read anything else. Saturate your mind with the story of the resurrection. Let it get into your bones. Leave it to make its own marks. Pray for light. Then follow the gleam.' I did as he told me, and never have I forgotten the dear old saint, so patient, so sympathetic, so wise, since gone to his rest." Speaking of the Christian faith as a religion of joy, Dr. McLeod says: "A German writer has recently published a book entitled Homo Sum, 'I am a human being.' The book is a plea for all of God's out-of-doors. I have been placed on this planet and therefore the planet must have been meant for me. I am a human being and the world is mine. The story of the book centers round an old hermit whose custom was to walk down the mountainside each day to carry from a little spring a pitcher of water, with which to wash down his crust of bread. One morning he met a child coming up from the rich valley below. The story goes on to tell how at last the charm of the child conquered the old hermit, and induced him to break away from his cave and court God's lovely world. It is the same mistaken notion that looks upon the Christian faith as opposed to the world's pleasures. Young people think of discipleship as a morbid, melancholy matter for the old, the decrepit, the dying. Henry Drummond was once asked how he would define religious cant. 'Well,' he made answer, 'there is the religion of a young man—that is beautiful; and the religion of an old woman—that is beautiful; but when I see a young man act like an old woman, that is cant.' And there are few things that bring religion so much into disrepute. God means happiness for all his children, and happiness along their own legitimate lines. Any other supposition is a slander on the Best of Beings. Mr. Harold Begbie has written a book called The Happy Christ. In it he tries to show that happiness was the most notable mark of Jesus. True, this has not been the ideal of the painter or the sculptor. The note that has sent a shock through the human race like the quiver of a battery has been the suffering of Christ. But Jesus himself said, 'My joy,' 'These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and your joy might be full.' George Macdonald somewhere says that God does not intend us to accept the gray look of life as the true one. He has made us for joy and gladness. Joy is the fruit of the Vine. It is one cluster on the branch. 'I came to bring you the oil of joy for mourn-

ing,' says the prophet. And our joy here is only a foretaste of the joy to come. 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.' Are not these the words with which the faithful are welcomed into the light above? O, all ye to whose guiding oversight the young are intrusted, impress early and deeply on their plastic minds the lesson that religion is a delightful thing. Plant the little garden of their hearts with evergreens and rose-bushes. Never put a weeping willow where a lilac or a honeysuckle ought to be. Let the trees be Christmas trees. I would not take them first to the sick-room where Lazarus lies. I would go with them first to Cana of Galilee, where the Master began his miraculous ministry. Show them a Saviour in sympathy with their social nature. Teach them that Christianity is a wedding, not a funeral. Strive most patiently against having them connect trust with tears, or holiness wih hardness, or sanctification with sourness. See to it that the church is made a cheerful, not a chilly place, the Sabbath a day of gladness, not gloom. Tell them it makes our heavenly Father happy to see his little children happy." We expect that these extracts will cause our readers to desire this and the other three volumes of Dr. McLeod's sermons.

Similes and Figures from Alexander Maclaren. Compiled by FRANCIS E. CLARK. 12mo, pp. 224. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1, net.

DR. MACLAREN in his prime was called "the greatest preacher in the English-speaking world." Robertson Nicoll says he was out of sight the most brilliant man, all round, that he ever knew. Dr. Clark describes him as he first saw him: "What did I find when I reached Manchester and stood face to face with one whom, unseen, I had so long honored and loved? A slight old man, with a face incredibly wrinkled, but a face that broke into a most genial and winning smile, which lighted up every seam and furrow as with an inner incandescent light. An unassuming, modest, cordial man, who made one feel at home, and who put on none of the grand airs with which Joseph Parker always greeted one—airs, however, which were just as natural and unconscious as Dr. Maclaren's more winsome ways." What Maclaren once said to theological students is worth recording: "I thank God that I was stuck down in a quiet little obscure place to begin my ministry; for what spoils half of you young fellows is that you get pitchforked into prominent positions at once, and then fritter yourselves away in all manner of little engagements that you call duties, going to this tea-meeting, that anniversary, that other breakfast celebration, instead of stopping at home and reading your Bible and getting near to God. I thank God for the early days of struggle and obscurity." Saying that the mission of our sorrows is to wean us, refine us, blow us to God's breast as a strong wind might sweep a man into some refuge from itself, Dr. Maclaren goes on: "I am sure that among my hearers there are some who can thankfully attest that they were brought nearer to God by some short, sharp sorrow than by many long days of prosperity. What Absalom, in his wayward, impulsive way, did with Joab is like what God sometimes does with his sons. Joab would

not come to Absolom's palace; so Absolom set his corn on fire, and then Joab came. So God sometimes burns our harvests that we may go to him. But the sorrow that is meant to bring us nearer to him may be in vain. The same circumstances may produce opposite effects. I dare say there are people listening to me now who have been made hard and sullen and bitter, and paralyzed for good work, because they have some heavy burden or some wound that life can never heal, to be carried or to ache. Ah, brethren, we are often like shipwrecked crews, of whom some are driven by the danger to their knees, and some are driven to the spirit-casks. Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill health, or similar afflictions that come into your daily life mar you instead of mending you. See that they send you nearer to God, and not that they drive you farther from him. See that they make you more anxious to have the durable riches and righteousness which no man can take from you than to grasp at what may yet remain of fleeting earthly joys." On having confidence in God, we find the following: "The apostle was not afraid to say 'I know that I am a child of God.' There are many very good people, whose tremulous, timorous lips have never ventured to say 'I know.' They will say, 'Well, I hope,' or sometimes, as if that was not uncertain enough, they will put in an adverb or two, and say 'I humbly hope that I am.' It is a far robuster kind of Christianity, a far truer one, aye, and a humbler one, too, that throws all considerations of my own character and merits, and all the rest of that rubbish, clean behind me, and when God says 'My son!' says 'My Father'; and when God calls us his children, leaps up and gladly answers, 'And we are!' Do not be afraid of being too confident if your confidence is built on God, and not on yourselves; but be afraid of being too diffident, and be afraid of having a great deal of selfrighteousness masquerading under the guise of such a profound consciousness of your own unworthiness that you dare not call yourself a child of God. It is not a question of worthiness or unworthiness. It is a question in the first place, and mainly, of the truth of Christ's promise and the sufficiency of Christ's cross; and in a very subordinate degree of anything belonging to you." Declaring that enthusiasm is necessary to power, Dr. Maclaren says: "There is a kind of religious teachers who are always preaching down enthusiasm, and preaching up what they call a 'sober standard of feeling' in matters of religion. By which, in nine cases out of ten, they mean precisely such a tepid condition as is described in much less polite language when the Voice from heaven says, 'Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth.' What is the real meaning of the 'sobriety' that some people are always desiring you to cultivate? I should have thought that the last piece of furniture which any Christian church in the nineteenth century needed was a refrigerator! A poker and a pair of bellows would be very much more needful for them. For, dear brethren, the truths which you and I profess to believe are of such a nature, so tremendous either in their joyfulness and beauty, or in their solemnity and awfulness, that one would think that if they once

got into a man's head and heart, nothing but the most fervid and continuous glow of a radiant enthusiasm would correspond to their majesty and overwhelming importance. If a man does not think that the world's pains are of much account, they are not of much account. He who sees athwart the smoke of the fire of Smithfield, the face of the Captain of his warfare, who has conquered, will dare to burn and will not dare to deny his Master or his Master's truth. The world may threaten in hope of winning you to its service, but if its threats, turned into realities, fail to move you, it is the world which inflicts, and not you who suffer, that is beaten. In the extremest case they 'kill the body and after that have no more that they can do,' and if they have done all they can, and have not succeeded in wringing the recantation from the locked lips, they are beaten, and the poor dead martyr that they could only kill has conquered them and their torments. So fear not all that the world can do against you. If you have got a little spark of the light of Christ's presence in your heart, the darkness will not be very terrible, and you will not be alone." And again he says: "Brethren, not to be all aflame is madness, if we believe our own creed. Isaiah says in one of his gigantic metaphors, 'The Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem.' Does that apply to most of our churches, Nonconformist or Episcopalian? A fire and a furnace—does that describe this church? An ice-house would be a better illustration of the facts in a great many cases. 'He shall baptize you with . . . fire'; and, if it does anything, it will kindle emotion. Again, that fire cleanses by kindling. John's water-baptism washed the outside. There is a better way of making things clean than that. Fire purifies, either by melting down the obstinate ore and bringing the scum up to the top, from whence it may be skimmed, leaving the residue clear, or it cleanses by dissipating the cause of the foulness; and, as it passes off, the stain melts from the surface of the disfigured clay. The great glory of the gospel is to cleanse men's hearts by raising their temperature, making them pure because they are made warm, and that separates them from their evils. It is slow work to take mallet and chisel, and try to chip off the rust, speck by speck, from a row of railings, or to punch the specks of iron ore out of the ironstone. Pitch the whole thing into the furnace, and the work will be done, which, being translated is, the true way for a man to be purged of his weaknesses, his meannesses, his passions, his lusts, sins is to submit himself to the cleansing fire of that divine Spirit." Under the text "Looking unto Jesus," we find this: "This modern life of ours, with its hurry and its bustle, about which so many people are so proud, is fatal, unless we exercise continual watchfulness over ourselves, to all deep and noble things. The most of us spend our lives as some amateur photographers do their days, in taking snapshots; and, of course, the mystery and the beauty and the secret and the power escape us. Sit down and let the loveliness soak into you if you want to understand the fairest scenes of nature. Sit down in front of Jesus Christ, and take your time; and, as you look, you will learn that which no hasty glance, no couple of minutes in the morning before you go to work, no still more abbreviated and drowsy moments at night

before you go to sleep, will ever reveal to you. You must 'summer and winter' with him 'Ere that to you he will seem worthy of your love.' Christianity is doing no more than your shop, your business, your profession, or than your studies, your pursuits, your recreation even, demand, when it demands the exclusion of much in order that you may truly hold it. Astronomers put what they call diaphragms into their telescopes, which narrow the field of vision. What for? In order to secure a sharper definition. And we have to do the same thing, to shut off a great deal, to do as a man does that is looking at the white gleam, for instance, away yonder, questionable on the horizon, which may be the foam of a billow, or a gull's wing, or the ship that he is expecting. He puts his hand to his brows, in order to shut out everything else, and fixes his gaze. That is what we have to do. Look off, if you would look on. Look away from the intrusive and vulgar brilliancy of 'the things that are seen and temporal.' You will never see the stars in a street blazing with electric lamps; and you will never see Christ as you ought to see him if your thoughts and desires and aims are all squandered upon this fleeting present. A worldly Christian—and alas! that is the right name of thousands of them, and many of us—a worldly Christian will see but a dim Christ. Such, and nothing more, is the Christ that a great many of you have seen. The little things near shut out the great things remote. I know that I am speaking to many a one who has so turned his or her current of life to the things of this present world as that there is no force left to drive the wheels of a higher life. I beseech you, do not be like John Bunyan's man with the muck-rake, who was so busy in piling together the manure and the rotten straw that he never lifted his eye to the crown that was dangling above, but never would alight upon, his heedless and earth-turned head. Look away from the present if you would see Christ. Looking unto Jesus will nerve us for that heroic endurance which must be ours if we are not to rot in selfish and inglorious ease. Life at first may seem gay and brilliant, a place for recreation, profit or pleasure, but we very soon find out that it is a sand-strewn wrestling-ground. Many flowers cannot grow where are the feet of the runner and the strife of the combatants. The first thing done to make an arena for wrestlers is to take away the turf and the daisies, then to beat the soil down hard and flat. And so our lives get flattened, stripped of their beauty and their fragrance, because they are not meant to be gardens, but wrestling-grounds. There come to every life that is worth living hours of sacrifice, when duty can only be done at the cost of a bleeding heart. Every man that is not the devil's servant has to carry a cross, and to be fastened to it, if he will do his Master's work. Besides which crucifixion in service there are all the other common sorrows storming in upon us, so that it is sometimes as much as a man can do not to be swept away by the current, but to keep his foot in midchannel. Brethren, if you are to run the race that is set before you, the first lesson to learn is this: you have to 'endure the cross,' and the way to endure the cross is to look upon the crown and the Christ." The reader, with these selected extracts before him, may feel that no small part of the great preacher's impressive-

ness and power must have lain in the presence, passion, and manner of the most brilliant man of Robertson Nicoll's day.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., with the assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman (vols. I–VI), and George William Gilmore (vols. II, III, IV, VI, VII). New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1908–10. 4to, 2 columns to a page, over 500 pages to each volume, to be completed in 12 volumes, at $5 each, cloth.

THE late Dr. Schaff had an unfailing instinct in calling around him competent helpers for the numerous literary undertakings which he launched. Not the least eminent of these was the assistant editor of the first edition of this encyclopedia, Dr. Jackson, professor of church history in New York University, and author of the best one-volume biography of Zwingli ever written. By a mistaken modesty he will not allow any article on himself to appear, but he is a scholar of whom America may be proud, and the only one in sight who seems able to carry on those large and learned coöperative works for which we had to thank the lamented Schaff. In publishing a new edition of the Schaff-Herzog in conformity with the third edition of the original Herzog, twenty-two volumes, 1896-1909, it was wisely determined to enlarge the work beyond the three volumes (with one volume of Living Divines) of the first edition, 1882-83, as there is nothing more provoking to a diligent student than a fragmentary treatment of a great subject. This edition is to contain, therefore, twelve volumes, and when completed will be the only general religious encyclopedia in English that is adequate and up to date. Even then the special student must have recourse to the German original, as at best the articles are greatly abridged (as, for instance, three and one-half pages on Gnosticism, as against ten and one-half, with other articles on special aspects and men). But they are large enough for the average American pastor and layman. It must be remembered also that, like the German work, this is full on all church history subjects, those in the Bible not being treated with the same detail. Even with this great work, therefore, the pastor will still need the Bible dictionaries of Hastings. The Schaff-Herzog in its new form is conceived on a large and noble plan, is a perfect thesaurus of information on all ecclesiastical subjects, brings the latest light on all the sacred sciences (compare our own Professor Rogers's article on "Inscriptions, Cuneiform"), is a veritable encyclopedia of religious biography, including living men, with full and scientifically ordered bibliographies, is attractively printed and bound, and is a work which will afford the student unfailing delight. Of course no human thing is perfect, and it is fair with these words of cordial appreciation to point out a limitation or two. As a matter of historical record the great Beecher-Tilton trial of 1875 ought to have been mentioned, with its results. The American additions to the article on "Conversion" are more "psychological" than scriptural, and the remark, "The essential reality (in conversion) is the beginning of an identification with God and with the ideal unity of personal beings," gives more haze than light. We would rather say that the essential reality is the turning

of the soul from sin to God through repentance and faith in Christ. The remark that Fletcher treated his opponents with fairness and courtesy, in marked contrast to Toplady and John Wesley, is unfair to the latter, who, *for that age*, was a remarkably courteous controversialist. In the article on "Interpolations in the New Testament" it is said: "A strong, if not decisive, body of scholarly opinion renders it probable that the permission of divorce on the ground of fornication or adultery was no part of our Lord's teaching" in Matt. 5. 32; 19. 9; as over against Mark 9. 9 ff.; Luke 16. 18. But, first, opinion renders nothing probable that is not in itself probable; and, second, it is much more probable to believe that Mark and Luke were giving simply the general principle of Jesus concerning divorce, while Matthew, with a legal mind, felt it important to give also the exceptions to the principle—much more probable to believe this than to postulate a change in the Matthæan text as a result of imaginary "debates between Jewish Christians and Jews over the interpretation of Deuteronomy 24. 1." There are two articles on "Jesus Christ," one by Professor Warfield, of Princeton, and the other by Professor Bacon, of Yale, the later written from the extreme "advanced" ultra-subjective "critical" point of view, which by eliminating most of the sources tells the story of a kind of Jewish Tolstoy. But even this negative result is only "dimly" known ("Such is the career whose outline critical analysis dimly discerns beneath the tradition of the church," the "tradition of the church" being the New Testament sources for the life of Jesus). This is not the place to appraise the value of this reduction of the New Testament Christ to the infinitesmal proportions of a mistaken prophet whose bones moldered in the Syrian dust, but that such a nondescript ineffective character should be behind the New Testament and early Christianity, both of which, according to this, were founded on lies, is a miracle compared with which the raising of Lazarus is child's play. Speaking of miracles, the American additions to the article "Miracles" say that the tendency now is "to find what is essential to Christianity in the type and power of the life which Christ both initiates and completes"—which is true, but which itself involves a miracle, because the life which Christ produces is beyond the natural order. What nature, largely considered, cannot produce is a miracle. Christianity is essentially miraculous; that is, as a revealed religion; but that does not mean that miracles are "interruptions of the order of nature, or interventions or suspensions of the laws of nature." We might add that Dr. Buckley has the honor of writing the long and able article on "Methodism."

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Volume II, Arthur–Bunyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1910. Price, cloth, $5.

SINCE the death of Dr. Sir William Smith in 1893, the greatest dictionary-maker in English-speaking lands is the Rev. Dr. James Hastings, to whom we are indebted for the best larger Dictionary of the Bible (5 vols., 1898-1904), the Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels (2 vols., 1906-08), and the Dictionary of the Bible (1 vol., 1909)—works which

hold the balance between the wild and naked rationalism of Canon Cheyne's *Encyclopedia Biblica* (4 vols. 1899-1903) and the strict conservatism of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, especially as enlarged in the American edition under the direction of the late Professor Hackett (4 vols., Boston, 1868-70). And now Hastings, assisted again by his scholarly helper, the Rev. Dr. John A. Selbie, has launched another great dictionary to tempt booklovers, the fullness of whose purses is often, alas! in inverse ratio to their passion for knowledge. This latest candidate is to fill the gap in religious literature left vacant by the other dictionaries of Hastings, taking in all important themes in church history, everything conceivable in comparative religion, everything in ethics, and much in philosophy. The volume before us is a thick, heavy book of 900 double-columned pages, about a foot long, and is packed full of information on the subjects treated, written in an interesting style by experts in their several fields, whose names—thank God!—are signed to their articles, and with all necessary learned apparatus. As a ripe apple to a hungry boy, this book is enough to make a student's mouth water; so complete, so thorough, so scholarly, so interesting. If the later volumes are carried through on the scale of this, they will make a work unparalleled in our literature. Especially in all subjects in comparative religion it will form an unprecedentedly full and authoritative thesaurus. With this work in his library the minister might almost pack up two thirds of his books and send them to the second-hand dealer. As an illustration of thoroughness notice that in the forty-nine and one half pages on "Asceticism" the subject is treated under fourteen heads, in which different writers discuss the matter as it has to do with different religions. Schrader gives a forty-six-page article on "Aryan Religion," which is a treatise in itself. The "Atomic Theory" is discussed by four writers under the divisions Greek, Indian, Mohammedan, Mediæval, and Modern. The ten-page article on "Austerities," by McCulloch, is a contribution to knowledge of fascinating but melancholy interest. Baptism (forty-five pages) is considered under fourteen heads, according to different religions and countries, by as many different writers, including three heads under Christian. It is interesting to notice what these three have to say of infant baptism. Bartlet (professor in Mansfield College), on "Baptism in the New Testament," thinks that while there is no mention of infant baptism, it might be assumed on account of the Jewish and pagan idea of solidarity of children with parents. "There were no 'individuals' in our sharp, modern sense of the term. All were seen as members of a larger unit, of which the family was the chief in the time of Christ, when the clan and nation were no longer so overshadowing as in earlier days. The *paterfamilias* included legally and in social ethics the members of his household. Any change in his religious status *ipso facto* affected them. Hence to any one familiar with the modes of antique thought no proof in any given case is needed that children from their birth were regarded as sharing in their parents' religious status, objectively or socially considered: the *onus probandi* falls entirely on those who, under the influence of modern modes of

thought, would maintain the contrary." Besides, the practice of Jewish proselyte baptism included children, and "it is most improbable that Christianity here introduced any novel usage." In the article on "Baptism in Early Christian Church," by Lake (English Churchman of very liberal views who fills the chair of the New Testament in Leiden, and lectures in Dutch to the students), it is said simply, "There is no indication of the baptism of children" in the New Testament. He discusses every aspect of his subject from the literature of the first two centuries, except infant baptism. Wood's long article on "Baptism in the later Christian Church" (author is lecturer in Jesus College, Cambridge) says that the existence of infant baptism from Tertullian (A. D. 200) is undeniable, but that we are completely in the dark as to when it arose. If it arose, says Wood, from the necessity of washing away the stains of original sin, as third-century references seem to imply, then it is a late second-century development. But even in the third century it is not a church custom, but only a practice more or less used. It was not "enjoined or incorporated in the standing orders of the church." "It was not till the fifth century that the Syrian Church made infant baptism obligatory." Wood thinks it may have been partly forced on the church by the importunity of parents in order that they might be sure that their children in case of death would go straight to heaven. Warfield, of Princeton, one of the greatest scholars and theologians living, has an able—one might say brilliant—article on the great Augustine, which we have read with deep interest. We cannot agree, however, that the West gave the East its doctrine of the Trinity and Person of Christ. Did the West teach Athanasius? Did Hosius determine the result at Nicæa? The former indeed says, quoting from his opponents, that the latter "set out (ἐξέθετο) the faith in Nicæa" (Hist. Arian., 42), but he is speaking in exaggerated way, and, as Loofs well says (D. G., 4 Aufl., 241), *runder als richtig ist.* The "one substance" of the West did help along matters at Nicæa, but it was Eastern thinkers who hammered out these profound doctrines *con amore.* In the final form the precision of the West contributed, but that must not belittle the East. Augustine did indeed later mechanicalize somewhat the doctrine of the Trinity, and thus influenced the West, including Protestantism, but it was a doubtful gain—a gain that may be one reason for the widespread dissatisfaction with Trinitarian theology on the part of many evangelical ministers. On page 223, column 1, line 7, for William of Occam read Marsiglio of Padua. Nor can one agree with our learned author that "all great revivals of religion must be a revival of Augustinianism" in the sense intended. So far as the necessity of divine grace is concerned we assent, and Wesley emphasized that; but as to the irresistibility of that grace and its limitation to an arbitrarily chosen few, there have been revivals of religion which have lifted whole lands to higher levels which were not Augustinian. In fact if men were logical, no revival could possibly grow out of Augustinianism. There is another pole of truth ("Work out your own salvation," "Ye will [θέλετε] not come to me") from which every Christian worker proceeds and must proceed. Luther's antithesis between man's

free will and God's free grace is false. Both are true. But God's grace is in and over and around and under us all, but it does not quench the spark which he himself kindled. "The spirit of man is the Lamp of the Lord." We wish to speak of Sanday's suggestive and interesting article on "Bible" (17 pp.) and the rich, elaborate, all-sided, and wonderfully satisfying article by Von Dobschütz on "Bible in the Church" (36 pp.). "But the great thing," says Sanday, "that the fourth evangelist did and aimed at doing was to reaffirm, with the consciousness of first-hand knowledge and conviction, the faith of the church in its Lord and Master." It was written by one "who had unique opportunities of basing his belief on fact." We cannot do better than reaffirm the judgment of the Harvard Theological Review that this encyclopedia will be indispensable to the student in any part of its wide field.

Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms. By ALBERT JOSIAH LYMAN. 12mo, pp. 32. New York, Boston and Chicago: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

THIS discourse, hitherto spoken comfortingly to multitudes of hearers, is at last in print, ready to be the dear possession of all in need of intellectual and spiritual support. Dr. Lyman's explicatory rendering of the Scripture verse is: "Underneath bereavement, or temptation, or parenthood, or nature, or sin, or fate itself, are the Everlasting Arms." And his "simple but vital theme is—the love and care of God as being beneath the bottom of all things besides. This is not only the parental, it is the *passionately* parental conception of the Deity. The image regnant in this tingling old utterance is, perhaps, the most intense expression of the Fatherhood of God to be found in the entire Old Testament. It anticipates that quivering 'Abba, Father,' from the lips of Jesus. The appeal is to the sense of weakness, of necessary dependence upon a Higher Power, which we ever feel so profoundly, so pathetically, at the very foundation of life, from babyhood to old age, and which Schleiermacher held to be the essence of religion itself. When weak, dependent, fatigued, falling, fallen, something catches us from beneath and buoys us up, and this nameless lift from beneath the inspired writer declares to be nothing less, nothing else, than the arm of the living God." Dr. Lyman goes on: "Let us think about the matter a little, as to the warrant for the parental idea of God. Four great generic ideas or modes of regarding the Infinite Being have attracted the minds of men: 1. The creative—God as Creator. 2. The monarchical—God as Sovereign. 3. The judicial—God as Judge. Calvinism presents the solid welding together of these three conceptions. In our time a fourth conception has come into prominence. It is at once pantheistic and scientific. It is the idea of God as a vast, all-pervasive, universal force—an infinite and unknowable energy, to recall the favorite phrase of a now rather decadent agnosticism. Now, the parental conception of God is larger and finer, as well as truer, than any one of these other conceptions, because it includes what is true in them all, and adds its own warm pulse throb besides. God is Creator, but fatherhood is creative. God is just, but so is fatherhood judicial. God is Monarch, but fatherhood is sovereign. God is force, but is force any less force because

it is fatherly as well? Right here is the very firing line of our modern battle of faith. I say *battle* of faith, because faith is always a fight. Faith is not certainty. Certainty is vision. Faith is a struggle toward certainty, or, putting it practically, faith is the noble mental push which, even without the certainty of full mental vision, dares to swing off upon the weight of evidence." Then Dr. Lyman proceeds to claim scientific warrant for belief in the divine Fatherhood: "Do our scientific friends remember that nature justifies us in using the word 'Father' as conveying the true and final conception of the Infinite? Is it not precisely as scientific to say Father-God as to say Force-God? Fatherhood is the highest form of nature's force. Sacrificial human parenthood is, so far as we know, the highest and final product of the evolutional processes; and we reason back from the final product to the ultimate original source of the universe. The men of science tell us that in reasoning up toward the infinite we must reason from the known to the unknown. Very well. But, if so, then surely we may reason from the *highest part of the known to the highest part of the unknown.* The highest part of the known is what we call personality—thought, love, will. If I am to climb to God on your ladder of facts, you shall not take down the upper half of your own ladder. If you reason from force to an infinite force, I reason from love to an infinite love, and this line of reasoning is precisely as scientific as the other. What is the upper half of the ladder of nature? *Personal consciousness.* I will stand *there*, then, in order to reason up to God. The force that is coiled in the brain of man is mightier than the force of cyclone or avalanche. But the top round of this top half of nature is *love*, and the tip of this top. the very minaret and finial of nature, is the *self-sacrifice* of a mother's love, as Drummond well argued. I will stand even there, then, and reason up to an infinite love. I reason from the highest thing produced in nature to the highest of the force that produced it. And this is sound reasoning. The logic is straight and strong, and holds like ten Titans. But the logic glows at the finial. It is like a white mountain summit when the sunrise catches it, and it flashes with rose and gold. Even the evolutionary philosophy itself must back up into this position, namely, that the Supreme Being possesses that which is the eternal prototype of consciousness in man. Professor John Fiske, of Harvard, an evolutionist and Spencerian, writing of his master, Herbert Spencer, declared: 'According to Mr. Spencer, the energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness.' And Professor Fiske therefore maintains that, according to the logic of evolution and biology, the Source of the universe must be stated in terms of the highest product of the universe." This is part of Dr. Lyman's showing that the metaphor of the everlasting arms is not mere poetry, but rests upon sound reason. Perhaps it is not the part of his discourse which will appeal most to the sorest hearts. Probably such passages as the following will come closer: "A dear friend of mine once carried his little boy to a hospital to undergo a severe and dangerous surgical operation. The morning of the day of the operation my friend was with me a few moments in my study. He walked up

and down the room, clenching his hands in the intensity of his anxiety, and said, 'O, my God, *if I could only be hurt instead of my child!*' How far does that feeling go? Does it stop with surgery? You know it goes far enough to take in the *sin* as well as the sickness of a child. Does it stop at the hospital door? I tell you it goes through and through the Living God. Let us grasp that with both hands. Here was the feeling in my friend. Where did he get it? Where did it come from? God himself is revealed in that father's feeling. God is not away up there in some white, cold heaven watching it. O, no! He is in it. He is *in* that father's feeling, which is an impulse from and a revelation of the feeling of the Divine Father toward his earthly children in their pain and peril. And this explains the incarnation and the atonement. Christ's incarnation is with literal precision the blood-red embodiment of God's feeling—his love, his pity, his suffering sympathy for suffering." We unhesitatingly declare that there is infinitely more comfort and cheer and exhilaration for persons of sanity and sense in this thin small volume than in all the vague, confused, and misty literature of Eddyism.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language. By Hudson Maxim. 8vo, pp. 294. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, cloth, illustrated, $2.50.

The rules of courtesy and reciprocity would now seem to call upon some eminent authority in literature to write a big book on smokeless powder and high explosives. An attempt as curious as it is courageous is before us in Mr. Maxim's huge and laborious volume, in which a scientific mind, of extraordinary achievements in the way of hazardous invention, undertakes to settle poetry's business on scientific principles, and to show how the quality of poetry can be tested as easily as matter can by chemical analysis. The main object of this book, according to the author, is "to provide a practical method for literary criticism and analysis, and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions, and, further, to supply a more practical and efficient means than we have had heretofore for the standardization of poetry, whereby any poem may be assayed, and the amount of its poetic gold determined and separated from the slag and dross." This observing scientific gentleman has noticed the hopeless confusion of literary minds as to what constitutes true poetry; on this momentous question he sees the world weltering in "a chaos of misunderstanding." Convinced that "no other subject of equal interest and importance to mankind has been so neglected by science," he summons science to the rescue of the literary critics drifting around in the fog without the slightest idea as to where they are or where anything is. He launches a lifeboat to bring them ashore. The latest invention of this famous inventor is a test (it might almost be called a mechanical test) as handy to apply as a tape-measure, whereby it may be ascertained by any "safe

and sane person" whether any alleged poem is big or little, great or small, real or bogus, diamond or paste, gold or pyrites. If this test is as simple, as easily operated, and as conclusive and infallible as it is advertised to be, it should have an enormous sale in department stores all over the land. The heroism of science is proverbial and habitual, but no bolder venture was ever made under its auspices than the intrepid volume which now looms formidably upon our desk. Mr. Maxim is of opinion that military courage is far surpassed by the cool daring of the aeronaut. And he himself has furnished us language well fitted to express our admiration for the daredevil courage of his own scientific flight into the poetic empyrean. Here is his prophetic tribute to the courage of the aeronaut:· "I have noticed that great personal bravery is often a concomitant of great intellectuality, and it is proverbial that inventors are the daredevilest men in the world; and when the flying-machine inventor casts the earth loose and rounds the ecliptic with the Pleiades, leaves the earth-road and cup-races with Jupiter on the cloudway, or goes tobogganning down the sky slide, as some of you here have already done, then the old soldier's oft-spun yarn of how his company mixed their bones with grape and canister, becomes commonplace. It will be great sport by and by to outrace and override the thunder-storm, and there in the bright sunlight look down upon the rolling, seething mass of cloud-spitting fire like an angry cat. We shall then seem to have nature at a disadvantage." Mr. Maxim seems to us to have poetry at a similar disadvantage; and nothing could be more fitting in the way of illustration for such a book as this than William Oberhardt's picture of Hudson Maxim's taming of Pegasus, in which this inventor-author is seen triumphing over the winged horse like a cowboy busting a bucking broncho. One admirer tells us of Mr. Maxim's rare qualifications and long preparation for this brave task. Ten years were spent in the direct scientific study of poetry in addition to the preparatory training of a lifetime. The admirer says: "Maxim cultivated a field almost virgin. It is, indeed, astonishing that, while the art of letters has been so highly esteemed throughout a great part of the history of the human race, there has been almost no scientific investigation to determine wherein lie the secret sources of power and of charm. Always, the critical writers have been vague, often hysterical, never truly ratiocinative. Poetry, especially, has been multitudinously defined, and ever contradictorily. The indefiniteness of the whole subject was repeatedly thrust on Maxim's attention. As a boy, he was fond of oratory and of poetry. As he advanced in years, and his tastes changed and developed, he found himself confronted by the emotional vagaries of the connoisseurs to whom he turned in quest of instruction; he perceived that there existed no standard for judging the worth of literature. The enormous divergencies in critical opinions concerning poetry especially exasperated him. Forthwith, in revolt against such chaos, he set himself to the task of investigation. He devoted himself to the work with patience, with precise attention, with wide survey, reached at last to the discovery of sure premises, and thence reasoned with logical inevitableness to those

conclusions that form the volume of which he is the author." A less favorable critic says of this Scientific Study of Poetry: "With Herbert Spencer for his chief guide and the whole universe at his elbow, Mr. Maxim reopens the old squabble as to the relative importance of poetry, and taking exception to the fine frenzy attributed by Shakespeare to the poet, concludes that the latter enjoys no greater inspiration than the inventor, the mechanical engineer, and the chemist at their best. Indeed, he is certain that science is greater than poetry and, as the title of his book would imply, embraces poetry. With so much granted, it is, of course, easy to conclude that 'nothing Shakespeare did can for a moment compare with what Herbert Spencer did' . . . and that 'any safe and sane person of education, possessed of the requisite inventive imagination, can either write true poetry . . . or else be able to produce such good imitations of the real thing as to render it difficult to discriminate between the counterfeit and the counterfeited.' Sometimes, it appears, a safe and sane person can better the real thing, as in the following instance, in which Mr. Maxim, correcting glaring errors in Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be' soliloquy, has given his own version:

> How fear doth poise us on the brink of death,
> Between contending purposes;
> When some outrageous fortune
> Steels the leaden temper of the mind,
> To seek that last asylum from distress.
> To die—to barter with oblivion
> The heart-tire and the pain for dreamless sleep,
> Were gain indeed, if that were all.

It is very clear that Mr. Maxim, in his treatment of poetry, is conscious of a cosmic broadmindedness; which is suggestive, as he thinks, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, of Aristotle himself. They chose, for instance, not to restrict poetry to verse. No more does he. And although his own definition of poetry, which he is fond of repeating, '*the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope.*' scarcely differs from Shakespeare's:

> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name—

it strikes him as being revolutionary, and leads him to the following strange classification: Potentry—or language of merely impressive sound; tropetry—figurative language, and synonymous, to his mind, with poetry; literatry—literal, prose statement, whether in verse or not; and, finally, the various combinations of these three terms. Of course, any *safe and sane person* will see at a glance that here is no strict rule of thumb." And now that the secret of the production of great poetry, or something very like it, has been made public, let all of us who are as safe and sane as Mr. Maxim is proceed to produce it, as he himself verily does by the yard or the cord in the book before us. Matthew Arnold passes as a

pretty fair master of English, in fact, an eminent literary purist and stylist. But Mr. Maxim's book recalls to us how Herbert Spencer criticised Arnold's use of language. Arnold once wrote: "There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." Whereupon Mr. Spencer proceeded to straighten out Arnold's English in the following fashion: "My first remark is that the phrase 'useful help' conceals a pleonasm. A help is defined as a thing which aids or assists, and a thing which does that is a useful thing; so that a 'useful help' is a useful useful thing. Instead of 'no more useful help' he should have written 'no better help.' We come next to the clause, 'what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent.' Why all these words? Whatever belongs to the class of the truly excellent is necessarily truly excellent. Why, then, speak of the class? The phrase should be, 'what poetry is truly excellent.' Then, again, the clause 'to apply them as a touchstone' is, to say the least, awkward. Surely it should be 'to apply them as touchstones.' Once more, what is the use of the final words 'to other poetry'? The first part of the sentence has already implied that 'other poetry' is the thing to be tested. Hence, leaving out intermediate clauses, the statement is that for discovering what poetry is 'truly excellent' certain tests should be applied 'to other poetry'! To convey the intended meaning the sentence should have run: There can be no better helps for discovering what poetry is truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than lines and expressions of the great masters kept always in mind and applied as touchstones. Or otherwise: There is no better way of discovering what poetry is truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to keep always in mind lines and expressions of the great masters and apply them as touchstones. Thirteen words are saved and the meaning definitely expressed." There is in Mr. Maxim's book a good deal that is interesting. For example, he admirably describes and illustrates the art of hypnosis by the use of mere language—"words, words, words, with but little meaning," the bewildering spell which a glib master of fluent speech can cast over the brains of even intelligent listeners. This art is exercised by the auctioneer, the huckster, the peddler of various wares, the promoter of schemes of every sort. But Mr. Maxim thinks that head and shoulders in this art above all others was John W. Keely, the deviser and promoter of that extraordinary humbug, the Keely motor. Keely was the Napoleon of befoggers and verbal hypnotizers. His "gift of gab" worked so well as to transfer more than a million of dollars from the pockets of other people into his, for his own use and behoof, by his eloquent exploitation of a cunning and elaborate fraud. As a sample of his bewildering language the author gives Keely's definition of electricity, used in explaining to scientists the secret of his marvelous motor: "Electricity is the result of three differentiated sympathetic flows, combining the celestial and terrestrial flows by an order of assimilation negatively attractive in its character. It is one

of nature's efforts to restore attractive differentiation. In analyzing this triple union in its vibratory philosophy, I find the highest order of perfection in this assimilative action of nature. The whole condition is atomic, and is the introductory one which has an affinity for terrestrial centers, uniting magnetically with the polar stream; in other words, uniting with the polar stream by neutral affinity. The magnetic or electric forces of the earth are thus kept in stable equilibrium by this triune force, and the chords of this force may be expressed as, first, the dominant; second, the harmonic; and third, the enharmonic. The value of each is, one to the other, in the rates of figures, true thirds. E flat—transmissive chord or dominant; A flat—harmonic; A double flat—enharmonic. The unition of the two prime thirds is so rapid, when the negative and the positive conditions reach a certain range of vibratory motion, as to be compared to an explosion. During this action the positive electric stream is liberated and immediately seeks its neutral terrestrial center, or center of highest attraction. The power of attractive vibration of the solar forces is the great coincident toward which the terrestrial-magnetic-sympathetic flow is diverted. This force is the celestial current that makes up the prime third of the triple association. It also induces aqueous disintegration and thermal concentration, the two prime conductors toward this coincident chord of sympathy with itself. Without this aqueous disintegration there would be no connective link between the celestial and terrestrial. There would exist nothing but a condition of luminous radiation on the order of the aurora—a reaching out for the concordant without any sympathetic diversion to create unstable equilibrium of terrestrial magnetism." On this Mr. Maxim comments: "When Keely got a quorum of capitalists about him to investigate his motor, with a view to making investments, he did not care how many scientific experts they brought with them—the more experts, and the higher their standing, the better for Keely. He knew how to take care of the experts. He had only to spring upon them one of the explanations of his system—one of these chaotic definitions, and it made them conscious of their littleness. Lost in his literary maze, and not knowing the meaning of his high-sounding scientific phrases, the experts felt as helpless as boys lost in windy Saharas. They knew that the words were scientific; for they had heard them before; but for their lives they could make no headway against Keely's terminological hurricane. The experts could not understand, and they would not confess. So they were ready to capitulate to save their reputations. They were ready to make Keely an ally—and Keely had won!" One of the most curiously interesting parts of this volume is Chapter XIII, in which is a selection of 192 specimens of "Great Poetic Lines." Of this choice assortment of immortal quotations tested with great care under Hudson Maxim's scientific poetry-test, applied by himself, twenty-seven are by William Shakespeare and only twenty-three by the modest Mr. Maxim! As for the rest of the great poets of the centuries, many of whom are quoted here, no one of them is judged to have equaled Mr. Maxim in their number of "great poetic lines." Their comparative failure is easily

explained by the fact that the secret of scientific poetry-manufacture was unknown to them. Now that it is an "open secret," the production of poetry for the market will be regulated by the simple economic law of demand and supply. Thus science is simplifying life and solving all our problems. The vegeto-chemical manufacture of human beings is believed by some confident scientific minds to be not very far in the future. Keely could have proved this if he had chosen to dilate on it instead of on the motor. But there was doubtless more money in the motor. It is a long time since any book so entertaining as Maxim's The Science of Poetry has come our way.

Among Friends. By SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. 12mo, pp. 278. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

WHETHER it is good fortune for this author to be called by somebody "the Oliver Wendell Holmes of our day" is doubtful. That he is a charming essayist, with a rich native vein of shrewd, wise, genial humor in his own right, and not by way of imitation, is quite enough for us, and better than if he strongly suggested some other writer. The titles of these nine essays are "Among Friends," "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning," "The Hundred Worst Books," "The Convention of Books," "In Praise of Politicians," "My Missionary Life in Persia," "The Colonel in the Theological Seminary," "The Romance of Ethics," "The Merry Devil of Education." Some parts are better than others, but any place is good enough to dip into: "The mollusk differs from the vertebrate in that he wears his bones on the outside. To him this appears the only safe and sane fashion. Presenting an ossified surface to the world, he feels that he is adequately protected from his natural enemies. There is a certain advantage in this, but it has its drawbacks. While his hard exterior prevents the world from getting at him, it also prevents him from getting at the world. A bivalve loses many, many of those reactions with his environment which are so necessary to development and the educational process. Hence it is that bivalves never evolve a civilization." We half suspect this preacher-essayist has the new minister in mind in these words about the necessity for consultation: "When the New Boy, with a will of his own, enters the playground, he states with great precision his views as to what should be done. He makes his demands in a tone that satisfies his sense of public duty. But the little body politic of boys is not greatly disturbed. The other boys inquire, 'Will you have it now, or will you wait till you can get it?' After a trial of strength the New Boy decides that he will wait a while. After a time he comes to the conclusion that before he can accomplish much he must establish friendly relations. Perhaps he is not the only one to be consulted, and he might as well inquire as to what the other fellows want to do. When he reaches this point he has learned what it is to be a member of Society." The following seems fairly put: "Biographers of missionaries, philanthropists, and all kinds of altruists, seem to think it necessary to represent their heroes as doing all sorts of disagreeable things which they do not want to do. . . . The 'strong man

rejoicing to run a race' is praised for his disinterested virtue. 'Brave fellow, how noble he is in his self-forgetting zeal! There he goes through all the dust and heat when he might be sitting here in a rocking-chair.' But rocking in a chair is an acquired taste which the strong man does not possess. He prefers to run. He rejoices to run, partly because he is alive, and partly because he has a worthy goal presented to him. . . . In private life and in the pursuit of gain or reputation, people endure all sorts of hardships without evoking any particular sympathy. It is taken for granted they like what they are doing. The football player doesn't mind his incidental bruises. The fisherman rejoices in his exposures and tribulations, and no one thinks it strange. Why should not the altruist get the same sportsmanlike pleasure out of the incidents of his work? Because he must work hard, with uncertainty about the results, is no reason why he should not yield to all the allurements and fascinations which belong to the enterprise upon which he has entered." On rejoicing in one's work and doing it with zest, as if it were recreation and not penance, our essayist further writes: "There was John Wesley. His Journal, with its record of indefatigable labor, is one of the cheeriest books in the language. What a rare good time he had! When he was eighty-seven he could say that he did not remember ever feeling lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour. For more than sixty years this indefatigable pleasure-seeker had been doing as he pleased. Up every day in time to preach at five o'clock in the morning; then over the hills or through the pleasant lanes to preach again at about the time lazy citizens were ready for breakfast; off again, on horseback or by chaise or in a lumbering stagecoach, for more preaching to vast crowds of sinners—just the kind of sinners he liked to preach to. Now and then facing a mob, or being wet through in a thunder storm, or stopping to get information in regard to some old ruin. Between sermons he refreshed his mind with all sorts and conditions of books. On the pleasant road to Chatham he reads Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. On the road to Aberdeen he loses himself delightedly in the misty sublimities of Ossian. Orlando Furioso is good Saturday reading for him. The eager octogenarian confesses that 'Astolpho's shield and horn and voyage to the moon, the lance that unhorses everyone, the all-penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and shields' are rather too much for his sober English imagination. Still they afford an agreeable interlude in his missionary journeys. 'Riding to Newcastle,' he says, 'I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What a vein of piety runs through his whole work in spite of his pagan prejudice!' On his way to preach to a congregation of Christians, for whose salvation he was solicitous, he refreshed his mind by reading the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, of whose salvation he has no doubt. Preaching to a congregation of dour Scotchmen, he urged them as a first duty to cultivate a better disposition. In defiance of their common saying, 'He is a good man though he has bad tempers,' Wesley said, 'Nay, if he has bad tempers he is no more a good man than the devil is a good angel.' I should not go as far as Wesley. The good man with a bad temper is a recognized variety. We must ac-

cept him as a stubborn fact. His joyless efforts to rectify the world are genuine, though they create in the heart of the natural man an unfortunate prejudice against rectitude. But we can say that such a good man's effort would be much more effective if his disposition were pleasanter. Jonathan Edwards went as missionary to the Indians in Stockbridge, Mass., at a time when Stockbridge was not so pleasant a place of residence as it is now. It was very self-sacrificing in him. Still, our sympathy goes out chiefly to the Indians. Dr. Grenfell, on the other hand, falls short of Edwards's ideal of disinterested virtue, for he frankly admits that he likes Labrador and its ways. When he returns, instead of melting the hearts of the ladies' auxiliary by the story of his hardships, he fires the minds of their growing boys with the desire to run away and be missionaries themselves. Yet the Labrador fishermen get more out of it than they would if Dr. Grenfell did not have such a good time." Possibly the most interesting and suggestive essay for our readers is the one entitled "The Colonel in the Theological Seminary." The story is that a retired army officer was called to the chair of military science in a theological seminary. His fitness for the place was due chiefly to two things: first, the soldierly virtues of courage, loyalty, patience, and obedience to rightful authority have been drilled into him, and the love of them could be instilled by him into his students; second, his idea of the world was that of a spiritual battlefield. He saw a conflict of forces, a good fight to be fought. The church militant is to contend against the evils of the world with all the arts of attack and defense. He saw an irrepressible conflict between those who were banded together in behalf of a spiritual ideal on the one side, and the forces of sensuality and selfishness on the other. This kindled the Colonel's soldierly ardor. He said, "Here is something that can't be arbitrated. It must be fought out. The church militant has the right of it, but the question is, is it strong enough to win out? Has it mobilized all its forces, and is it prepared to assume the strategical offensive?" Lecturing to his students on the "Military Principles of Homiletics," the Colonel said: "The first essential of homiletics is that you should shoot straight. But as you have doubtless received instruction on this point, I will confine myself to questions of tactics. I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it. His first mistake was one of overcaution. In order to defend himself from an attack from the higher critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed-wire entanglements in the way of exegesis. This was an error of judgment, as the higher critics were not on the field, at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack. While he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having

finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of breastworks which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery which was evidently not furnished with accurate range-finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of modern science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Then he reformed his shattered forces and sallied forth in a new direction. At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true objective. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force, before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow. At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he didn't even know that he should have one. He had not pondered the text about the futility of fighting 'as one that beateth the air.' As we came away a parishioner remarked to me, 'That was a fine effort, this morning.' 'An effort at what?' I inquired." And then the Colonel, who was professor of military science in the theological school, gave his students a few maxims which have been deduced from experience on many a well-fought field: "Always attack where the moral effect will be greatest. Strike the enemy's flank in preference to his front; threaten his line of retreat. Do not offer battle except on your own ground and at your own time. Never attack unless you are in superior force. Never knock your head against a strong position." The Colonel tells of a British naval officer's study of the guiding principles of successful sea fighting. The officer ends his examination of naval victories with the conclusion that "there is, after all, no trick by which a half-hearted power can overcome one that is alert, determined, persevering, and daring." The one supreme, comprehensive requisite for victory is fitness to win. The victory will belong to those who, having good material and training, are impelled by an overwhelming desire and firm resolve to use it to the uttermost in the endeavor in which they are engaged. The chief cause of most failures is feebleness of purpose. And then the Colonel says to his students, "Young gentlemen, seek the best equipment possible, but remember that 'fitness to win' is indicated not by mere superiority of weapons but by ability and determination to use effectively such guns as you have."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire. By T. R. Glover, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge. Royal 8vo, pp. vi, 359. London: Methuen & Co. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

The study of history, from the inside, is a modern science; it has been made possible by the valuable discoveries of inscriptions and long-lost literature. There is no period in history which appeals to Christian sympathy and imagination like the first century, B. C., and the first two

centuries, A. D. A knowledge of social life and thought in the Roman world of this age is indispensable for a better understanding of the peculiar conditions under which the primitive church labored. Such a knowledge will also throw light on the problems in the modern missionary situation in India and the Far East. When we remember that The Mission and Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries, by Professor Harnack, is contained in two volumes of nine hundred pages; and that the scholarly volume by Professor Dill entitled, Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius, covers six hundred and sixty pages, we must not expect a comprehensive treatment on a large scale within only three hundred and sixty-five pages. In spite of the limits of space the subject has been well treated. These three works helpfully supplement each other. The purpose of Mr. Glover's volume is "to see the Founder of the Christian movement and some of his followers as they appeared among their contemporaries; to represent Christian and pagan with equal good will and equal honesty, and in one perspective; to recapture something of the color and movement of life, using imagination to interpret the data and controlling it by them; to follow the conflict of ideals, not in the abstract, but as they show themselves in character and personality; and in this way to discover where lay the living force that changed the thoughts and lives of men, and what it was." Where so much is given it may be ungracious to deal with omissions; but sufficient justice is not done to the worship of Mithra, which was one of the most formidable rivals of Christianity, nor to the cult of Æsculapius which was a powerful religious force, as readers of Walter Pater's Marius, the Epicurean, may recall. Several pages from the diffuse chapter on Clement might have been profitably devoted to a more philosophic treatment of gnosticism. If the treatment in parts had been a little more analytic, it would have increased the value of the book without necessarily making it a dry-as-dust history. It is worth mentioning that this volume is written with a due sense of style and brings the reader into close touch with the religious and social climate in which the church grew. As Dill well observes, this was a period of great dramatic contrasts. It opened with the tyranny of one of the worst men who ever occupied a throne, and ended with the mild rule of a stoic saint; the philosophic ideals which had seemed to triumph were already going under the pressure of the new forces created by a great popular moral revival. Roman religion consisted of the grossest and most primitive of savage conceptions and usages, together with elements of superstition from Egypt and Asia Minor which appealed to the emotions without touching morality. This was the time when the poetry of Virgil throbbed with the sense of man's possibilities and eagerly looked forward to a golden age. "Life was terrible in its fears and in its pleasures." Stoicism was marked by disdain for the passions, with a superficial psychology aristocratic and esoteric in its appeal, and without the note of certainty. Its failure is well illustrated in the lives of Seneca the statesman and Epictetus the once slave. The special need was for "spiritual teaching and evangelism," which were beyond the province

of stoicism and cynicism. The reaction soon came in a sweeping revival of the worship of the ancient gods. Plutarch was the great spokesman of this popular movement of religion, made up of "myth, ritual, mystery, and polytheism." Plutarch's compromise appealed to the emotions which often led to sentimentalism. "The mass of men remained below in a denser atmosphere, prisoners of ignorance and fancy—in an atmosphere not merely dark but tainted, full of spiritual and intellectual death." Such were the conditions into which the gospel of Jesus came. The two chapters on Jesus of Nazareth and The Followers of Jesus deal with familiar subjects but with unusual freshness and suggestiveness. Mr. Glover well emphasizes the fact that the center of the new movement was not an idea nor a ritual act but a personality of such extraordinary excellence of character. Jesus did not appeal to elect spirits merely but to the masses of mankind; and his evangel awoke "life in the lost, the hero in the slave." It is worth considering whether the weakness in the spiritual life of the modern church may not be explained by the absence of "the pulse of sheer happiness which Jesus felt and which the early church likewise experienced," through the good news. The cruciality of the cross, not as a dogma but as a deed, is honorably recognized by this author. He says, "Of far more account in winning the world was the death of this man upon the cross." The force of the Christian movement did not come from its institutional features of church and sacraments, but from the vital devotion of consecrated individuals to the person of Jesus, whose Spirit pervaded the church. It is true that a social message was delivered by the early Christians, but enough is not made of the eschatological hope which was so powerful an incentive, although it did produce a few unhealthy types, even before Montanism. The chapter on the "Conflict of Christian and Jew" takes note of the series of controversies beginning with the stalwart pioneer Paul and continued by Justin Martyr, who made the first systematic attempt to justify the worship of Christ as God. The apologists succeeded, but it was at the cost of a loss of perspective, whereby the Jesus of history receded behind the Christ of Messianic prophecy. This loss was not fully recovered until the last century restored Jesus to his historical environment. The literary attack upon Christianity was truly formidable. It was not Marcus Aurelius, the hesitating seeker after God; nor was it Lucian, whose ridicule was touched by pathos but whose heart was cold toward his fellows; it was Celsus, who was the representative antagonist of Christianity. This protagonist of paganism is treated by Mr. Glover with a spirit of fairness and sympathy. The arguments of Celsus greatly resemble modern critics, especially among the cultured of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam. His failure was symptomatic; he did not understand the real motive force of the Christian movement, which is the personality of Jesus. The last chapter is devoted to Tertullian, whose genius helped to shape Latin Christianity. His famous Apology presents the arrival of the "third race" and their deepening consciousness of a universal mission. On the whole, this is a very helpful study and appears at an opportune time. It is not a book only for

the learned theologian, but especially for the preacher whose business it is to strengthen the wavering and encourage the faint-hearted.

Christologies Ancient and Modern. By WILLIAM SANDAY, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. 8vo, pp. vii, 244. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. Price, cloth, $1.75, net.

"ALL my building up is really slow"—these words were spoken by Dr. Sanday when he was presented with a portrait of himself by some friends on October 13, 1909. This confession is a mark of modesty on the part of the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford. The notable productions of his pen are distinguished by exact scholarship, a scientific temper of mind, reverent faith in the Divine Revelation, sense of spiritual realities, and a genuine passion for truth. He is not capable of insulting his readers by dashing off anything at fever heat. Whether it be his Bampton Lectures on "Inspiration," or the Union Theological Seminary Lectures on "The Criticism of the Fourth Gospel," or his articles on "Bible," "Saint Paul," "Jesus Christ," in Dr. Hastings's wonderful dictionaries, or his short article on "The Three Years' Work of the Fisher of Men," in a recent issue of the Sunday School Times, everything is marked by the notes of thoroughness and reliability. He is one of the wisest writers on either side of the Atlantic. In one of his books he points out that the attitude of mind for the serious study of religion and the history of Christianity consists mainly in three things: "(1) In a spirit of *reverence* for old ideas, which may perhaps be transcended; (2) In a spirit of *patience* which, because these ideas may be transcended, does not at once renounce or discard them, but seeks to extract their full significance; (3) In an *open mind* for the real extent of this significance." A better day for progressive thought will dawn when such a spirit is more widely prevalent. The enthusiasm of youth stirs in all his pages. He is ready for the latest, but not to receive anything on impulse. He is quick to confess when mistaken, for his supremest concern is to help the light of truth to shine without any obstruction. For many years Dr. Sanday has been getting ready for his *magnum opus* on The Life of Christ. Students will be glad to know that the first volume will probably appear in the spring of 1911 in the International Theological Library. Three preliminary studies have already appeared in connection with this central work. The first was: Sacred Sites of the Gospels (1903). It is of value for the helpful topographical discussions and the excellent plates which illustrate the land of the Book. The second is entitled: The Life of Christ in Recent Research (1907); the third is: Christologies, Ancient and Modern. All three are indispensable for the excellent summaries and critical reviews of recent literature relating to the person of Christ and relevant topics. Few men have such an intimate knowledge of German theological literature, and fewer yet know "the art of objectively reproducing the contents of the books which they criticise." The third volume in this series is particularly significant on account of the tentative theory which Dr. Sanday submits, suggested by recent psychological research. The first part of the book is devoted to a general but lucid description of the historical theories. It supplements his Cambridge

Lectures published in his second preliminary study. The sympathetic spirit is a marked characteristic of this scholar. Even where he disagrees with certain views, they are not dismissed without their favorable features being recognized. "Docetism was not all folly. Rather we may regard it as one primitive form of the assertion of that mystical element which has never been wanting to Christianity from the first days until now, and we may be sure never will be wanting to it." Again: "Much that we call heresy was only in its origin experimental thinking which was sure to be tried sooner or later, and which did not imply moral obliquity in those who had recourse to it." The *ex-cathedra* spirit is certainly out of place in modern scholarship. "A lesson on caution in the use of language and in drawing dogmatic conclusions," was one of the results of the controversy that raged around the Kenotic theory. Dr. Sanday divides modern Christologies into two main types, which he calls "full Christianity" and "reduced Christianity" respectively. The three lectures which follow the discussion of these two types are an attempt to mediate between them. The trend of this mediation can be inferred from the following words: "The proper seat or *locus* of all divine indwelling, or divine action upon the human soul, is the subliminal consciousness, . . . the same, or the corresponding subliminal consciousness, is the proper seat or *locus* of the deity of the incarnate Christ." The doctrine of the two natures has always been beset with endless difficulties. The last word has not yet been said on this fundamental theme, and Dr. Sanday does not profess to have reached finality. With characteristic judiciousness he says: "I would beware of attempting to define too far; I prefer to leave a margin, which perhaps philosophers or psychologists may narrow down later." If the gracious person of the blessed Redeemer can be better understood by the acceptance of the theory of the subliminal self, it will at least register an advance. "The mistake made in the past has been to think of the human and the Divine too much in contrast and opposition to each other, to think that we must needs weaken or restrict—or, if we may say so, dilute—our conception of the one in order to make room for the other." It must be our concern to conserve the human as well as the divine in our Lord; so that it may be said, in harmony with one of the historic creeds, but in a profounder sense, that he is "very man" *and* "very God." When it is stated that the consciousness of the Incarnate Saviour was a "human consciousness," it does not imply an exclusion of "the presence beneath it of Deity one in kind with that of God who rules the universe." The theory which Dr. Sanday submits does not solve all difficulties. It, however, has the merit of emphasizing Christ's unique oneness with humanity, whereby he was "fully and frankly human"; it also preserves his deity which was continuous with "the infinitude of Godhead." The mystical element is an important factor in Christianity, but it has not yet fully come to its own. The spiritual secrets held within the sphere of the mystic union will be unfolded with advantage as "the subliminal activities of consciousness" are thoughtfully and reverently recognized. With the growing restlessness of the age, and a sense of disappointment with the promises of relief made by materialism, it is certainly an encourag-

ing sign that scholarly leaders are earnestly listening to the message of the new Idealism. Whether we agree with all he says or not, let us hail Dr. Sanday as one of the pioneers in the renaissance of the fullest spiritual life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Post-Apostolic Age and Current Religious Problems. By JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER, D.D., LL.D. Pp. ix, 333. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society, 1910. Price, cloth, $1.50.

How many of our pastors keep themselves familiar with fundamental books like Shedd's, Harnack's, and Seeberg's Histories of Doctrine, or like Neander's History of the Church? How many are reading the ancient fathers? In Germany it is common to find pastors doing scholarly work of this kind, and in the midst of the exacting toils of the pastorate of Saint James Lutheran Church, of New York, our author keeps true to that glorious tradition. Scotland, too, and England have many such pastors, and it is our shame that we have not more. It is the aim of the present book to canvass the so-called apostolic fathers for their light on various religious questions, and to prove by their witness the value and truth of the Christian religion, as generally understood by the evangelical Protestant church, and especially by the Evangelical Lutheran Church. He does his work in fine spirit, with adequate knowledge, and with fair impartiality, and his book would be an excellent one for ministers and laymen to read. It deserves wide circulation, and we trust it shall receive it. So much being said, a few corrections are in order. The identity of Clement of Rome with the Clement of Phil. 4. 3, is *not* "confirmed by the judgment of modern scholarship," and his epistle "may" not "have been written as early as 75," but was written about 97. Nor does that epistle "reflect the apostolic age in beauty and evangelical truth," Coxe to the contrary notwithstanding, but is a long remove from the purity of evangelical truth of such a writer, say, as Paul. It has some good sentiments, but it has some fantastic and legendary things (compare, for instance, the Phœnix chapter), and its interpretation of the Old Testament is worthless. Its inclusion in the canon of the New Testament would have been a calamity. 140 is a much better date for the Shepherd of Hermas than 97-100. Hermas may have been "generally believed in ancient times to be the person mentioned in Rom. 16. 14," but that is of no special significance, as the ancients believed many things that were not so. We are too uncertain of the date of Ignatius to say that he was martyred December 20, 107, as he may have been martyred 110-117. The author is altogether too credulous in regard to the Epistle of Barnabas being written by Paul's companion. Would such a man have a conception of the Old Testament so thoroughly erroneous? The thing to us is inconceivable—foisting that whole magnificent *dispensatiæ* into a cloudland of allegory. The author sometimes refers in notes to the title of a chapter in a book, instead of to the title of the book itself, a method which is sure to mislead an uninformed student. For Forest, p. 69, read Forrest. Paul does *not* say that the "ordinance" (baptism) is the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit" (p. 72), but that "according to his mercy he saved us, through

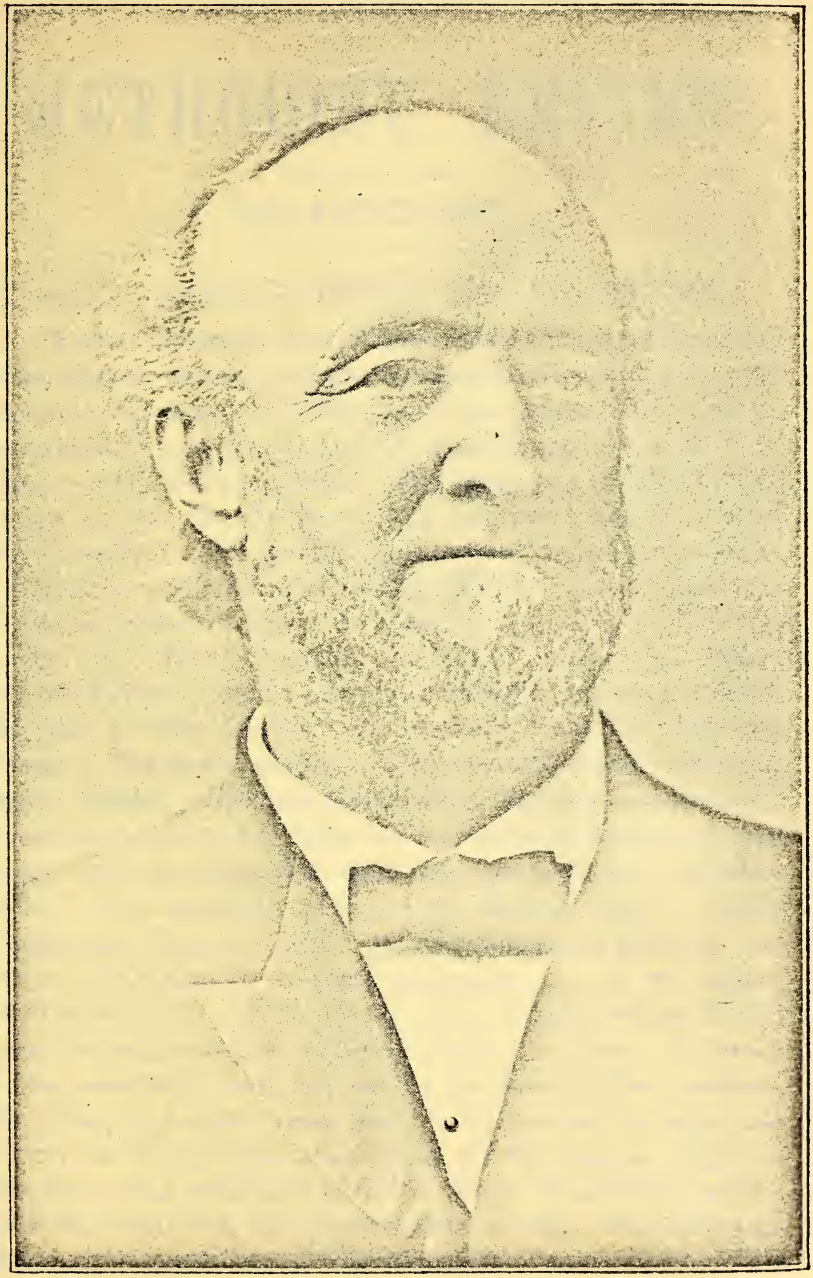
the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit, which he poured out upon us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour" (Titus 3. 5, 6), which is a very different thing. Our able author is too anxious to read his Lutheran ideas back into the early times. We enlarge his references to baptism by immersion by Hermas, Mand. 4. 3, 1 (compare 4, 1, 8; Vis., 3, 3, 5; Sim., 9. 16, 2). The High Church theory of the necessity of baptism to wash away sins rules our author, which was, in fact, the belief of the second century, but it leads him to unhistorical inferences regarding infant baptism (pp. 77 ff.), concerning which the question is, What do our sources say? not, What does theory or doctrine demand? The word "communion" used by Paul does not at all mean "participation" (p. 83) in the sense of being eaten or partaken of in the Supper (1 Cor. 10. 16), but it means communion or fellowship, in the sense of common enjoyment of the blessings of Christ's death. Later testimonies than the apostolic fathers are sometimes so combined as to give a mistaken impression, as, for instance, in regard to fasting before the Lord's Supper. The liturgies are late, and often lead us away from primitive practice. The early Eucharists were themselves actual meals, and excluded fasting in the nature of the case. The designation "Catholic" is earlier than Irenæus (p. 93, whose date as a writer is 160-190, not 130), as is correctly given on page 99. It is not at all true that the apostles "exercised supreme rule over the church." Elders and laymen united with them. There was no "grace" in ordination, and no "gift" uniformly bound up with it, but sometimes through prayer and faith a blessing came in the laying on of hands. The emphasis on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the early Christian writers is much exaggerated in this book (pp. 195-6). In some writers it is never mentioned at all, when it would surely have been mentioned if it had been "regarded as an essential sustenance of the Christian life." We must again demur that liturgies go back to the "latter part of the second century." Prayers are, of course, in I Clement and Didache, but the liturgies themselves are in the dark. No one knows when they began. Renaudot says that there were no written records or sketches of liturgical prayers before the end of the fourth century (see the discussion in Rietschel, Liturgik 1, 272ff., 1900). Our honored author is much opposed to revivals (224ff.), but we think he shows here a narrow point of view. Historically, God has used revivals for the extension of his kingdom, and they do not exclude instruction and Christian nurture. Both methods should be used, and we should not arbitrarily limit God. Nor is it true that modern revivals are "a matter of feeling and impulse." Our Lutheran brother should drop into the revival meetings of his Methodist and Baptist neighbors. It is the Word which is the very thing used by ministers to bring the deliberate and intelligent reception of Christ as Saviour. Lutheran prejudice to revivals rests largely on ignorance of them. Long courses of scriptural and doctrinal preaching generally precede and accompany them. But our ministers must also take a leaf from our Lutheran and Reformed friends, and emphasize more than they do the catechism, instruction, and confirmation or its equivalent. All right

means should be used to lead children and adults to open fellowship with Christ and his people. It is hardly necessary to say that we are in hearty sympathy with Dr. Remensnyder on fundamental Christian truth, which it is the purpose of this book to serve by a study of the early church.

The Life of J. Harrison Rigg, D.D. By his son-in-law JOHN TELFORD, B.A. 8vo, pp. 483. London: Robert Culley. Price, cloth, with portrait and illustrations, $2.50.

Dr. RIGG was one of the ablest among modern leaders of the Wesleyan Methodists. Twice he was president of their Conference. He was eminent as preacher, statesman, writer, and educational authority. The biographer had exceptional opportunities to know his subject intimately, and had full command of all materials for an accurate and complete biography. The result shows that he made wise and skillful use of his advantages. The book is copious in details, orderly in arrangement, and satisfactory, we would think, to the friends of Dr. Rigg. In his early years in the ministry young James H. Rigg had good counsel from his wise old father, who wrote at one time thus: "You must take care not to be querulous. Your situation in Cornwall is a paradise compared with mine in the first two years of my ministry. There was not one intelligent person in the field I was appointed to cultivate; and only once a month in my first year and once a fortnight in my second had I the privilege of seeing any Wesleyan minister; yet I was always cheerful and floated gayly upon a springtide of hope." Later, when he was stationed in London, his mother told him that the city was not a good place for so young a minister, because it did not allow sufficient time for study and self-examination. "I shall be thankful," she writes, "when you get out of the great Babel." And his father wrote: "I am sorry you have met with so many things to annoy and pain you in London. But all this, if rightly improved, will prepare you for greater usefulness. God is permitting you to be tried, and I hope you will come forth as gold. Whoever has injured you, you must forgive and from the heart. Even that which was unkindly said may teach important lessons. It impresses us that *we* must not injure anyone by detraction, especially a minister of the gospel. You must try to heap coals of fire on the head of him who has injured you." At times young Rigg was also advised and befriended by that incandescent and contagious man of God, William Arthur, as, for example: "Work for the mass of the people. Setting ten earnest Methodists more in earnest is a better counteractive against Germanism and other mistiness than all your learned diatribes. Besides, if you poke and moil in philosophy while you are young, you will become as impossible a Methodist preacher as So-and-So; but if you go hammer and tongs at the *ignobile vulgus* just now, while the little blood you have is warm, you will cultivate a passable set of passions, and when they get toward turning-point you may ripen into a gracious specimen of heart and love. . . . Go on, and God bless you! Set all the young preachers on fire. Bite, scratch, and trample under foot all fiddle-faddle finery and essay flying instead of calling men to God. Men like you, of education and mark, must cure others who labor under temptation." Reading on in this volume, we come incidentally upon an account of the sermon of a

fine old Yorkshire local preacher: "He had walked nine miles out and nine miles back again to preach this one sermon. He said many strong things, but, unhappily, he could not be satisfied without giving us a little learning. His subject was 'Moses's Choice'; and he said: 'Now, had Moses remained in Egypt, what would have happened? Why, he would have imbibed the Egyptian mythology, that is, its religious worship; and he would have bowed down to Bel and Nebo, Mars, Jupiter, and Pan. He might have laid upon a bed of stone—stone made of cygnets of the Ganges.'" Of Dr. Rigg's father, John Rigg, it is said: "Before large audiences he was sometimes less effective through his timidity and too close adherence to the matter he had prepared. His children thought he was most successful when he preached in a country chapel or in a farmhouse kitchen." His son James once wrote: "On such occasions there was a fluency, a freshness, an aptness, an evidently conscious happiness, a bird-like freedom in the way of appropriate illustration, which made these short and unpretentious sermons most delightful." In the London Quarterly Review in 1857, James H. Rigg reviewed the writings of Charles Kingsley, who replied in a letter thus: "I am sorry to differ with you on so many points; but I assure you our differences are far fewer than you fancy, and that you would find me less unorthodox than you make your readers think me to be. . . . If you publish anything which accuses Hare, Maurice, or me of Rationalism, you will be venting a falsehood and a slander. . . . God be with you, whatever you write or think." A warm regard afterward sprang up between Kingsley and Rigg. In the fifties our own Methodist Quarterly had an article on Maurice and Archdeacon Hare. In 1859 Dr. Rigg lectured in Exeter Hall for the Young Men's Christian Association on "The Bible and Modern Progress," tracing the Bible's influence on philosophy, science, poetry, and art, general literature, and social well-being. In closing the lecturer struck this high note: "I expect a long day for the world. I believe that, as yet, the sun is but a few hours above the horizon. The adversaries are mighty, but the Spirit of God is the strongest power in the world; it will outwear, outdare, outdo all other powers. Christian men are the strongest and highest men in the world. Christian principles are the strongest and longest-lived principles in the world; nothing can stifle, slay, or drown them. Associated Christian men can vanquish all others in a free land. A Christian nation is mightier than all others, stands higher, is more prosperous, and they must follow her. The past triumphs of Christianity have been its most difficult, and are the pledges of its future victories. Those to come will be its grandest and most glorious. The treasures of the darkness shall be brought forth; the resources of the earth shall be requisitioned; a Bible civilization shall join into one all nations and all lands. The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of God." Dr. Rigg visited America twice, the second time in 1876 as fraternal delegate to the General Conference in Baltimore. Near the end of his life this rugged Englishman wrote in his last letter to Dr. J. M. Buckley: "My old dearly cherished friends in your country are nearly all gone up higher. O for a closer walk with God! Never were friends dearer than some of my American friends."



CHARLES HENRY FOWLER

METHODIST REVIEW

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Art. I.—CHARLES HENRY FOWLER, 1837–1908

"I well remember how in the winters of my childhood my father, because he was too poor to buy shoes for me, used to take me up in his arms and carry me to the district school, where, warming and studying by the fire the district furnished, I received a start toward manhood." The father was Horatio Fowler, the boy his son, Charles Henry, and the district school, a school near Newark, Ill. But the boy, then six years old, was not a native of Illinois or any other State of the Union. His birthplace was in Burford Street (a cluster of houses on a country road), about twenty miles from Hamilton, Ontario. Through his father, however, he came from a Connecticut family, one branch of which had gone to West Canada in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The boy's mother, though, was of Scotch and Irish blood. Huldah Laird, his grandmother, the fair daughter of a proud Scotch family, had loved and married a Methodist preacher, Henry Ryan by name, for which she was disowned and disinherited. Her husband, born at Cork, Ireland, bred a Roman Catholic and destined for the priesthood, became, after his conversion, the victim of so much persecution that it was deemed wisest to send him with his young wife to Canada, where Harriet Ryan, the mother of Charles Henry Fowler, was born. The traits of this remarkable man reappear in his distinguished grandson. The latter, to be sure, came short of the former's strength and stature, for Henry Ryan was a giant, six feet four in height, of huge frame and prodigious muscular power, of unfailing energy, invincible endurance, and imperturbable courage. Surprising indeed are the stories told of this Methodist pioneer, who from his arrival in Canada in 1805 was in more ways than one the most conspicuous figure in the Methodism of western New York and

western Canada. Always courageous but never out of humor, ready to starve but never fearing starvation, so firm was his trust in God, conquering the fighting bullies who challenged him to display his prowess by some unexpectedly droll exhibition of it, captured by the Indians and delivered by the mercy of God, in perils often in the wilderness, yet making it resound with his mighty voice, in perils from human malice yet never revengeful, this founder of Toronto Methodism preached on both sides of the line, and counted his spiritual children by scores and hundreds.

Two causes coöperated in the emigration of the Fowlers to New York and thence to Illinois. First the secession of Henry Ryan from the Methodist Church in Canada and next the Papineau rebellion in 1837. Harriet Fowler resented the treatment of her father by his old associates. Horatio Fowler joined the "Patriot Army" and became the aide of Dr. Charles Duncombe, who headed the rebellion in upper, while Papineau was leader in lower Canada.

When the boy Charles Henry (so named after Charles Duncombe and Henry Ryan) was only two months old, his father was captured in arms and sent to prison. The home was searched in vain for incriminating evidence, while Horatio Fowler with five other prisoners was led in chains through Burford on his way, as was feared, to the scaffold. The undaunted wife, who had destroyed every compromising scrap of paper, obtained by heroic and persistent efforts her husband's reprieve and hurried him immediately across the border. But, although his life was saved, his property was lost, and although the courageous and energetic wife returned in disguise to Canada to gather up the fragments, few and small indeed were those that she recovered.

Those familiar with the character and the opinions expressed in after years by Charles Henry Fowler will easily trace through them the influence of his progenitors and their experiences. Heredity counts for much, but the environment, especially the intellectual environment, of a home alive with recollections of notable happenings and reflections upon heroic and dangerous endeavor, counts for vastly more. Physically the baby did little honor to his giant grandfather or his stalwart father, for he weighed when

born four pounds only, of which the brain and nervous system weighed, no doubt, far more than all the rest. Years afterward, when his sister, regretting her mother's hard fate, bemoaned the obscurity of her life, the puny creature, grown to stalwart manhood, replied in characteristic English: "Yes! But she raised three brats that outweighed the whole town!"

Poor as the parents were, the father struggling against failing crops, the mother weaving rag carpets for sixty cents a day, they managed finally to buy a farm with their scanty savings and to build themselves a home. Charles and his elder brother Henry worked for their father, and the puny lad grew well and strong, though not with great rapidity. School, however, puzzled him, except arithmetic. He had a selective mind and yet an excursive one. Mathematics alone prevented intellectual roving and concentrated his attention. These mental excursions often brought out surprises that were full of fun. "Which way does Fox River run?" inquired the teacher. "Down hill," replied the pupil instantly. Throughout his life this habit of selecting the facts that interested him and surprised others combined most powerfully with the other habits of mathematical precision of statement and of demonstration to make him not merely a cogent but an entertaining, an enthralling and often a thrilling speaker. The mental excursiveness, as his strength increased, made him too a very imp of mischief, to the dismay of many teachers and to the neglect of his lessons. Spelling he hated; reading had no attractions for him; only arithmetic he loved. He tormented teachers and comrades and his sister Jennie with his pranks; always mischievous, but neither unkindly nor quarrelsome, the other boys accepted readily his leadership, while his teachers, Mr. Willing excepted, failed to understand, much less to appreciate, his rich and roving mental activity. Whether because of his outdoor life, or because of the purity and energy of his inherited blood, his weakness disappeared; at fourteen he was the most supple, the most agile, the most vigorous lad of the entire region. As is usual with such striplings, hairbreadth escapes were numerous, remarkable, however, chiefly because of the presence of mind and cunning devices that they elicited, albeit his fear of snakes never left him, the

recollection of them in after years always bringing a shudder. In these days he cared little for books and much for deeds. And because he cared for deeds his sister by reading to him enough of a story to excite his interest induced him to read the remainder. For the dramatic genius latent in him, thus aroused, made him eager to know and then to realize the story, and especially to impersonate the hero. The child in his case was surely father of the man. His gifts of speech were controlled by his preference for action; and in action he desired always to be first. Purely intellectual curiosity he never possessed. Nature at rest had for him no charms, while a storm with all the elements at work would give him pleasure. But he could not distinguish between the notes of birds; he knew nothing of the "concord of sweet sounds" and very little of the variety or harmony of colors. Nor did he ever find pleasure in contemplative characters or the ecstasies of mysticism. Action, achievement, manifested power, visible result, outbreaking energy, overmastering will, high purpose battling with and overcoming obstacle, whether finally defeated or finally accomplished —in these were his delight. So Napoleon fascinated him, and the applause of the family when he struck some attitude to represent the Corsican in action or at bay intensified the magic.

Those of us who remember the years from 1850 to 1860 know what it meant to be a boy in that tremendous decade. In 1850 the slavery question stirred the people of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. In 1854 Kansas and Nebraska were organized as Territories under the diabolically delusive principle of Popular Sovereignty; that is to say, a basketful of early settlers were allowed to determine whether vast areas should be dedicated forever to freedom or to slavery. The fierce struggle in bleeding Kansas revealed as nothing else could the real meaning of the hypocritical phrase, while the Dred Scott decision left nothing of it but an empty reminiscence. As in so many households, Uncle Tom's Cabin thrilled the Fowler family with its pictures of slavery, provoking eager and excited comment. During his student days at Genesee College, whither young Fowler went in 1854, the Republican party developed rapidly, and Abraham Lincoln became its acknowledged

leader in Illinois. To take sides with Lincoln, to reproduce his arguments, to defend the cause of freedom among his classmates were to the clever student as necessary as breathing. Never in American history as in that stormy decade has eloquence been so majestic and efficient. The fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened. Close-fisted men forgot their shops and their farms, swept away in the resistless flood. It was at the height of this excitement that Fowler graduated valedictorian. Before me lie numerous letters from his fellow students; all agree as to his abilities and his ambitions, his powers in debate, his eloquence, his imperious will, his consuming desire to shine and to outshine all others as lawyer and as statesman. Unable to become president because of his Canadian birth, his eyes were fixed upon the senatorial chair of Illinois now claimed by another former subject of Queen Victoria. Fowler and Lorimer, two poor alien lads! America indeed means opportunity. But how different it is in kind and how different are they that seize it! These same letters reveal, moreover, many apparent contradictions. Just as Mr. Lincoln impressed men differently, seeming to be strangely lacking in seriousness and strength of Stanton, and sublimely serious and strong to John Hay, so "Whirlwind," as his fellow students called young Fowler, while giving everyone the impression of extraordinary ability, made many wonder whether he would not, after all, make havoc of his life. How little they knew! A merry heart may be a continual feast, but there were times when this mischievous and willful youth pined for a good meal. The girls that twitted him upon his appearance would have been stricken dumb if they had known of his refusal to ask his struggling parents for any further help. His comrades who fancied that his displays of memory and logic were easy feats, hardly imagined the hard work to which the shivering, hungry scholar goaded himself during the long winter nights. The group of young Pharisees, to be found then as now in every denominational school, little dreamed that "Whirlwind," with his exhaustless love of fun, was passing through a desperate spiritual struggle upon whose outcome depended his future character and career, a struggle all the more difficult and danger-

ous because of the physical debility induced by hard study and severe privations.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys. Charlie Fowler, when a boy of fifteen, had knelt beside his beloved father, seeking the mercy and the love of God. "Pa is better than any of your church members! When I see pa starting, then I will start." So he promised and he kept his word, afterward describing his experience by an image both homely and pictorial. This, however, was merely a beginning. He did not wish to be a preacher, neither did his mother, mindful of her father's bitter experience, wish it for him. Aware of his own wild humor, he dreaded the taming of it to conventional propriety. Tired of grinding poverty, the vision of a preacher's career dissolved the dreams of wealth that had enticed him to sacrifice and study. Ambitious for leadership and for high place, eager to sway juries and courts and legislatures, the charms of a country circuit seemed very pale and paltry, so that his four years at Lima made his religious experience zigzag and his conduct likewise. Your amiable lad, dedicated by his mother's prayers before his birth to the service of her Master, becomes often quite readily an instrument of righteousness; but a big-brained, overmastering youth, full of wild humor, and glowing with desire for all the joys of life, looks with dread at the sacrificial altar. After graduation young Fowler knew not what to do. Like Phillips Brooks, he tried teaching, and, like him, failed. He then entered the office of a law firm in Chicago. But the strong will melted like wax; he could not fix his mind upon his books. He returned discouraged to his home. Once more Miss Washburn. the former teacher in whose house he had experienced the first witness of the Spirit, was chosen to be his guide. "Charlie," she said, "you know that you should preach. Give up and let the matter be settled. God will not bless you unless you do. Let us kneel down here right now and let this question be decided." And on his knees in prayer he said, *"I will."*

In these earlier experiences lies the explanation of his later life. He was never (no one knew it better than himself) a searcher after philosophic truth, an erudite biblical scholar, a profound

thinker diving into the depth or scaling the heights of science. On the contrary, he adopted early and enforced afterward with persuasive cogency and thrilling eloquence a few sublime and simple principles which had been verified to his own soul. Urged by the good and wise Dr. T. H. Hagerty, he entered Garrett Biblical Institute, coming immediately under the influence of John Dempster, the first of his teachers to impress him powerfully, and of Randolph Foster, then president of Northwestern University, whose lectures on "Natural Theology" settled for him two questions, "first, the fundamental question of the supernatural in its relation to man, and, secondly, that fundamental themes are the only real themes for the preacher." It was in Evanston that, in 1861, he was elected captain of the military company formed by the students of the Institute for the defense of the Union, and dissolved by John Dempster in words of strong persuasion. It was at Evanston, too, that Spencer, Fowler, and his roommate, Cramb, rescued by desperate heroism scores of drowning men and women from the wrecked steamer Lady Elgin. There also the young preacher delivered his first sermon, notable, apparently, for its severity of argument and its lack of illustrations. John Dempster's armor, I fancy, did not fit this young David, who all his life proved far more skillful with sling and pebbles, with the simplest possible arrangement loaded with penetrating facts. Warned by his failures and his friends, he soon threw aside an unnatural style, returning to his original and remarkable powers of pithy statement and terse speech, of arguments made cogent and luminous with material of many kinds, "gold, silver, precious stones" and also "wood, hay, and stubble."

His career after he left the seminary can be easily sketched: a successful and influential pastor of Chicago, then successively president of Northwestern University, editor of The Christian Advocate, missionary secretary, and finally bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and all the time a lecturer of extraordinary popularity. Like Asbury, he was ambitious of power; "the infirmity of noble minds" took the same form in both—the desire for mastery, the desire for preëminence. Hence the chief place in the church had for each of them resistless and compelling

charm. This, together with our itinerant system, prevented Fowler from building up a mighty congregation in the city of Chicago, from which as a great power house he could have influenced the ethical and spiritual development of the rapidly growing city. The man who does this in Chicago, or in any great American community, must pass a self-denying ordinance and register a vow with God to seek and to accept no other work. Neither did eminence as an educator satisfy him. Knowledge, with him, was means to an end, never an end in itself. And the end must be an immediate one. There was no realm of learning that he would not ransack for a convincing fact or a compelling metaphor, but he cared for the force of the one or the beauty of the other only as it made his argument more effective and his speech the more enthralling. Through the address delivered by him when inaugurated president of Northwestern University throbs this eager demand for manifest results. It is not the language of a scholar or of a thinker, but of a man of action, of an architect urging into visible form the creations of his brain, of one to whom Bacon's declaration, "Knowledge is power," means, "Knowledge that is not power is a very trivial thing." If he defends classics and mathematics, it is chiefly for their utility, while his plea for culture in itself is brief and brilliantly unconvincing. To be sure, an environment consisting of men like himself, full of constructive energy, makers of a great city, enamored of the practical, and urgent for quick returns, intensified his native love of manifested power. But the creation of a great University requires the abandonment of every other ambition and a patience like that of Moses in the wilderness. Knowing, as I do, the history of the schools over which he was called to preside, and knowing, too, his powers and their limitations, I find it difficult to conjecture what might have been that history and his career if he had spent his utmost strength and all his years in this one enterprise.

A concurrence of peculiar forces, not altogether fortuitous, made Dr. Fowler editor of The Christian Advocate. The Chicago fire had won to him many friends in the East, whither he had gone to plead for help to repair the damage caused to the church by that terrible disaster. His eloquence in public, his humor in

private, his indefatigable industry and good-natured courage fascinated preachers and people, so that even in those days he was selected by many for the episcopal office. This, again, was unfortunate, since it divided his energies, for the editorship of a commanding religious journal requires not merely unusual talents but absolute and exclusive attention. Moreover, the gifts of Dr. Fowler were not specifically journalistic; his pen was not as mighty as his tongue; he lacked the facility for current topics, which is the principal element of newspaper genius; the seriousness of his purposes restrained his humor that enlivened the long sermon or the lengthy lecture, but failed to appear in the short editorial. Nor could he compel himself to master the craft. The certainty that he would never become a really great editor made his election as missionary secretary a welcome relief. For here his gifts and his energy were devoted to a cause that he loved with all his heart, a cause whose advocacy while furthering it was not incompatible with his chief ambition. His interest in missions had begun quite early. "The Divinity of the Missionary Idea," the theme of a sermon preached in 1863, was the life-blood of his missionary thinking and his missionary enthusiasm. All that he learned as missionary secretary, all that he learned as bishop charged with the oversight of missions, all that he learned from the conflict of nations, from the march of historic forces, from the world movement of the age, became tributary to this one conception—the mission enterprise is divine, the mission enterprise in its various forms is the kingdom of God in motion.

Our curious and rather clumsy system of administration makes it difficult to discover and therefore to estimate the statecraft of any general secretary or general superintendent. Individual activity escapes discovery in collective management, just as the largest or the swiftest tributary of the Saint Lawrence becomes imperceptible to the beholder of the embouching river. This is particularly true when an administrative officer possesses rare gifts of eloquence. In that case he appears to be the standard-bearer only; few look upon him as a general that plans a campaign or commands in battle. Dr. Fowler reached the goal of his ambition in 1884 when the General Conference at Philadelphia

made him bishop. He reached it in spite of a powerful opposition that he had provoked by his rugged plainness of speech and his uncompromising will. He entered upon the office not exultingly, but with sober mind and earnest purpose, and with expectations some of which were never realized. "Too late, too late," was the pathetic exclamation with which he greeted his assignment to New York. There or as a directing force in Chicago, the scene of his early triumphs, he might have accomplished some portion of the dreams that allured him in the beginning of his episcopal career. But it was his destiny to be a Wandering Splendor, and never to become a Central Source of light and magnetism. He believed thoroughly in Methodism, in the inestimable value of its doctrines and the general adaptation of its machinery to American character and American conditions; but he believed also that their maximum efficiency had never been developed; that too much stress was placed upon bulk and too little upon quality; that our brag was often out of proportion to our industry and our achievement; that there were defects to be remedied and improvements to be made both in our machinery and in our methods of operation. In moments when he poured out his soul about it he reminded me of Milton's "Lion pawing to get free." To be sure, his fame filled the church and reached the outside world, but we who knew his hopes and his ambitions knew also that the triumphs of his eloquence never quite satisfied him. By some marvelous feat of executive genius, by some majestic deed he longed to impress his memory upon his church, his country, and his age. His published addresses, lectures, and sermons will, however, be his chief if not his only monuments. These reveal not the whole man, but so much of him as could be placed upon the printed page. The first of his lectures, that upon the "Great Deeds of Great Men," recalls the boy that posed as Napoleon to his admiring brother and sisters, and who could be persuaded to read only when excited by a series of great doings. His later lecture upon Lincoln, combining as it did his earlier admiration with his after knowledge of Lincoln's character and difficulties and achievements and historic importance, disclosed the same idolatry of heroism and worship of enduring achievements. The

geometrical framework of his argument, the clearly stated theme, with supporting propositions, his wealth of facts and illustrations, his mastery of homely words and pithy phrases, his sure and steady aim of the pebbles of speech that penetrate the brain of a crowd, his disdain of the verbal elaborations that dazzle rather than illuminate the mind, his dramatic sympathy with his subject, his skillful appeals to the imperishable and universal feelings of mankind, the intensity and energy of his delivery, excited his audiences to outbreaking admiration. Calmer statement and serener appreciation might have elicited more praise from critical minds, but no tribute to Lincoln has done more to establish his fame in the hearts of the common people.

As a preacher Bishop Fowler never departed from the resolution due to Randolph Foster, namely, to devote himself to fundamental themes. Not that either the themes themselves or his treatmtnt of them remained always the same in conception or in application. Once in a conversation with me he spoke of Horace Bushnell, whom he had criticized in early years, speaking of that deep and subtle thinker with touching reverence as one who had compelled him to delve deeper and to proceed more cautiously both in exploration and exposition of the incarnation and the atonement. Conscious alike of his freedom and his bondage, "of the law of his mind and the law of his members," he believed himself and his fellows in need of repair impossible to any hand except the divine, and of a help continuous and superhuman. Full of the Pauline conception of the ultimate perfection of a redeemed humanity, of a commonwealth of love in which the human race, in all its multitude and variety, should unfold its native but regenerated powers in the splendor of a creative obedience to God and his laws, he preached and predicted a progress of which Jesus is the unwearied marshal, a progress involving the fate of men and of nations, and requiring them to know the days of their opportunity and to value rightly the treasures always at their command. Beneath and above this recognition of human weakness and divine strength, of human wandering and divine purpose, glowed his expectation of eternal life. In a marvelous description of the Chicago fire at the height of its terror, he

thrilled his listeners with the declaration that, feeling his indestructibility, he could in that awful moment gaze defiantly at the raging flames while he dared them to do their deadliest, seeing that they could never reach his soul. God, freedom, immortality —Kant's triple splendor—were the substance of his sermons: God in the majesty and beauty of his enduring mercy; freedom with its possibilities of weal and woe; immortality with its promise of glorious companionships, magnificent activities, and continually recurring divine events. Yet incidentally he wrought into the treatment of these magnificent themes an abundance of pithy proverbs and a wealth of wise suggestion upon every topic that concerns the parent, the citizen, the workingman, the teacher, the home, the community, the church, the nation. His early recognition and his rapid rise to fame and power evoked a multitude of imitators, for his defects were obvious and easily copied: his audacity of statement frequently extravagant, the occasional uncouth word, or uncouth phrase, or uncouth gesture, the husky, drawling monotone, even the copious tears that wet his flaming cheeks. But the rich humor, the strong yet tender feeling, the capacious and retentive memory, the vital energy by which he fought disease and did a giant's work, the rare courage and overmastering will, the grasp and grip of fundamental truths, the dramatic imagination which made the things of which he spoke so real that it was easy to depict them—these rendered every attempted imitation of him quite ridiculous.

In appearance he was not handsome, though his face and commanding forehead compelled attention. The high, broad, rounded brow overshadowed deep-set eyes that pierced and gleamed, flashing now with scorn and now with fun, blazing with excitement or melting to tenderness. The tightening lips, the determined chin, the massive head poised upon broad shoulders, the swinging stride, betokened the man of action and endurance. He had indeed the infirmities of a leonine nature, the power to hurt that seems necessary to every conqueror in this world of strife; the wonder is that he ruled his spirit so well, beset, as he was for so many years, by a dire disease whose tortures coiled like serpents round his vitals, though they could not crush his will.

"Dragging at each remove a lengthening chain," he succumbed in his seventieth year, accepting debility with submission.

While a student at Evanston, and when president of Northwestern University, he loved to watch the churning waters of the lake and drink in the spirit of the storm, but no one knows Lake Michigan who has seen it only when its waves are beating furiously upon its shores. One must see it also on some quiet day in June, when there is just enough of breeze to ripple its surface and when the sunbeams, sifting through floating, fleecy clouds, tint it with colors that enchant and soothe. So no one knew Charles Fowler who had seen and heard him only in the agitation of debate, or in the rush of argument and eloquence, or in the exuberance of a wild and excited imagination. One must have known him in his calmer and tenderer moods, when in friendly conversation he disclosed the charms of kindly feeling; when the giant grew gentle and touched each theme with merry humor, softened with tinges of melancholy; when the remembrance of friendships, of the joys of domestic love and the triumphs of grace, when the thought of Christ and the expectation of coming splendor brightened his face and moistened his eyes and sweetened his voice. Such moments became more frequent as he approached the gateway of eternity. In intervals of returning strength he prepared his work for publication; he chatted cheerfully with wife and son and friends; he made no moan, uttered no complaints, to the last eager to live and ready to die. Jesting with the surgeons that tortured him, he soon learned that their skill could prolong his life no more. Rallying the remnants of his fast-failing strength, he gave to his beloved the farewell kiss, and with that sweet remembrance on his lips, the barefooted boy who was carried to school upon his father's shoulders, having finished the manhood that was started there, saw "his Pilot face to face" as on the 20th of March, 1908, he "put out to sea" for deeper wisdom, ampler knowledge, larger life.

Charles J. Little

Art. II.—A PLEA FOR ONE METHODISM

[Note: This paper is a personal expression concerning the subject treated; but the writer believes its spirit fairly represents the attitude of the church.]

Whether or not this plea will serve the end to which it is prayerfully devoted, the writer cannot foresee; but with the little time remaining to him in the order of nature he dares not withhold nor postpone the plea that is in his soul. Many a family feud has been left to continue its deadly work indefinitely because hearts have timidly hesitated to utter their longings for reconciliation lest they be rebuffed or accused of disloyalty to their own clan. But the Christian's first allegiance is to Jesus Christ, and every moment is opportune for declaring his primacy over party, clan, or family. Moreover, the signs in the heavens as seen through the yielding mists of earth encourage utterance now.

The unmistakable desire of a large majority of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the unification of Methodism is due quite as directly to an inspired fraternal consciousness impelling all believers, especially those of kindred faith, to seek a closer fellowship, as it is to a recognition of the evils that grow out of the continuance of unseemly estrangements. Any who intimate that this desire has its motive in ecclesiastical ambition and lust of power such as numbers give, are hurtfully deceiving themselves and wronging both our people and their own. That suggestion refuses God's Spirit his legitimate function in turning the hearts of his people toward each other. For the sake of Protestantism and patriotism, as well as Methodism, and, most of all, religion, this plea and every other of like import should have unhindered access to the hearts of all concerned. Why should not the people of all the Methodisms know both sides of every issue out of which alienations have been engendered and perpetuated? And why should bitterness born out of conditions now forever past cling to the altars and taint the fellowship of a new generation, when only a better understanding is needed to

remove it forever, as those of us have discovered who have had opportunity to look into each other's hearts?

It was unanimously agreed by the Commissioners representing nearly nine tenths of the Methodists of the country at their meeting recently held in Baltimore, that the three bodies from which they came are "equally apostolic in faith and purpose." This expression of fraternal confidence, following a free and frank interchange of opinions and reviewing of conditions, should protect each of the negotiating churches from being charged with unworthy motives by members of the others. It is not apostolic to dissemble.

It was also agreed to, without dissent, that "our fathers settled the issues of the past conscientiously for themselves, respectively, and separated regretfully." The delightful fellowship of that first joint meeting in the interest of unification inspired hopes which should not be thwarted by unsympathetic comment. "Blessed are the peacemakers." It cannot be the will of God that jealousies and strifes, which are the fruits not of the Spirit but of human weakness, rather, should continue.

As a first step toward a better understanding, let us be just toward the fathers on both sides of the dividing controversies. It is one of the paradoxes of history that again and again God-fearing and Christ-loving people have made war against each other for righteousness' sake—as they understood righteousness. In such wars the men who fell while fighting each other have been alike regarded as martyrs for the truth. Strange to think of martyrs slaying martyrs! In our Civil War we had on the Union side "martyrs for liberty," and on the Confederate side "martyrs for independence." Often both came from the same community, and sometimes from the same household. As each man saw the right, so he chose his altar of sacrifice, and then gave that proof of sincerity which no other true man will challenge. On the score of that conscientious individual choice, God could not condemn either antagonist, for upon that choice depended each man's character for *righteousness*. What then? Is conscience a man-baiter, to lure men to bloody conflict? So some declare, and thereby make God a monster. The question is too large for discussion

here—but until people quit talking about conscience as "the faculty by which men distinguished between what is right and what is wrong" they cannot escape such blasphemous deductions. Conscience is the voice or spirit of God in every soul giving sanction when its course is true to its ideal standard of action, and a sense of condemnation when that ideal is disregarded. Conscience is not the artful voice of the casuist nor the changing mood of the philosopher. It is *God sitting in judgment upon conduct as* related to *accepted religious ideals.* Taking a normal example, the first *variable* factor in a case of conscientious action is the *ideal standard,* and that is derived from the authority accepted as divine and supreme by the individual concerned, whether Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, or pagan. A second variable factor is found in the different degrees of natural intelligence and judicial aptness available in the individual concerned for the application of the accepted standard to any proposed line of action. In short, it is religion that defines duty—without debate, but not without reason. Thus is it related to morals. Then comes in what we call "moral culture," not to mend the ideal, but to train the understanding to perceive its strength, beauty, and reasonableness, and to interpret and apply its principles. It is at this point, after the *variable* factors have done their part more or less perfectly, according to the intelligence and training of the individual, that conscience, which is the germ of religion in every man, however long latent and inactive in some, speaks within him the only word which a righteous God could at that crisis speak to a soul consciously responsible to him for *its attitude toward righteousness.* That word is not necessarily a sanction of the letter of the conclusion reached by human intelligence aided by human reason, but it is an instant call to *do the right as the right has been discerned through the faithful use of all resources*—not excluding prayer. As a rule, the more prayer, the more compelling is the sense of *oughtness* in the case. Thus a clear understanding of the real office of what we call conscience absolves this divine Monitor from the charge of *leading* devout men into deadly combat. We have a striking illustration of the truth in the case of Saint Paul, who "verily thought he was doing God's service" at the martyrdom of Saint

Stephen; but having been converted to a *new ideal,* for that same conscience' sake became Saint Stephen's fellow martyr for Jesus Christ.

Now, let us recall how far nativity, parental teaching, prevailing convictions, social atmosphere, and educational life and literature hold determining influence in shaping conceptions of God and religion the world over; and how sadly defective is the average training of the intelligence and reason for the application of ethical standards—to say nothing of the modern farce of teaching morals without reference to a divine authority—and we may readily account for the lamentable confusion of moral ideas, as well as for the obliquities of many earnestly religious people as judged by other religious people equally "conscientious." Still further, we may see how, through radical differences in home training, social environment, antipodal political and even religious teaching concerning acute questions of gravest import—and all this for so long a period as to perpetuate convictions by heredity—the best people of the North and the South at last found themselves in a death grapple "for conscience' sake." And if we have followed the theological as well as the logical trend of the argument, we should also be able to see how the "sweet chariots" of God that "swing low" over every battlefield may consistently carry to one welcoming heaven men who die at the same instant under opposing flags, because the righteousness of God binds forever to him—not the infallible in political judgment or patriotic allegiance, but the man who goes to death rather than betray righteousness as he conceives it.

Nearly twenty years ago Bishop Merrill wrote a little book on the subject of Organic Union of American Methodism, in which he intimated that conditions were ripening if not already prepared for an early consideration of the question. In that discussion he candidly reviewed the issues between his own church and the sister communion of the South, aiming, as he always aimed, to be absolutely just in his statements. Arguing from the progress made in fraternal relations, and from the signs of reconciliation apparent in national affairs, he inferred that the two churches must have reached a better understanding of each other's

real attitude and could not consistently remain much longer apart. Since that time wonderful events of war as well as peace have demonstrated our national unity, and surely the two great Methodist families must have been carried forward in the general gravitation toward complete reconciliation. Such an impulse of States toward States and masses toward masses it seems wicked to resist. Of one important relevant fact this writer is absolutely confident. That is that the churches of the North have reached a degree of fraternal consideration for their brethren in the South that was in the nature of things impossible forty or even twenty years ago. This is due mainly to a clearer apprehension of the gravity and magnitude of the issues that led to the alienation of the two sections. Many of the opponents of slavery, without in the least abating their judgment of the system, now concede the impracticability of any plan of voluntary emancipation, in view of the conditions that would have been entailed upon both races, prior to the war. Nor does it require profound vision to discern how the ever-increasing agitation against slavery on religious grounds, inevitably tended not only to the ecclesiastical isolation of the South, but also to such solidarity of political sentiment as ultimately to destroy its political aspect and merge the universal conviction as to political rights into the religious beliefs of the people. Many can see now as they could not then what it must have meant to Southern boys and girls to have their household faith assailed and the piety of their godly parents impeached by strangers who proposed, in the name of God and humanity, to overturn the domestic system into which they and their ancestors had been born, and of the rightness of which they had never had a question. And all who would render fair judgment of the spirit and character of the Southern people must take into account these and kindred considerations. On the other hand, it is time for our Southern brethren to concede that the people of the North were also true to the convictions that came to them by heredity and training, and that they would have merited not only human contempt but divine condemnation had they failed to antagonize what they believed to be not only wrong but hurtful to the whole country.

It is under such tests of charity for each other and of our

sense of justice, that we reveal our spiritual development and Christian consistency, and just now there comes to us, along with this crucial demand upon our religious integrity, a conspicuous challenge to magnify the Truth that makes men free from hereditary predilections.

Are we now prepared to examine candidly the achievements of a generation toward Methodist unity? The Joint Commission at Baltimore, while rejoicing in the fraternal relations already established, was "compelled to admit that results do not in every way meet the demand of the times nor the expectation of our people." The two leading branches of the family have been seeking through the principle of federation a plan of harmonious coöperation in the fields occupied by both. There has been no lack of courtesy or effort on the part of the commissioners of either body. Local misconceptions of the basis and scope of this effort toward coöperation were inevitable. In our Oriental fields the plan has worked admirably, but thus far it has hardly been more than experimental in the home field. It already appears, however, that a series of tribunals must be maintained for hearing and deciding controversies. The commissioners are still engaged in constructing a "Plan of Procedure," beginning with Annual Conference Joint Commissions and ending with the Federal Council of the two churches as the final court of appeals. Meanwhile the people of both communions are impatient with the constant irritations that occur in spite of fraternal resolutions and messengers bearing brotherly greetings, and are sometimes betrayed into criticisms of each other for alleged insincerity, and of the commissioners for possible indifference or inefficiency.

Now, the very idea of coöccupancy and coöperation is based upon the expectation that both churches shall continue to live and propagate themselves in the same field. Opposed to this, however, on one side, are traditional views which it is hard to eradicate and which constantly assert themselves. The average man is a "standpatter" where his assumed rights are involved, and ordinarily, to raise a question of equity based upon an agreement in which the party who feels himself concerned has not been an active

or, at least, advised participant, is to provoke quick antagonism. One is naturally more ready to censure the representative who surrendered his "rights" than to listen to the wooings of peace. So, after all, it is the concrete case that must at last test the value of all federative methods. And, unfortunately, in most instances they must be applied as a corrective rather than as a preventive of the evils they aim to avert, for the aggressive movement which they were designed to forestall is likely to have gained partisan following before the machinery of federation can be set in motion. Then there remain only the tedious and expensive processes of complaint and rejoinder, calling Annual Conference Joint Commissions, hearing evidence, making complete records in duplicate, at least, formal appeal accompanied by transcript of records and duplicates of all papers for use of the counsel, and, finally, the expense of the Federal Council of the two churches, *eighteen men*—six bishops, six ministers, and six laymen, called from home and regular duties, some of them from remote points to the place of meeting, to review the evidence in cases submitted, and give final judgment. Meanwhile, what has been going on at the place where the conflict originated? Certainly not a revival of scriptural holiness due to the proceedings.

Nor must it be assumed that even the General Conferences through their dignified Federal Council can make good their fraternal purposes. When property interests are involved, as they frequently are, a recalcitrant local board finds in the average State law a ready ally for perpetuating trouble, and in every community is to be found the ecclesiastical as well as the political demagogue, often both in one man—than which there can be no more mischievous combination. And at last, the peace that has to be fought for through church or civil courts is not found to be of high quality for spiritual adaptations. But even if some perfected plan of coöccupancy and coöperation could be achieved, however slow and expensive in its working, there would yet remain a very grave question, a vital question, indeed, for the two churches to answer: Can the sons of God and of John Wesley consistently confess that they require guides and guards, in the form of carefully phrased restrictions, to protect them against

each other as they go "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands"? Is there not something humiliatingly incongruous in the very thought of it? A barricade is not suggestive of brotherly love. Chiefly in the spirit that ordained it has federation been a blessing thus far.

And now think of our two great General Conferences, representing two families of Methodists, "equally Wesleyan in origin, equally apostolic in faith and practice," by their own formal declaration, rising in each other's fraternal presence and calling on their five millions of Methodists to sing from the same hymnal:

> Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war,
> With the *cross of Jesus* going on before.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Like a mighty army moves this Church of God.
> Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
> We are *not divided—all one body* we,
> *One* in hope and doctrine, *one* in *charity*.

And how the people sing, and how hearts glow, and how saints rejoice and angels thrill and the cross looms to heaven, and "hell's foundations quiver"—while the picket lines, that have for so long been doing guard duty on the legally defined frontier between certain of those jubilant singers, melt away! But what next comes to pass? A rousing doxology, to be sure. Then, alas! the love feast is dismissed. The great General Conferences "resume *business*," and the picket lines are promptly restored by the report of the *"Committee on Federation."* Otherwise the singers in that grand "All-one-body-we, one-in-hope-and-doctrine, one-in-charity" chorus, who happen to be exemplifying their *one*ness on joint territory, might not at once recover consciousness of their *two*-ness. Federation serves to remind them that their fathers contended and separated, and that though it deplores any conflict between the sons under the new national conditions now accepted by all, yet—if they *must* interrupt the chorus and the preaching of their "one hope" and "one doctrine" by an unscriptural wrangle in the very presence of the sinners to whom they are offering their *"gospel of reconciliation"*—Federation has providently arranged a legal standing for the bout, and hopes that the rules will be observed and the decision of the umpires respected! This is not saying

that Federation has not a legitimate place and function between denominations that differ radically in creed or governmental principles. For let it be observed that in these instances federation is at once a recognition of the fact that they have *essential* differences, *not* reconcilable without loss of denominational type, as well as some doctrines in common and interests that are mutual. The principle of federation consistently applies only when unification is for fundamental reasons undebatable.

As between the two great families of episcopal Methodism we search in vain for such fundamental differences, or for any essential bar to unification. Yet we have been treating with each other as irreconcilable denominational types. Ecumenical and Federal councils representing the spirit of the gospel persist in asking *why?* In attempting to defend the *status quo* it may be urged that until these two great families can so behave toward each other under existing agreements as to inspire mutual esteem and desire for organic unity, it would be folly to bring them into one body. To say this is to so reverse the logic of the implied facts in the case as to give added emphasis to criticism of the existing situation. In order to make this plain we must use words frankly. Federation was the only possible method of nearer approach for the two bodies after the restoration of fraternal relations, because of their antipodal views of acute issues—one of which related to the question of territorial limitations. It is not necessary to follow the history of the negotiations. The essential point just here is that the situation was such that *joint occupancy* of any extended section *meant competitive operations.* Perceiving this, and properly seeking to avoid an open and unseemly struggle, for which neither side felt itself culpably responsible, the two churches adopted the existing *modus vivendi.* But the *competitive consciousness* was not thereby extinguished. On the contrary, it was acknowledged, and recognized as evil in essence and tendency by the very attempt made to regulate and limit its operation. The complication was one of the results of war. The management of it was without possible alternative. But so long as we are compelled, however reluctantly, to confess that in certain territory to which both churches feel called in caring for their

own adherents, they do, and under present relations must, represent competitive interests and conflicting plans, why should there be surprise if preachers and people on both sides do just what was expected of them? Where there are two or more parties there will be partisans and partisanship. Our origin, ancestry, doctrines, polity, and practice being by mutual affirmation the same, what else is there to contend about except ways of getting ahead? At Baltimore the situation was fitly characterized as intolerable. But neither side can shift responsibility to the other, and it is a waste of time to be forever occupied in offsetting indictments. If federation is the best solution that Methodist statesmanship can offer for this "intolerable situation," the case is desperate indeed. No evil was ever cured by regulation. No family feud was ever healed by deliberately planning to perpetuate antagonistic interests and influences. To provide for trouble is not to cure trouble. The CROSS IS THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE, and JESUS MUST NOT ENDURE IT ALONE. Since we cannot crucify the spirit of competition, let us crucify competition itself by the unification of all the forces, interests, and plans of the several negotiating churches for the victorious prosecution of their one divine mission among men.

"Are not the obstacles insurmountable?" some one asks. The answer given sometimes depends upon the attitude of the person making it toward the general proposition, but not invariably. Men, North and South, who commune with the past and dwell habitually in the atmosphere of its bitter memories will naturally magnify the difficulties in the way of reunion. It is notable that as a rule matured young men are more hopeful than their seniors. And yet it is not exactly an affair of the traditionalist *versus* the progressive. Old roots are more firmly fixed than young ones. The old oak has tried its anchorage in many a storm and does not welcome transplanting to new conditions. Happily, in this instance transplanting is not contemplated. Uprooting does not necessarily accompany the removal of partition fences between forests of identical origins. "But the soils in which they grew were different." Yes, *were* different, but now are rapidly assimilating. Giant trees have grown on both soils. With the strong

qualities of both combined both symmetry and endurance will be enhanced.

Dismissing the figure, what of the Negro? To those who regard this as the crucial question it may be a surprise to learn that there is another, quite as perplexing, the solution of which may be found to include the relation of the Negro to the Methodism of the future. The Methodist Episcopal Church contains about half the Methodists of the whole country. Hence any plan of direct union with one, or ten, of the eighteen other bodies would mean the practical absorption of the smaller. And this would involve not only the sacrifice of identity but of legislative protection against what the smaller communions thus merged might regard as measures invidious to their normal rights or convictions. They might also anticipate as possible an unfair discrimination against the relative claims of the minority to recognition in the general administration of the unified church—for administration is human, however divine the church order. Hence, our sister communion of the South would consider no form of union which would so merge its identity as to leave it organically powerless in one great General Conference. This position seems quite as reasonable as the attitude of the States toward the central government. They are to the last one loyal to the one flag, but no one of them would consent to merge its Statehood in the national organization. The only open way to unification, therefore, is through such a reorganization of the separated communions as shall constitute them one great organic entity, so planned that every part can be loyal to the whole body and the whole best serve its mission by protecting every part. This is as much beyond federation as federation is beyond formal expressions of fraternity. Whether it can be accomplished depends upon the spirit in which the several Commissions approach the task and the discretion of editors and leaders in their comments pending the consideration of it. Millions will pray for and hail such an achievement as the evidence of God's abiding favor upon "the people called Methodists." In no quarter has there appeared any disposition to "abandon" the Negro. As a distinguished Southern bishop recently remarked: "His rela-

tion to our problems is absolutely pathetic. He did not bring himself into them nor can he extricate himself from them. His claims upon us cannot be set aside." This sentence is as good as a chapter, on that subject. But in a matter so complicated the practicability of methods as related to results cannot be overlooked nor disregarded.

The details of the proposed reorganization are many and complex. Properties, charters, trusts, equities, and educational and benevolent undertakings and administrations are involved. But the spiritual and financial economies secured for the long future would warrant all expenses incurred, to say nothing of the removal of barriers to greater achievements.

Finally, there are yet other considerations, larger than denominational interests, to which Christian people cannot afford to be indifferent. Among these are reasons of state. *The churches cannot innocently retard the manifest growth of confidence and good will among the people of the country at large.* With ever-increasing benignity the soul of Abraham Lincoln has from the day of his tragic death been brooding over the land. Born in the old South, grown in the spacious West, called to sacrificial service and martyrdom in the Jerusalem of his country, that seer of seers, the mystic of deep spiritual insight, spoke in his second inaugural address like a prophet of farseeing vision. Penetrating beyond the faces of the living multitude, peering through many bleeding hearts and ghastly graves into the mind of God—for he stood almost in sight of bloody battlefields where brave Americans had died by thousands for the right as they understood it, whether from North or South—he caught the Christ-note that rang so clear and vibrant above the frenzies of fratricidal carnage: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to *bind up the nation's wounds,* . . . to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace *among ourselves* and with all nations." Ah! had he lived malice would have sooner died, and charity had her way. But who can say? Forty-six eventful years have come and gone since that day of his communing with his dead and living countrymen. The "peace among ourselves"

has come. For many of these years all the States have shared the honors and responsibilities of the government. Through a later war the sons of Union and Confederate dead, led by veteran officers of both armies, carried to victory the flag of a united people. The surviving heroes of our fratricidal struggle meet without restraint in social, political, and commercial fellowship. The dead are with God and cannot suffer from malice, nor do they need charity. It is to the living that the voice of the seer is addressed. He, this modern Abraham, saw Christ's coming day and was glad as he sounded the note of vindication for the dead and of reconciliation for the survivors of the awful conflict. How his sad face must have lighted as he beheld the future of his country through the dissolving clouds of war.

And now we look upon the culmination of his dream of peace. In recent events we have witnessed the final spectacular exorcism of the ghosts of sectional strife and distrust. A Republican President has just nominated and a Republican Senate promptly confirmed as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States a Louisiana Democrat who was an officer in the Confederate army. With this went another appointment to the supreme bench from the same party and the same section. And these followed close upon that of the Tennesseean, Judge Lurton, to the same high and responsible station. Of five appointments to the court to which all other courts, all Congresses and Legislatures, and all Presidents and governors bow in submission, three are from the old South. And no protest from any Republican club or newspaper, nor from the Grand Army of the Republic! Nor does there come from the South any intimation that these men are under any suspicion of having repudiated their past record. No special form of oath was required abjuring political heresies. The nation gives these gentlemen its confidence as readily as if they had come from Iowa or Kansas. That is to say, that the people at large are first of all patriots. They want a national, not a sectional, tribunal of final resort, and they receive these men upon the records they have made for what is now required of them—ability, learning, and judicial integrity. What is the portent of these remarkable facts? We dare to believe that they bode good, and only good, to the re-

public. They tell of confidence where suspicion grew a few brief years ago, charity outreaching political malice, unity supplanting dissension. Fed on such fruits of peace and good will, civilization should leap clear of its toils and the republic trend rapidly toward a true Christian democracy. Meanwhile let us thank God whenever enlightened statesmanship overrides any hedge of prejudice, even though it may turn again to browse in the thistle patch of party politics until another day of the Lord come.

Alas that we must confess that these children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light! Must the churches learn wisdom and charity from political leaders? Not by the contentions of the past, but out of the resources and opportunities of to-day, statesmen are shaping the future of the republic. They refuse the counsel of implacables on both sides of defunct questions. Facing the front and the demand of to-morrow, they take no note of the neighborhood scrimmages by the wayside in the rear of the procession. Onward! The best days and the greatest achievements are yet ahead. No time to umpire old controversies. Crown the dead for doing the duty that was theirs, as they saw it when they lived, and move on, emulating their fidelity to *present* duty. The times demand action, not recrimination. We are one people—let us be a great and magnanimous people. Let us be making new history instead of marching around abandoned forts. Plow them under and sow the seeds of peace. So patriotism speaks. So statesmanship interprets duty. The day of the obstructionist is past.

More than any other class are church people applauding this subordination of partisanship to public peace and welfare. We are glorying in the man who fears God and scorns the party whip. The people, the people, their rights, their interests, are held paramount to party exigency. The country, the whole country, is accorded precedence over any State or section. California must not embroil the nation by its provincial demands. The princes of Wall Street must serve, not rule, the people. National resources must not be sacrificed to private greed even under pretext of building new States. The common weal is the imperative test to which all measures must submit. Not a lawmaker in the land dares to

deny or defy this doctrine. Again we say the churches applaud this standard of non-partisan patriotism. They must stand for *the greatest good to the greatest number,* or abandon God and part company with Jesus Christ. They dare not repudiate in church-craft what they acclaim as best in statecraft. Religion must at the least be as consistent as politics under conviction or even in its occasional justified state.

But where are the outward signs of our inward grace? How far and how fairly are we applying these axiomatic standards by which we judge public spirit, public politics, and public men in civil affairs—how far are we giving them place in our ecclesiastical statesmanship? How about church partisanship?

Granted that the monstrous claims of Romish prelacy have made the form of church government an essential in polity, and that theological teaching involves conscience, and that the spirit of Christian tolerance is a virtue so bright that it should not be denied opportunity for expression, and that therefore the leading denominational divisions are *not* evil but for the time necessary—still it remains true that over against all claims to credits for conscience' sake on the score of fundamentals there is a larger debit entry against schismatic division of the body of Christ. The stereotyped offset that "we differ only in nonessentials," so far from being valid in reason or Scripture, is equivalent to a petition in bankruptcy. It comes very near to a confession of spiritual insolvency and of ruthless trifling with a holy trust, for denominations to admit that they are perpetuating costly divisions which have no warrant in essential truth, as they declare. Nonessentials have no valid call on conscience or devotion. Their appeal is to the partisan spirit. If we shudder at the crimes which have been committed in the name of political and civil liberty by blind ignorance, headlong zeal, frenzied fanaticism, and reckless ambition for power, with what sensations should we regard the havoc wrought by the same human weaknesses in the name of religious liberty, through the multiplication of sects, not one in ten of which has demonstrated by its growth that it had its rise in divine leading or even in human necessity as interpreted by events?

The question is upon us—How can the gospel be magnified,

souls sanctified, saints edified, God glorified, and the nation unified by seventeen divisions among Methodists, fifteen among Baptists and twelve among Presbyterians? The question is relevant. It involves the scriptural warrant of every several church for its existence. As to those branches of Methodism which are essentially at one in theology, government, and experience, the very asking of it is a challenge of their fundamental consistency with scriptural doctrine and sane ecclesiasticism. Can it be that any considerable number of American Methodists are implacables? Not by divine leadership or sanction surely. The issues of decades ago are with God and history. The men who contended then are now forever united. Long ago their war cries were lost in the eternal jubilee of the redeemed. Their sons are the loyal citizens of a united country. In the greatest conflict of the ages they stand side by side against the aggressions of the papal throne —and they need to, if America is to remain Protestant and free. In this patriotic defense of Americanism in religion the North needs the South, as in other mutual obligations the South needs the North. In church, as in national life and efficiency, the two parts happily supplement each other, each type supplying elements of power indispensable to the welfare of the whole people.

We are a new generation. We have no antagonisms of our own creating. No leader, no General Conference of our day can be fairly arraigned for controversies that grew out of conditions that can return no more. We are called to confront, not each other, but new issues, new tasks, new perils. The very foundations of our religion are being tested as never before. The reality of religious experience, the historic heritage of Methodism, is denied in the name of a modern psychology that knows no Holy of Holies for the soul of man. The voice of the Spirit is so confused with the subtleties of "suggestion" that multitudes of people who were born in church homes are without religious convictions to-day. And it is in the presence of this challenge of the divine majesty of our Lord and the sacred offices of the Holy Spirit, and in the face of a rapidly increasing and ever aggressive alien ecclesiasticism that Methodists are permitting themselves to remain entangled in the meshes of bygone controversies—not only wasting

consecrated substance and gracious opportunity, but refusing their Lord the most significant testimony in their power to give in this crisis time of Protestantism in America and of Christianity throughout the world.

In the pending negotiations the Methodist Episcopal Church should claim no precedency on the score of numbers or wealth. She should not bring statistics into the council with her sister churches. No Methodist communion of to-day is at fault for its inherited separateness—so no reproaches are in order from any source. We can only be at fault for our continued division by putting ourselves in fault. No communion has any right to ask apologies from any other for what honest men believed or did during the last century. As for our own body, we cannot unmake history, nor forfeit principles, nor abandon our own people, but we can treat with equity, and reason with candor, and plan unselfishly for one Methodism as the will of God and the best service that at this juncture can be rendered to the nation and the cause of Christ.

Earl Cranston

Art. III—JOHN WESLEY IN THE NEW EDITION OF THE JOURNAL

We are at last to have a complete and standard edition of Wesley's Journal, edited and annotated with care from such manuscript material as is still in existence. It is time. No other personal document of the eighteenth century, that age of diaries and journals and letters, is of more interest not only to the historian of religion but to the student of manners, morals, society. Yet this Journal has never before been carefully edited from original manuscripts, and for the last seventy-five years has simply been reprinted from the last edition of Jackson.

This new edition seems likely to contain considerable new matter of importance to a correct picture of the real John Wesley. The Journal as we have known it hitherto, though sometimes surprisingly frank, is hardly a *journal intime*. It is made up, as every one knows, of such "Extracts" as Wesley chose to publish from time to time, chiefly for the edification and encouragement of Methodists. He himself said in the Preface to his first Extract, in 1739: "Of this Journal . . . the following is a short extract; it not being my design to relate all those particulars which I wrote for my own use only, and which would answer no valuable end to others, however important they were to me. Indeed, I have no design or desire to trouble the world with any of my little affairs." But the Journals were based upon a series of diaries running through the whole period of Wesley's active life. As early as the spring of 1725 he began to keep, in shorthand, a minute record of every day's work and experience, and that record he continued with hardly any intermission almost up to the day of his death. A good number of the small manuscript books in which this record was kept have unfortunately been lost; probably burned in that much-to-be-regretted holocaust which the pious but ignorant zeal of good Dr. Pawson made of Wesley's papers. For the long period from August 9, 1741, to February 24, 1790, none of these diaries can be found, and there are three or four shorter gaps in the series; but for the first "Extract," covering the Georgia Jour-

nal, these manuscript diaries are complete. They furnish a picture of the daily life of Wesley during that interesting portion of his career, and record many of those "little affairs" which he did not commit to his printed Journal. Moreover, the Georgia Journal, as we have heretofore known it, seems to have been the briefest of five different versions transcribed by Wesley himself, one of them being especially full upon that interesting episode the Sophia Hopkey attachment. These five versions have been collated and combined in this new edition, making a text nearly four times as long as Wesley's original "Extract."

Another series of these cipher diaries gives a similar minute account of Wesley's life for the ten years preceding his Georgia visit, and of these earlier volumes five are still preserved. The cipher in which they are written is so difficult, and the entries, although there are several for every day, are so brief and fragmentary that the editor of the new Journal, Dr. Curnock, has not thought it necessary to publish them. He has contented himself with giving a somewhat full account of the first Oxford Diary, from April, 1725, to February, 1727, with facsimile reproductions of several of its pages. If we mistake not, however, many students of Wesley's life will wish that all these first records might be deciphered and published in full. It is true, indeed, that they probably contain nothing that would cause us to revise in any essential particular our conception of Wesley's character; yet one may conjecture from the extracts Dr. Curnock prints that these Oxford Diaries might give us many new glimpses of that very interesting period of Wesley's life. It is well to be often reminded that this young Oxford student, though always a Methodist in secular as well as in his religious habits, was not a prig, nor a recluse, nor an ascetic. His mind was open, his temper was engaging. He loved good books and good society.

On the first page of the earliest of these Oxford Diaries—the little volume is an old blank book that had once belonged to his grandfather—is an interesting example of what Wesley used to call "collection"—an analysis of one of the Odes of Horace with some of its best lines written out in full. It is evident that he took special delight in Horace, as any student who has any

sense of phrase must; it is said that he could recite from memory almost all the Odes. But there is proof in these diaries that he had thus studied and "collected" not only Horace but Homer, Virgil, Juvenal, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. He evidently read also a good deal of lighter literature. Here in Oxford his lighter reading seems to have often been in the drama. Even in the comparatively few pages quoted by Dr. Curnock from the diaries we come upon several entries like these:

> Wednesday, Read Jane Shore.
> Wednesday, Writ sermon. Afternoon heard [read?] Richard 3d. Read Half Pay Officer.
> Friday. Three acts of The Royal Convert. Afternoon, ended it.
> Tuesday. Read four acts of The Orphan.
> Afternoon, Walked; writ sermon; finished The Orphan.

Jane Shore and *The Royal Convert* were plays by Rowe, written not very long before the date of Wesley's entries, and acted not infrequently in London during the first quarter of the eighteenth century, while *The Orphan* is the most pathetic of the tragedies of Otway.

This diary gives us fascinating hints of another phase of Wesley's Oxford life. This young Methodist was from his earliest days a gentleman, keenly alive to the charm of art, of manners, of converse in an intelligent and refined society. An entry in the diary on the Saturday after Christmas, 1725, is very suggestive. He had a habit of holding a kind of self-inquisition every Saturday night and setting down his confessions and his resolves. On this Saturday night he records the significant query, "Have I loved women and company more than God?" This entry is made on the evening of his return to Oxford after a week's Christmas holiday visit to three houses where there was very good company and some very attractive young women. One of the loveliest villages in England, then and now, is Broadway, now a favorite summer home of artists. In 1725 the rector of the village church there was the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, whose son Robin was Wesley's close college friend. In the adjoining village of Staunton was another rectory in which lived the father of another Oxford friend of Wesley's, Rev. Lionel Kirkham and his wife and

daughters. The Kirkhams were a clever family. The eldest daughter, Sally, was afterward the Mrs. Chapone who carried on a long literary correspondence with the novelist Richardson, and the mother-in-law of that later Mrs. Chapone, who wrote the famous *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.* But it was the second daughter, Betty, that Wesley found most attractive in the Staunton rectory. There are indications in the diary which Dr. Curnock thinks amount to proof that she was the "religious friend," referred to in a biographical passage in the Journal, who first induced him "to alter the course of my conversation and set in earnest upon a new life." It has always been known that he carried on a correspondence with her for years; the diaries show that it was continued longer than had been supposed. Tyerman states that Betty Kirkham married a Mr. Wilson and died in 1732; but several entries in the Georgia diaries show that Wesley was writing to "Varanese" as late as 1736. The third home that Wesley probably visited during that Christmas week was in the village of Buckland, not far from Broadway and Staunton. Here lived the Granvilles—a widow and her two daughters, Mary and Anne. The eldest daughter, Mary, was already a widow. When a girl of eighteen she had married a Mr. Pendarves, whom readers of Swift's correspondence will remember as a gouty old sloven of sixty, who died some six years after the marriage. Mrs. Pendarves, who afterward married Dr. Delaney, of Dublin, was one of the most brilliant women of her century—"the highest-bred woman in the world," Burke said—and managed in her long life to know almost everybody worth knowing in England from Jonathan Swift to Sam Johnson. At this time she was in the full bloom of young womanhood, twenty-five years of age, a brilliant talker, interested in things of the mind, in society, letters, religion, and attractive enough, we may be sure, to the alert, courteous young Oxford student. It was in this delightful circle of friends that Wesley had spent his Christmas week. There had been a wedding and all sorts of holiday festivities—Wesley danced, Mr. Curnock reminds us cautiously, "occasionally with his friends in Worcestershire, and with his sisters on almost every available evening during his visits to Epworth"—and so he comes back to his Oxford

rooms on Saturday evening and thoughtfully asks himself in his diary, "Do I love women and company more than God?" Surely we may think the better of him that he found the attraction strong enough to prompt the query. These Oxford diaries if fully deciphered would doubtless be found to contain numerous similar passages, showing at once how keenly the young Wesley enjoyed the pleasures of a refined society, and how strictly he subordinated all his pleasures to his convictions of religious duty.

The Georgia Journal as it stands in the new edition, read with the copious citations from the daily diaries that Dr. Curnock has printed at the foot of every page, gives a full and vivid picture of the social and religious condition of the Georgia colony and of the special difficulties of Wesley's work there. He had come out to America with the intention of preaching the gospel to the Indians; but the average American Indian proved to be a quite different person from the ingenuous and open creature that Wesley, like so many other eighteenth-century idealists, had imagined him. As Wesley afterward said, he showed no desire to be converted. Wesley, therefore, soon assented to the wish of Governor Oglethorpe that he give his first attention to the needs of the colonists. But most of them were as indifferent to his ministrations as were the Indians. There was, indeed, a company of devout Moravians and Saltzburghers; but they were in no need of Wesley's care, having their own Bishop Nitzschmann. There were also a few families of Scotch Highlanders—who scandalized Wesley by using extempore prayers in a barn—and a fringe of French Huguenots, Italian Waldenses, and Spanish Jews. For the rest, the colonists were a curious collection of all sorts and conditions of men, with a plentiful sprinkling of fugitive debtors and shady adventurers who had left some kind of a record in England that they didn't care to go back to. On such a heterogeneous and polyglot community it was difficult to impose any common rule, civil or religious. Their disorders frequently provoked Wesley's impatience. The very morning after he landed in Savannah he records briefly that the ship's company, who had been celebrating their safe arrival, were "all methussi"—in plain English, drunk; and next day the diary has the laconic entry: "Called the people

on board in talk and on business. 7 A. M. Staved rum." It was his unalterable opposition to two important enterprises of the colony, the sale of intoxicating liquors and the keeping of Negro slaves, that won him the enmity of some of the more influential of the colonists. The comparative failure of his religious work in Georgia has always been well known; the new Journal does little more than give additional instances of the opposition that met his attempt to enforce in this struggling and worldly community the straitest ecclesiastical discipline, and to require of all his communicants the same rigorous religious regimen that he in those years imposed upon himself. The settlers in that raw community, most of whom would have been restive under any spiritual rule, hardly knew what to make of this young Oxford precisian, who ate no animal food, read prayers thrice every day, beginning at five in the morning, and refused to baptize their babies save by trine immersion.

The new Journal contains several instances of that curious vein of sentimentality which sometimes strangely blinded Wesley's perception and disturbed his native poise of judgment. The young woman has always been a peculiar danger to the young ascetic; Wesley was certainly susceptible to her influence. For example, there was in the ship's company on the voyage to Georgia a person, whom he calls "a gay young woman," that was to give him a deal of trouble in the next year and a half. This Mrs. Hawkins, incidentally referred to but not named in the original "Extract," was the wife of a young surgeon coming out to the colony. She seems to have been a hysterical, giddy creature who, in the dearth of attractive men in the ship's company, resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the young Oxford parson who dressed and sang and preached so well. She professed to be much in earnest about herself, told Wesley of her dead mother, listened while he talked and read to her; after which Wesley records her as "open," or "serious," or "much affected." It is probable that on the early days of the voyage, and during one or two periods of bad weather, she may have been serious; but Wesley admits that she had her ups and downs. For two days she is "very angry with her husband and others," and Wesley tries to control her with

large doses of Law's *Serious Call,* and *Christian Perfection,* with the result that she is again "serious and open." The truth seems to be that she was moody and passionate, sometimes sentimentally religious, and perhaps half crazy. It is not to be supposed that Wesley had any special interest in her case; in the same days we find him reading Norris's *Christian Prudence* an hour and a half to a Mrs. Moore, and a day or two later he records, "Began with Mrs N." He simply thought Mrs. Hawkins in urgent need of religious instruction, as she doubtless was, and especially ready to receive it, as she probably was not. Charles Wesley, Delamotte and the Moravian Bishop Nitzschmann all seem to have seen through her, and protested when Wesley wished to admit her as truly penitent to the holy communion, at which she was extremely angry, and formed a hatred for Charles Wesley that developed some months later into a monstrous plot. With the aid of a friend of hers, a certain weak and slimy Mrs. Welch, she contrived to persuade Charles Wesley that Oglethorpe had been guilty of flagrant immorality; and then she contrived to persuade Oglethorpe that Charles Wesley had been guilty of spreading this vile slander. John Wesley soon succeeded in convincing Oglethorpe of the entire innocence of Charles; but it was only after several interviews with Mrs. Hawkins that he was fully convinced that she was a malicious liar, and Oglethorpe a clean and honest man. Then she vanishes from his diary. The whole story affords a curious evidence at once of Wesley's lack of insight and of the unhandsome specimens of human nature in that motley Georgia colony.

But the greater part—and for most readers, probably, the most interesting part—of the new matter in this Georgia Journal relates to Wesley's acquaintance with Miss Sophy Hopkey, the one woman with whom we may say confidently that Wesley was ever deeply in love. So far as human foresight can pronounce, it would seem a misfortune that he did not marry her. His religious work might probably not have been hindered, and we should have been spared the later episode of Grace Murray and also the dreadful Mrs. Wesley. Of course the main outlines of this story have always been known; but in the new edition, which combines several versions, and in the accompanying diaries we may read

the whole course of that pathetic attachment. Mr. Quiller-Couch, who has made a pretty novel out of the life of Wesley's sister Hetty, might find in this Journal the material for a far more moving story without departing a single iota from the facts. On the whole, our sympathy must be given to Miss Hopkey as well as to Wesley. It was another case of the conflict between love and duty such as Tennyson has described in his pathetic poem with that title; and the woman was, perhaps, the deeper sufferer.

Miss Hopkey, when Wesley first met her, was a young woman of eighteen, living with her aunt, a Mrs. Causton, wife of the principal magistrate of Savannah. Of Mrs. Causton we know little save that she was evidently rather anxious to see her niece well married; but Causton was a coarse, selfish man, who had left England in disgrace for some sort of a fraud on the revenue. It seems clear that Miss Hopkey was a very attractive young person. Without accepting at quite its face value the estimate of her character written by Wesley, in regretful tenderness, a year and a half after he had lost her, it is easy to see that she was active and vivacious without being frivolous, eager to learn and yet of much practical tact and common sense, warmly affectionate in temperament, yet with a firm and self-respecting modesty. Her situation in the household of the Caustons was very unpleasant. She found little kindness or protection there, and the other people of her acquaintance were neither refined nor sympathetic. An earlier suitor, encouraged in his addresses by Causton, had proved to be a ranting scoundrel and landed in jail. It was in these circumstances that she came under the influence of an intense form of personal religion. Wesley at first was "in earnest for her soul"—as he was for Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Fossett, Mrs. Norris, and everybody else with whom he was acquainted. But he was unmarried, he was thirty-three years of age, refined in taste and manners, a gentlemanly ascetic; and he was fond of the society of good women—of whom there were but very few in Savannah. The rest was inevitable. The growth of the intimacy from week to week may be traced clearly enough in the pages of the Journal and the diaries. Miss Hopkey with two or three other persons is coming regularly to prayers at five o'clock every morning; Wesley

occasionally finds time for a short walk with Miss Hopkey; Miss Sophy one evening prefers his conversation to a ball. At first there is no indication that either had any thought of a closer attachment. But about three months after their first meeting Miss Hopkey removed to Frederica, to live for a time with some friends, and when Wesley next sees her there, after an absence of some ten weeks, she is "scarce a shadow of what she was when I left her," and is resolved to sail for England by the first ship. She evidently dreaded a return to the unkindly Causton household and the neighborhood of her violent suitor, who, though now safely housed in jail, had once threatened her life if she refused him. Wesley used all his powers of persuasion to induce her to return, but for some days without avail. His "arguments drawn from the topic of religion," he says, "did not appear to make any impression. Then I pressed her upon the head of friendship. Upon which she burst into tears and said, 'Now my resolution begins to stagger'—as it did more and more every day." Oglethorpe, who was in Frederica, added his persuasions to Wesley's, and at last she consented to remain in America, and to return to Savannah with Wesley. Evidently, both the Caustons and Oglethorpe desired to see her married to Wesley; the Caustons, because such a marriage would provide satisfactorily for their niece; Oglethorpe, because marriage would probably keep Wesley permanently in the colony. Wesley felt himself practically vowed to single life, but he could no longer mistake his affection. The struggle between love and duty had begun. As for Miss Hopkey, she evidently cherished a growing regard for Wesley, but I cannot find anything forward or unwomanly in her conduct. Wesley was the only friend she could trust. Her former suitor was in jail for fraud. Her uncle was overbearing and harsh. Sincerely religious herself, her affection for Wesley was mixed with a reverence that was almost dread. On the way back to Savannah—it was a six days' journey—as they were encamped for a cold and stormy night on Saint Katherine's island, Wesley, sitting with her by the fire, found himself saying on a sudden impulse: "'Miss Sophy, I should think myself happy if I was to spend my life with you.' She burst into tears and said: 'I am every way unhappy. I won't

have Tommy, for he is a bad man. And I can have none else. I beg you would speak no word more on this head.' And after a while: 'When others have spoken to me on the subject I felt an aversion to them. But I don't feel any to you. We may converse on other subjects as freely as ever.' Both my judgment and will acquiesced in what she said, and we ended our conversation with a psalm." On their arrival in Savannah Mr. Causton readily consented that his niece, to save her from uncongenial company in his house, might spend the forenoons and evenings in the parsonage, in devotional exercises, in reading, and in the study of French. Obviously, such an arrangement could not last long. As Wesley naively says, "This I began with a single eye, but it was not long before I found it a task too hard for me to preserve the same intention with which I began, in such intimacy of conversation as ours was." These daily visits began early in December. The month of January Wesley was obliged to spend in Frederica; but absence only made his affection more undeniable. Two days after his return to Savannah he records that he could not avoid hinting a desire of marriage, and admits that if Miss Sophy had assented, his "judgment would have made but a faint resistance." But wise Miss Sophy, who would take no part in her own wooing, "said she thought it was best for a clergyman not to be encumbered with worldly cares, and that it was best for her, too, to live single, and she was accordingly resolved never to marry." Wesley adds, "I used no argument to induce her to alter her resolution." On reflection next day, he thought this "a narrow escape"; but he could not bring himself to avoid a recurrence of the same danger. A few days later he is telling Miss Sophy in the garden that, *if* he marries at all, he will not do so until after he has been among the Indians. Whereat Miss Sophy very properly decides that thereafter she will discontinue her daily visits to the parsonage for prayers and French lessons. The Journal and Diaries for the next three weeks bear pathetic testimony to Wesley's struggle with his affection. On the advice of his friends Ingham and Delamotte, he goes away from Savannah; but he is back again in three days. He finds his duty calls him often to the Caustons. Meeting Miss Sophy there one day, he writes in his Journal: "This was, indeed,

an hour of trial. Her words, her eyes, her air, her every motion and gesture were full of such a softness and sweetness I know not what had been the consequence had I then but touched her hand. And how I avoided it I know not. Surely God is over all!" The next morning he sets down in his diary the resolve, "Not to touch even her clothes by choice. Think not of her." This state of mind evidently could not long be endured. Ever since the publication of Moore's Life of Wesley it has been believed that Wesley's final decision not to marry was due to the advice of the Moravian elders. One is rather glad to find that the Journal gives no indication that the Moravians gave any such advice. On the contrary, it was the sensible Moravian pastor, Töltschig, who "amazed" Wesley by telling him bluntly, "I see no reason why you should not marry her." The pronounced opposition to the marriage seems to have come rather from Ingham and Delamotte. It does not appear that they had anything to urge against the character of Miss Hopkey; they feared to lose the intimate companionship and coöperation of Wesley. When Ingham returned to England, Delamotte, left alone with his leader, fearing that the acquaintance must come to marriage very soon, urged Wesley, with tears, to break it off while he could. Finally, on the first of March, unable to bear the conflict longer, Wesley resolved to settle the matter by the means not infrequently his last resort. He prepared three lots. On the first was written, "Marry"; on the second, "Think not of it this year"; on the third, "Think no more of it." After praying with him, Delamotte drew—the third lot. Wesley accepted the decision as divine, with the solemn words: "O Lord God, thou God of my fathers, plenteous in mercy and truth, behold, I give thee, not thousands of rams or ten thousand of rivers of oil, but the desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart; the one thing upon earth which I longed for!"

One could wish the story had ended here. There could then have been nothing for which to reproach either of the lovers save, perhaps, a mistaken, but noble, devotion to duty and a certain strange ignorance of the human heart. The sequel is not quite so pleasant. The Caustons were evidently determined that Miss Hopkey should be married to somebody. She herself can hardly

be blamed if she felt inclined to resent what in a less devout lover would have seemed like trifling with her affections. And as to Wesley, though his sacrifice cost him keenest pain, he found half unconsciously a little consolation in Miss Sophy's declaration that she should never marry at all. It was the despairing mood of Hamlet to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery, go!" It was, therefore, with painful surprise that, a week after his solemn decision, when calling on the Caustons, he learned from her aunt, that Miss Hopkey was practically engaged to a Mr. Williamson. The fact seems to have been that the Caustons, who were, of course, ignorant of Wesley's final decision, thought to force him to a proposal by playing a rival against him. Wesley said later, had he known that, "I could not have stood that shock. I should have incurred any loss rather than she should have run that hazard of losing both her soul and body." For Williamson was a violent, worthless character, with a certain plausible respectability. Next day Causton came to Wesley and to any less unsophisticated person he would have made it clear that he was trying to drive him to a direct proposal; but Wesley only says: "Had he then *said plainly,* 'If you please you may have her still, but if you won't, another will,' I know not what might have been the event." That evening Wesley saw her alone for a few moments, and upbraided her with having broken her promise. The poor girl could only say, over and over again: "Why, what could I do? I can't live in that house. I only promised Mr. Williamson if no objection offered. But what can I do?" Plainly, to every one but Wesley, she had allowed herself—too weakly, perhaps—to be forced into a situation from which she hoped Wesley might release her; and he could not come to her rescue. Ten days later she was married at Perrysburg, a village some distance from Savannah, without any calling of the banns, and by a clergyman of doubtful character.

What remains of the story, it may be admitted, is not quite creditable to Wesley's judgment or charity. Williamson not unnaturally disliked that his wife should have any further acquaintance with Wesley. He declined to enter the parsonage or to allow his wife to do so. Wesley saw her several times and exhorted her to continue in the performance of her religious duties,

from which, it may be inferred, her husband had been trying to dissuade her. Once Wesley admits that he went so far as to advise her to obey God rather than man. But she did not regularly attend the communion; she was frequently absent from prayers. Wesley listened to some silly gossip from a Mrs. Brownsfield about Mrs. Williamson, and then asked Mr. Brownsfield whether he could trust what Mrs. Brownsfield had told him. Finally, four months after her marriage, he wrote Mrs. Williamson, in what he thought a most mild and friendly manner, a letter that can hardly be called quite generous or quite just. After upbraiding her for the neglect of various religious observances he adds that all these things are small in comparison with "the course of deliberate dissimulation" of which she had been guilty with him and Mr. Williamson, and concludes with a demand that she own her faults. It is impossible to find in Mrs. Williamson's conduct before her marriage, as Wesley himself has described it, anything to justify a charge of deliberate dissimulation; most readers must think that in making it Wesley was actuated by a feeling in which sorrow was mixed with a half-unconscious resentment. As was to be expected, Mrs. Williamson took no notice of the letter, though there is reason to believe that it seriously affected her health at a critical period. A month later Wesley publicly repelled her from the holy communion. The same evening, when a friend expostulated with her for not preventing this affront by offering Mr. Wesley the apology his letter called for, she replied with pardonable heat, "No; I will not show such a meanness of spirit as to speak to him about it myself; but somebody else shall!" The proceedings subsequently taken by Williamson are well known, as they are recounted at some length in the original extract of the Journal printed in 1739. Wesley's action in repelling Mrs. Williamson from the communion was doubtless well within his right; but it is not surprising that his motives were questioned, or that the agitation which followed ended his usefulness in the Georgia colony.

This Sophy Hopkey episode is doubtless of only minor importance in Wesley's career, but it probably had more to do than has hitherto been recognized with the depression and restlessness

of the months immediately following his return to England. At all events, if the story is to have place in his biography, it is well that it should be told thus fully and truly, as it is in this new edition of the Journal. It is, moreover, interesting as an illustration, in his early years, of a phase of Wesley's character which, as all those familiar with his life will remember, shows itself in various ways throughout his career. In another place I have noticed how this was shown in his literary judgments—in his love for Prior's most sentimental verse, his interest in Sterne's Sentimental Journey, his extravagant admiration for that most tearful of novels, Brooke's Fool of Quality. In this union of a vein of romantic sentimentality with a temperament essentially reasoning and practical, Wesley curiously represents the spirit of his age, that mid-eighteenth century period of transition from Pope to Goldsmith, when both in society and in literature classicism and aristocracy were giving place to sentimentalism and democracy.

C. T. Winchester

Art. IV.—TENNYSON'S MEN. II

III. The Lovers

Tennyson makes much of love. His poetry is sunny with it; and I love him for it. For love is so blessed, and is not only the essence of God, but also the essence of every good man's and every good woman's life. Had Love and he not been kinsmen, Tennyson could not have been laureate for England and the Anglo-Saxon race; for the Anglo-Saxon is a lover. In the long ago, when Tacitus, in his Agricola, takes measure of the German tribes fronting the Northern Sea, he puts practically foremost in his estimate the regard in which women were held by these barbarians. And Anglo-Saxondom, outgrowth of these long-since barbarians, has kept this fealty to womanhood and improved upon it until, by the blessing of Christ and his gospel, which has preëmpted the Anglo-Saxon character, its manly love and domesticity have come to be preëminent characteristics of this preëminent race of the present day of the world. Tennyson himself was much the lover. His love for his friend Arthur Hallam eventuated in a poem of sorrow and of hope such as literature knows of not another. Whatever deductions may be made from "In Memoriam," the fact will hold it to be a precious exhibition of the love of a capacious heart. And Tennyson's love for his wife and children is as sweet as any poetry his hand ever penned. Out of these things have grown the multicolored flowers of human passion with which his poetry abounds; and as a body reads the bulk of his poetry it will prove really a revelation to observe how continuously love either laughs aloud or sobs aloud in his abundant verse. In "The Day Dream," betwixt the prince and the princess is the human heart-argument put so that it can never be eluded or defied. So long as men and women live, so long will men and women love. In Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" just one thing in particular I miss, namely, children. Not a child romps along those halls at Camelot nor sings along the shaded ways among the forests primeval of that early kingdom. "Œnone," "Mariana," and hosts of poems besides show the perpetual gushing up of the love element in him.

Count Frederigo, in "The Falcon," makes us love him, since he does not guess at his sacrifice. And that is how love is—that is what love is.

Romney, in "Romney's Remorse," is love at failure. He is an artist who has deserted his wife through many years—indeed, the bulk of their common lifetime—because he had heard an artist's judgment that a man weighted with a wife could not become a great artist. And after having devoted a lifetime to his efforts, himself, deserted of his friends at last and all but reasonless, goes back to find his deserted wife loyal to him still; and this poem is the rush of scarifying self-castigation which his conduct deserved, and shows that not himself but his wife was truly artist. She was artist and picture both. He, neither. His sob dries in his throat:

> O yes, I hope, or fancy that perhaps
> Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence—
> For you forgive me, you are sure of that—
> Reflected sends a light on the forgiven.

The lover, name unknown and unneeded, in "The Ballad of Oriana," by a chance arrow, meant for a foe, slew his love, who from the battlement was watching her lover in the fight, and, though no fault is on him, his loss is plainly more than he can bear. His sob comes from his heart:

> I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
> Oriana.
> Thou comest atween me and the skies,
> Oriana.
> I feel the tears of blood arise
> Up from my heart unto my eyes,
> Oriana.
> Within thy heart my arrow lies,
> Oriana.
>
> When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
> Oriana,
> I walk, I dare not think of thee,
> Oriana.
> Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
> I dare not die and come to thee,
> Oriana.
> I hear the roaring of the sea,
> Oriana.

In "The Princess" three lovers have their way, Florian, Cyril, and the Prince, but their portraits need not be drawn save that of the Prince. To name them is enough. They loved and were loved. Let that suffice. The Prince is worthy to be seen, for, though a king-to-be, he truly loved and like a man. The portrait of himself is such it were better to let his laureate and ours do all the portrait-painting. The Prince, chief lover in "The Princess," is a study in loverhood which cannot fail to make us better who have studied him:

> A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
> Of temper amorous as the first of May,
> With lengths of yellow ringlets like a girl,
> For on my cradle shone the Northern star.
> . . . . . .
> And still I wore her picture on my heart,
> And one dark tress; and all around them both
> Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

And when ambassadors are sent to claim the bride, she

> Loved to live alone
> Among her women; certain, she would not wed.
> . . . . . .
> At last,
> From hills that look'd across a land of hope,
> We dropt with evening on a rustic town
> Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve
> Close at the boundary of the liberties.
> . . . . . .
> My heart so thick with passion and with woe.
> . . . . . .
> And I that prated peace, when first I heard
> War-music, felt the blind wild beast of force,
> Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
> Stir in me as to strike.

And how he fought for love is here set down:

> "Yea," answered I, "for this wild breath of air,
> This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
> Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye will.
> It needs must be for honor if at all:
> Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
> And if we win, we fail: she would not keep her compact."

And how he did not fight in vain the conclusion of the beautiful medley tells.

Pelleas is not lover at its best, because love at its best keeps hope and heart; but he is lover still. Though he is lover and achiever and blunderer at the last, and lost, I have ranked him among lovers, for love was his empowerer and his doom:

> And beholding him so strong, she thought
> That peradventure he will fight for me,
> And win the circlet.
> . . . . . .
> And Pelleas looked
> Noble among the noble, for he dreamed
> His lady loved him, and he knew himself
> Loved of the King: and him his new-made knight
> Worshipt, whose lightest whisper moved him more
> Than all the ranged reasons of the world.
> . . . . . .
> She spake; and at her will they couched their spears,
> Three against one:
> . . . . . .
> And Pelleas overthrew them, one to three;
> And they rose up, and bound, and brought him in.

Pelleas said to his false love:

> "I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn:
> I had liefer ye were worthy of my love
> Than to be loved again of you—farewell;
> And tho ye kill my hope, not yet my love,
> Vex not yourself: ye will not see me more."
> . . . . . .
> But Pelleas, leaping up,
> Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on his horse
> And fled:

And on meeting one who asked his name,

> "I have no name," he shouted; "a scourge am I,
> To lash the treasons of the Table Round."
> "Yea, but thy name?" "I have many names," he cried:
> "I am wrath and shame and hate and evil fame,
> And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast
> And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen."
> "First over me," said Lancelot, "shalt thou pass."
> "Fight therefore," yelled the other, and either knight
> Drew back a space, and when they closed, at once
> The weary steed of Pelleas floundering flung
> His rider, who called out from the dark field,

"Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I have no sword."
Then Lancelot, "Yea, between thy lips—and sharp;
But here will I disedge it by thy death."
"Slay then," he shriek'd, "my will is to be slain."

Pelleas lost his faith, and so, in truth, his love was lost.

The lover in "Maud" is hysterical. Leave that to women, whose nerves are finer than men's and, so, easily put out of tune. He has a touch of madness on him. He talks about suicide. He rants so as to dissuade any sane woman from loving or wanting him. He is awry at the world in general, has scant real self-respect, leers at wealth, and is all and in all as dubious a specimen of a lover as can be well imagined. He feels his own pulse and is absorbingly selfish. He calls: "Come into the garden, Maud, while I wait here alone," though really as we see him it passes understanding why she should care to go to the garden—or any place else—to see him. He farms his sensations, thinking to awake her pity. Excuse us from this sorry study in the pathology of love.

Julian, in "The Last Supper," moves us as to a flood of tears. His love is volcanic and summerlike in one. He loves so that he knew renunciation, which is love come to noon. His beloved, wedded to another, he brings back from death to life, and then gives back the woman to her husband amid surprise which makes her husband dumb. Julian has such a royal stock of manhood in loverhood and loverhood in manhood as that when he sets out on his lonely journey we look after him with eyes misty as with mountain fogs, and his life reads like a dream of the poets. Edwin Morris knew what love was:

"Give?
Give all thou art," he answered, and a light
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;
"I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear
Her lightest breath: her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise. I went and came;
Her voice fled always through the summer land;
I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days!
The flower of each, those moments when we met;
The crown of all, we met to part no more."

Eustace is told of in "The Gardener's Daughter"; and his love taught his eyes vision and his fingers skill, as averred his brother painter:

> "Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived—
> A more ideal Artist he than all—
> Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
> Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
> More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

And this brother painter, having met the Gardener's Daughter, grows wondrous wise and thought life then begun.

> Where was he,
> So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
> At such a distance from his youth in grief,
> That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
> So gross to express delight, in praise of her
> Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
> And Beauty such a mistress of the world.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A crowd of hopes
> That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
> Born out of everything I heard and saw,
> Fluttered about my senses and my soul;
> And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
> To one that travels quickly, made the air
> Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought
> That verged upon them sweeter than the dream
> Dreamed by a happy man when the dark East,
> Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

He sees his heaven as all lovers must.

> Half light, half shade,
> She stood, a sight to make an old man young.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I that whole day
> Saw her no more, altho' I lingered there
> Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
> Beam'd thro' the thickened cedar in the dusk.

Love knows not time when lovers meet.

> There sat we down upon a garden mound,
> Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
> Between us, in the circle of his arms
> Enwound us both; and over many a range
> Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
> Across a hazy glimmer of the west,

Revealed their shining windows: from them clashed
The bells; we listened; with the time we played.

She was his; and then all words were mute.

Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, "Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day." Here, then, my words have end.

He has her picture when she is no more and hides it from the sight of all, save now and then some friend he loves above the others, saying to him as he lifts the veil:

My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessèd memory of mine age.

What man in love has not feasted his eyes as in "The Miller's Daughter"?

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darkened there.

The morning is so sweet. Love grows more dear, not less, as days go by. He has his wife to sing:

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set,
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vain regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah. no! no!

. . . . . .

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;

Memory and love are visions sweet:

> Arise, and let us wander forth,
> To yon old mill across the wolds;
> For look, the sunset, south and north,
> Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
> And fires your narrow casement glass,
> Touching the sullen pool below:
> On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
> Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

The lover of "The Sisters" has memory and anguish and regret. He drinks love's rue and not love's wine.

Lord Ronald, of "Lady Clare," has the right ring. We take him for a man, and are not mistaken.

The "Lord of Burleigh" heartens us. He is in his condition noble, but as an artist he meets and loves the one woman of his choice, who for him rejoices to go whither he will. She feels so rich, but love is love to this man, noble though a nobleman. He marries to suit his heart. May such as he become more plentiful!

The son of "The Northern Farmer" has the right of it. His father is a piece of soggy wood. He says:

> "Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean a-talkin' o' thee;
> Thou's been talkin' to muther, and she bean a-tellin' it me.
> Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's lass—
> Noa—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boath on us thinks tha an ass.
>
> "Seea'd her to-day goa by—Saaint's daay—they was ringing the bells.
> She is a beauty, thou thinks—and soa is scoors o' gells,
> Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's beauty?—the flower as blaws.
> But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws."

Truly, that so dubious a specimen of a man could have a son who could be so sure enough a man is good to consider; and we hope the son of the Northern Farmer may redeem his father's name from the shame of the empty heart.

IV. Religious Men

These Tennyson men have been written of in ascending series. The workers are engaging as a field when the corn is ripe and the huskers are mid-most in the husking. Lovers are blessed as the odors of wild grapes in bloom joined to the excellency of the

clustered fruit. Religious men are those for whom the world was built and for whom the heavens are property. They are those who are trying to be like God. As God is King of heaven, even so the religious man is king in the world. He has the air of the commander. He controls the dispensations of mankind. Jesus said of good men, "Ye are the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." He weighed his words and they need not to be retracted. Age on age bears testimony to their accuracy. As earth cannot keep house without light, nor can keep housekeeping without salt, so history is a paralytic without goodness. Good men are a necessity beyond anything we can name, and are the real riches of human kind, and therefore we cannot value them too highly as an asset of history. God knows: and he persists in thinking good men the necessities of the world and its saviours from destruction. When, therefore, religious men are placed as the June flower of manhood, we are classifying discreetly, God being the Judge. And we hold his judgments to be true and righteous altogether, and if this trampling host of Tennyson men is his religious host, then—ready! Let them march.

Of "Sir John Oldcastle" we may say a man speaks in this musing monody:

> For I am emptier than a friar's brains;
> But God is with me in this wilderness,
> These wet black passes and foam-churning chasms—
> And God's free air, and hope of better things.
>
> I woud I knew their speech, not to glean—
> Not now—I hope to do it—some scattered ears,
> Some ears for Christ in this wild field of Wales—
> . . . . . .
> So, caught, I burn.
> Burn? Heathen men have borne as much as this
> For freedom, or the sake of those they loved,
> Or some less cause, some cause far less than mine;
> For every other cause is less than mine.
> The moth will singe her wings, and, singed, return,
> Her love of light quenching her fear of pain—
> How now, my soul, we do not heed the fire?
> Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomach'd! faint as I am,
> God willing, I will burn for him.
> . . . . . .

My friends await me yonder? Yes.
Lead on then. *Up* the mountain? Is it far?
Not far. Climb first and reach me down thy hand.
I am not like to die for lack of bread,
For I must live to testify by fire.

Among the manly men whom Tennyson has delighted to honor let us not forget to list the name of the king's fool, who, whoever else was false to Arthur, himself was true, and who has all the fealty of the fool in Lear with none of that fool's bitterness. The words of Arthur's fool are perfumed with cleanness or are drenched with tears.

Columbus, in the poem of that name, I class among religious men rather than among workers, because the phase of his character the poet handles here is a Christian phase. Columbus had come from the world he discovered, brought home in chains, and is forsaken and poor in his forlorn apartment where once kings had been glad to come. There the poet finds him. The visit recalls the discoverer's past to his memory. He is not braggart, but retails his story. He is self-respecting, religious, and of gloomy sorrow. He knows he did a man's day of work. Kings cannot dismantle him of service. So he looks at the chains swinging at his bed's head as trophies of his sorrow, and takes retrospect to see how they were earned:

Chains, my good lord: in your raised brows I read
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.
We brought this iron from our isles of gold.
. . . . . .
Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him
Who pushed his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sailed the Dragon's mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are admirals of the Ocean, we,
We and our sons forever.

His voice lifts as he pronounces: "I have accomplished what I

came to do." He dreamed a dream, but once again he had voyage,

> And I saw
> The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat
> Through all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,
> Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
> Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,
> Jacinth and amethyst—and those twelve gates,
> Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I shall die—
> I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life,
> To walk within the glory of the Lord.

He knows that in his life once

> *There* was a glimmering of God's hand.
> And God
> Hath more than glimmered on me.
> . . . . . .
> And more than once in days
> Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope
> Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice:
> "Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,
> Fear not." And I shall hear his voice again—
> I know that he has led me all my life,
> I am not yet too old to work his will—
> His voice again.

He lifts eyes upon his chains.

> You see that I have hung them by my bed,
> And I will have them buried in my grave.

And characterizes himself as one

> Whose life has been no play with him and his
> Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,
> Mutinies, treacheries.

Undaunted and undauntable by unknown seas, by mutinous men, by unjust imprisonment, by poverty, neglect, derision, Columbus abides, Columbus, high admiral of the seas!

Sir Richard Grenville of "The Revenge" is achiever too, whom I have placed among the religious men because in this poem his character stands out like sea cliffs seen through storm. Lord Howard with a fleet of six ships of the line has sighted fifty-three ships of the Spanish fleet and, declaring himself no coward,

declares he must flee because his ships are out of gear and half of his men are sick. Sir Richard replies that ninety men or more of his lie sick ashore, and that himself would be coward did he desert them to "the devildom of Spain." Lord Howard sails away, and Sir Richard Grenville puts on board his little ship his ninety wounded men "Very carefully and slow," and "laid them on the ballast down below." He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight. But with them he fought the fleet of Spain.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
. . . . . .
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

Sir Richard is undismayed.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And Sir Richard, seeing,

Forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side.

Then he cried:

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?"

This man has learned much, for he rose up on their decks and cried:

"I have fought for my Queen and faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

This man has lit his lamp at some celestial fire.

Sir Galahad has the

. . . . strength of ten
Because his heart is pure.

He has the manliness of purity. He has learned his religion of God. He keeps his heart with all diligence, knowing that out of it are the issues of life.

The clouds are broken in the sky
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

The clerk in the poem "Sea Dreams" may find his place among religious men because he forgave. His enemy has ruined him, but he mustered up his weak strength and does the act which has been learned of God. Forgiveness of enemies is robust Christianity.

Saint Simeon Stylites has half-way view conceptions of religion, but he has religion. Had he seen the better way of serving men, by working with them and for them, he had been as indefatigable as Paul or Wesley. But to him religion is self-inflicted suffering. He thinks religion is the art of getting self saved. It is a pity that with so large a grip upon the essence of religion, which is getting self saved to the end of saving others, that he is "Battering the gates of heaven with the storms of prayer." Thrice ten years he lived on his pillar, "A sign be-

twixt the meadow and the cloud." He has the right view of sin. He sees it in all its shame. Hear his voice: "Have mercy, mercy! cover all my sin." While devils swarm he says, "I smote them with the cross." There is much manhood upon the head of Saint Simeon Stylites.

Of King Arthur I have written at length in another place. So for him in this place this word: In wooing, in marriage, in battles manifold, in palace, on throne, among his knights, against the heathen hordes, in conquest and defeat, girt round by adulation or bereft of friends save one; when love lit his palace as tabernacle light, or when, his wife all false, he lifts his eyes to see the palace dark, and stands under the falling rain ready to ride into that battle from which he shall be borne to die—in all he wore the white flower of a blameless life. Religion was his life. In his character he is all a king. And so he nor his kingdom ever falls into decay.

Among Tennyson's religious men Tennyson must have his place. Out of his simple manliness of heart he drew as from a living well this manly company. They are his heart's desire and his heart's offspring. Only to the pure heart were such pure men indigenous. It were a worthy task, if space allowed, to take from all his poems such passages as are clearly revelational of the poet's self. "Merlin and the Gleam" is autobiographic. I feel Tennyson through every music-making line. He is Merlin following the gleam. In "In Memoriam" he is sounding the depths of the deep heart. Doubts struggling toward faith and kindling to a song, spirit which will not stop with graves, faith which will not end in doubt, are condensed in "In Memoriam" and may be criticized as the battle in the open of the strong man to brave his way through pessimism to optimism. And the battle succeeded. In "The Deserted House" is sung the goal to which the moving of this brave poet brings him:

> Come away: for Life and Thought
> Here no longer dwell;
> But in a city glorious—
> A great and distant city—have bought
> A mansion incorruptible.
> Would they could have stayed with us!

Himself may stand the poet of "The Poet's Song":

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

His perception of the insufficiency of culture is greatly retained, dramatically retained, in "The Palace of Art." The teaching of the poet is poured out in the concluding quatrain:

Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.

His sense of the immanence of God is read in

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies
If I understood you, root and all,
I should know what God and man is.

His safe reliance on God in death or life is passed into song for all the coming Christian centuries. He called the poem "Crossing the Bar," and left command that to all time that song should stand as conclusion to his poems:

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far;
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

He died in the moonlight, restfully, with a volume of "Cymbeline," lying in his white hand on the coverlet; and the book was open at the song:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

I conclude this essay on Tennyson's religious men with him who seems to me to sum up the very best and incarnate the very divinest. This man is Enoch Arden. The poem says, "So passed that strong, heroic soul away." But therein is the poem wrong. Enoch Arden cannot pass away. He is an immortality.

He is shipwrecked on a lonely isle. There

Had not his poor heart
Spoken with That which, being everywhere,
Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

He kept his love for Annie through the homesick years. Rescued at last, his speech was fettered like a bondsman's limbs. Shambling his words came back. His vessel doddered through the emerald seas, but at the last he comes to his old-time port, himself a wreck, to find his life a wreck, his wife wedded, his children forgetful of his life or death, and on Annie's breast a baby not his:

Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore, turning softly, like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall
Lest he should swoon, and tumble, and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt but that his knees
Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace."

. . . . . .

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced: but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the narrow street he went,
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

When sickness comes on him:

Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

He rehearsed to Miriam Lane:

He told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it,

which any heart not stone weeps at as Miriam Lane did as she heard it. To the last his thought is Annie:

"She must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after life."

He turns his face toward the life to come:

"And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it;
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe, in bliss, wherefore when I am gone
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;
It will moreover be a token to her that I am he."

One night

There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved!" and so fell back and spoke no more.

And in that fishing-cove upon the cliff a stranger lay dead, and on his face a rest, the calm of God. And in the coming triumph of those who have come up through great tribulation in soldiership for God, bearing their scars, be sure this sweet, strong Enoch Arden will appear.

W. A. Quayle.

Art. V.—GILBERT K. CHESTERTON AS ARTIST AND THINKER

If we are to accept Mr. Chesterton's own view of himself, we must think of him as a blithe, cosmic gentleman; a jolly mariner shipwrecked on the green shores of earth; a serious apostle of nonsense and comicality. To doubt for an instant that he is terribly in fun, hilariously in earnest, would be to do him an injustice. His art is consciously an art guided by violence, not by repose. He strides into the literary arena with sword and drum and dynamite, but he comes to infect the world with laughter, not to afflict it with slaughter. He heads a relief party with first aid to solemn philanthropists, æsthetes, and philosophers. He is "a fellow of infinite jest," but the explosive principle that lies at the heart of his jest is an intensely serious philosophy of life.

Mr. Chesterton has achieved distinction early. He was born May 29, 1874, in a middle-class English home where speculation was rife, and, for the most part, destructive in character. His parents were Liberals both in politics and religion. Though under no compulsion either to read the Bible or to attend church, he did both. The family attended Bedford Chapel, and enjoyed the eloquent and spiritual ministry of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, in whose large, genial, and humane religious views they all seem to have participated. The boy's favorite poets were Scott and Macaulay. Later he read with natural avidity Dickens, Thackeray, and Shakespeare. There is no record of any other literary enthusiasms up to the time he entered Saint Paul's School at twelve years of age. At school he was startlingly original—more than once to the confusion of his masters; and, as might be expected, he was a total nonconformist in matters of school discipline. Neither the still small voice of scholarship, nor the mighty rushing wind of athletic fame awoke in him a responsive chord, but he read incessantly, and scrawled pictures in his books wherever blank space offered. He was, and still is, ridiculously and incurably absent-minded. While still in the lower form he won the "Milton Prize" for verse. He was the founder and first

chairman of "The Junior Debating Club," organized for the purpose of reading Shakespeare, but soon turned into a forum for debate. The club had its own literary organ, The Debator; and in this club and through the pages of this magazine, the boy Chesterton entered on his career as an intellectual pugilist; a career he has ever since pursued, and one which, I doubt not, he will practice throughout eternity. His contributions, which had to do with politics and religion, were strangely destitute of humor. At sixteen he was a belligerent agnostic. A year later, at the close of his school days, it was decided that he should be an artist, and he went to study at the Slade Studio. But he did not devote himself very strenuously to art; and it soon became apparent that his real bent was for literature. Even before he left the studio he began contributing art criticisms and reviews to The Bookman, and, in 1900, he definitely adopted the career of a journalist. In June of the same year he married Miss Frances Blogg. For the past nine years he has been conspicuous as a journalist and author. His activity is incessant, his literary output enormous. Each week he contributes regularly a column article to The London Daily News, and a page article to The Illustrated London News; he writes voluminously for other periodicals, supplies introductions to a multitude of books, engages freely in journalistic controversies, and is the author of fifteen different books. Two other works—Thackeray, in The Masters of Literature Series, and Thomas Hood, in the English Men of Letters Series—are announced as soon to be issued. In the catalogue of the Bodleian Library there are forty-six separate entries under his name.

When he was twenty-five years of age the Boer war came on; and, with the opening of hostilities, he sprang into fame as a journalist. He became a violent anti-imperialist, dealing the war party at home blows as fierce and demoralizing as the infuriated Boers were laying upon the army in South Africa. It seemed strange to many of his countrymen that he should assume such an attitude at this crisis. But his course is not difficult to explain when we understand two fundamental characteristics of the man: his incurable romanticism and his militant temper always taut

with positive conviction. He held the chivalric Stevensonian doctrine that war is a glorious thing only when it is prosecuted against odds; and, more important still, he had a perfectly distinct and burning gospel of patriotism to preach. He believes that it lies in the very nature of patriotism to cleave to the small civic unit, that the virtue of patriotism is most intense when it can set its affection upon a State that has definite and concrete boundaries. He would almost assert that the ideal nation would be a city or State so compact that it could be brought readily within the comprehension of the physical senses. I am certain he would say that it must not be so vast and so complex as to defy perfectly clear definition, and instant realization to the imagination of the most commonplace citizen. And this leads to the briefest possible mention of his cherished doctrine of democracy; for his doctrine of democracy inheres with his theory of the State. By democracy he means that the essential things of life—the primitive, fundamental and inalienable things—all men hold in common; that the desire in man to have a hand in governing himself is among these primitive and inalienable instincts; and that in constructing their ideals of government men must realize the fact that no chain of government can be devised in which there will inhere more strength than the strength of its weakest link—the ordinary citizen. It was with doctrines like these burning in his brain that he fell upon the Philistines and imperialists who had precipitated the Boer War. It seemed to him that England, with its iron-clad cohorts, was endeavoring to stamp out a sacred fire of nationality guarded desperately but hopelessly by a mere Spartan band of rough farmer patriots. He held that no nation has a right to deprive another nation of its independence—its life. He saw in imperialism the assassin of genuine patriotism. He marshaled the decayed empires of the world in imaginary procession before the eyes of his readers to show the transiency and the futility of imperialistic government, and the sanity and abiding character of patriotism as such; and he attacked the cold cosmopolitanism of men like Bernard Shaw—so intent upon the welfare of humanity that they are not able to perceive the concrete needs of actual human beings who crave a fagot for their dying fire, or a drink of

cold water in their mortal extremity. No wonder that he grew famous and unpopular!

Mr. Chesterton's religious experience reads like a fairy tale. He was never in doubt as to the essential goodness of the universe. During boyhood he enjoyed life as any healthy pagan does; his early agnosticism was a juvenile fashion; a mere youthful disease of intellect. The world has always been for him a place of enchantment. There was never a sunrise that he did not greet with expectancy. If we are to trust his own account, he has found existence continually fraught with wonder and delight. He solemnly asserts that his first and last philosophy has been the philosophy of the nursery. Even now, the terms that satisfy him best in attempts to describe the processes of nature are not such terms as "law," "tendency," "necessity," but such terms as "charm," "magic," "witchery." "It is the man who talks about a law he has never seen who is the mystic." For his part, he sees nothing irrational or fantastic in the assertion that "a tree grows fruit because it is a magic tree," or in the statement that "water runs down hill because it is bewitched." And inhabiting thus a charmed world, a magic cosmos, crammed with astonishment, adventure, and opportunity, he has never felt it a hardship to accept the customary limits of fairyland; for, by prearranged statute, in this realm all joy is conditional; a perpetual "if" hangs over the head of every citizen of this golden land. Enter one may, but always with well-understood reservations. Up to his seventeenth year, without rhyme or reason, the boy thus thankfully accepted both the joy and the mystery of existence. It was at this juncture, as he stepped from the schoolroom into the world, that he got his first cosmic vision. It came in the nature of a sort of primordial bump. He read Leaves of Grass, and through it first felt the tremendous impact of Walt Whitman's personality. It caused him to see stars, and worlds, and celestial spaces, and joy, and life abundant. In short, it cleared his views, gave him reasons for the faith that had all the time been in him, "revealed to him the whole divine democracy of things." He still walks in the light of that vision; and, though he has departed in some fundamental respects from the world-view of Whitman, he

still exalts him to a first place among the world's seers. Very powerfully too, a little later than this, he felt the influence of Browning and Stevenson. Preëminently these three men lighted the signal fires along the path he was destined to pursue. It was not their optimism alone that appealed to him—their resiliency of spirit and joy in life—they conveyed to him some revelation of the grotesqueness and comicality at the heart of things; a hint which certainly found rich soil in his jovial and exuberant nature. But he found the spirit of the age quite at variance with the chief articles of his boyish creed. His two main tenets were, first, that the world just as he found it—mysteries, limitations, reservations and all—was a gay, cozy, and exciting world; and, second, in view of all the jolly mystery, and marvel, and beauty that he inherited as a surprised and favored citizen of time, that it would be nothing more than modest and gentlemanly to accept the gift without demur—just as it came plump into his possession. But the current philosophy was counter to all this. The weary wise men of earth he found groaning under the iron sway of Calvinism, scientific fatalism, materialism. He encountered the doctrine of necessity and the spirit of pessimism. Man is not what he chooses to be, but what he must be. The universe is a machine grinding in blind agony through the centuries. There is nothing wondrous, or joyous, or adventurous in the universe at all. Life repeats itself, not by divine fiat, but by stolid and necessary repetition. It was some time before he was able to make things clear to himself in this murky atmosphere of skepticism and despair; but at last he saw clearly that the age was wrong, and that he had been in the right. He even took a step in advance. His former conviction that facts are "miracles, in the sense that they are wonderful," he elevated into the firm conclusion that they are "miracles also in the stricter sense that they are willful." To his early faith that the world involved magic, he added the new faith that it involved a magician likewise; "and this pointed a profound emotion always present and subconscious; that this world of ours has some purpose; and if there is a purpose, there is a person." And so he saved his fairy bark of faith from shipwreck, and sailed on, confident that the gulfs would "wash him

down," and that he would yet "touch the happy isles." It was while he was holding his course thus—an idealist, an optimist, a supreme believer in spiritual things—that he made the crowning discovery of his life. He accidentally sighted the headlands of Christianity; and as feature after feature of the landscape began to stand forth in sharp outline, found, to his astonishment, that this was his homeland, the fairy world of his boyhood, the continent of his mature desire. The story is a strange one, more interesting than any account of pirate, detective, or explorer, how he found in historic Christianity, which he had all the time ignored, the counterpart and fulfillment of the mystic creed which he had evolved independently, in accordance with his own needs and instincts. And so Mr. Chesterton has come to accept in its simplicity and its totality the orthodox dogmas of Christianity, substantially as they have been set forth in the Apostles' Creed; and has shown himself one of the most powerful Christian apologists of the twentieth century. The statement of his creed I need not give in detail. Everyone has read it, or may read it, in his recent book entitled Orthodoxy.

I first saw Mr. Chesterton in a formal debate at the Oxford Union. Later I conversed with him by his own fireside and at his own tea table; and no man can dispute that he is interesting wherever seen or however employed. But I am sure he must feel cramped and rebellious in conventional surroundings. Nor, though he has recently moved into a quaint, snug rural home, does he have any particular fondness for nature. London is his natural habitat. He is a creature of the hansom cab, the omnibus, the restaurant, and the public house. His enormous size, his picturesque cloak, his great crush hat, his ponderous, swinging gait, his uproarious laughter, his alliance with hansom cabs, his controversial eloquence when eating and drinking with bosom friends—render him almost as conspicuous in the region of Fleet Street as was Doctor Johnson in his day. He exalts the natural man, thoroughly enjoys *himself,* laughs heartily and unaffectedly at his own jokes, has a strong sense of comradeship, glorifies the sacredness of the marriage vow and the pure romantic love of one man for one woman, champions the cause of the common

man, and enjoys having his fling at aristocracy. He is genial, humane, and optimistic. His solitary fault is that he cannot find room under the broad mantle of his charity for the vegetarian and the teetotaler. He loves children and has curious, childlike tastes. "Toys," he says, "are not childish; they are merely human." He has a toy theater in his home, constructed with elaborate art, in which he takes great delight. He has a passion for swords; and never goes for a walk, into however peaceful a region, without a sword stick in his hand and a pistol in his pocket. Though he has no children, there are toy swords everywhere about his house; and when I asked him if he would show me his sword-stick he left the table with alacrity and went rummaging around the house to find his favorite one to exhibit to me. He goes about London with his pockets stuffed full of cheap magazines and sixpenny romances. He travels little, and, when he goes for an outing, prefers to go at random. "It is of enormous spiritual advantage," he says, "to know no geography. If you do not know where the lane at the end of your garden leads, you are on the edge of eternity." Indeed, the interpreting quality of Mr. Chesterton's personality is his romantic attitude toward life. He tingles with a "sense of the youth and adventurousness of the earth." He values the things of the world in proportion as they yield him the primitive sensations of wonder, love, and terror. He so shapes his life as to make it a continual detective story; and he is possessed of a rare gift whereby he is unable to see anything as commonplace. He lives in constant expectation of the unexpected. He does not pass down a street of London, or turn down a country lane, or call a hansom cab, or sit down to tea without the anticipation of some thrilling or hilarious adventure.

It is not sufficient to say that Mr. Chesterton is a brilliant and paradoxical writer. He is all this and much more. His work is uniformly characterized by lucidity, vigor, humor, and pugnacity. His sentences are as transparent as mountain air, and as invigorating. He creates no mist or shadow in which to lurk. He comes squarely into the open, and is a frank and hearty controversialist. His energy and versatility are magnificent. He

has an overflowing joy in life, and he often writes at the white heat of intellectual and moral passion. At times he writes passages of rhythmic beauty and sustained eloquence; now and then he reveals a splendid depth of sincerity—a flaming sense of righteous indignation. There are paragraphs in The Napoleon of Notting Hill, and Heretics, and Orthodoxy that are like the most brilliant sword-play in their lightness, swiftness, and ease. His humor is pervasive; his wit sudden and irresistible. He has a strangely penetrative eye for the comic and grotesque. His wit works characteristically by paradox, epigram, and incongruities too ludicrous for belief. After all, his humor is often tipped with the most pertinent and poignant truth. He asserts that "no one can be really hilarious but the serious man," and, again, that "frivolity is in a sense far more sacred than seriousness." He even avers that "it is the test of a good philosophy whether you can defend it grotesquely. It is the test of a good religion whether you can joke about it." From boyhood to the present time pugnacity has been one of his most marked characteristics. He loves argument; he delights in intellectual combat. And it is because he has instant and intelligent opinions on every social and moral issue, convictions as solid as granite, and the wit and the will to defend them before the world, that he has gripped men, and continues to be read with the utmost eagerness. It is true that a personality so vivid, and militant, and uproarious must betray an author into serious literary faults; and this is all too plainly illustrated in Mr. Chesterton. He grows too boisterous and extravagant; he is too prone to half-lights and exaggerated truths; he makes allusions to obscure and transient men and movements; he indulges in digressions; fails often in a delicate sense of fitness and proportion; and carries epigram and paradox to excess.

It is to be feared that Mr. Chesterton is terribly at ease in Zion with respect to literary style. In Heretics he says, "I, for one, confess that I am only slightly interested in literature as such." I tried gently to bring him under conviction for his sins against literary form; and, as a result, drew from him a really significant bit of biography. He said that when he began his

literary career the age was so stricken with apathy and cynicism that no ordinary literary method would secure attention. So he found it necessary to take the world by violence—to fire pistols and throw bombs. It was thus that he deliberately adopted the short sentence, epigram, antithesis, and paradox. He says that he writes as best he can; that he hopes there is a certain spontaneous fitness in his language, and that he does, of course, sometimes have a natural desire to achieve enduring literary fame. But he adds that his conception of fame is rather military; he likes to fire his guns and have his glory at once. He is never dull nor commonplace; in all he writes there is revealed a personality of extraordinary force and charm; he is often profoundly wise and original. Yet I fear that of all he has written not one work bears the magic stamp of indestructible art. "Art for art's sake" is a petty and despicable doctrine; but, on the other hand, there is in art a virgin quality that shrinks from what is common. And the ages are inexorable in their requirement that whatever is to be received into the bosom of eternity must have upon it the embalming seal of pure beauty. And so we could wish that one so young as Mr. Chesterton; so gifted at once with that "high seriousness," without which there can be no great art, and with that sportive valiancy that takes all humanity captive—we could wish that he might be granted both the vision and the austerity of purpose to achieve perfection in some limited field of endeavor.

Frank C. Lockwood

Art. VI.—ISRAEL'S LEGACY TO OUR AGE

New York used to be known as an Irish city. Not long ago a man, born in Ireland and coming to this country, became mayor of New York in less than eleven years after he landed at Castle Garden. The roll of our public officers, including the police and Board of Aldermen, looked like a leaf from the city directory of Cork or Dublin. Later, under the rigor of the military system of Germany, the Fatherland forced into exile and sent to us some of the best of her citizens. They were slow to discard their language and institutions and gave a strong Teutonic caste to many sections of our city. Nearly a third of our entire city population now speaks German. At least one of the very greatest orators, scholars, soldiers and statesmen whose names adorn the pages of our national history was a German expatriate, the late Carl Schurz. And now New York is fast becoming a Jewish city. In Jerusalem there are sixty thousand Jews; in New York City there are nearly or quite one million, three-quarters of whom have come to the United States within the past generation. Theaters where only Yiddish is spoken are putting in an appearance in new quarters yearly; daily papers in that tongue, the business signs of trades people and notices in public conveyances have made Hebrew familiar to young and old alike. One has but to attend daily the courts of justice in New York to see that the active bar of this city is composed in largest part of Jews. The young men admitted to the bar here the year past are fully sixty per cent. of them Jews. As the ghettos of Manhattan burst under the strain of increasing population new sections in the suburbs, like Brownsville, give welcome to the Jew. The Jewish population advances both through immigration and a high birth rate, for the Hebrew maiden aspires to be a wife and mother. Not waiting coyly for some man to propose, she seeks a schadchen, or marriage broker, and looks directly for a husband. When married she recognizes it not only as a religious duty but as a social distinction as well to have a large family of children.

Whatever else we may think of Abraham, we must honor him

for his great faith. He was the spiritual father of Islam as well as Israel, and wherever he wandered he built an altar to his God. His grave at Hebron is a sacred spot to Christian, Jew and Mohammedan alike. Intellectually the Jew is the giant of the race in all ages. Hebrew literature is rivaled only by the Greek. Moses as a priest and churchman may not maintain his leadership, but as a jurist and lawgiver his immortality is assured. If only one man can be credited with the authorship of the Psalms (and this is more than doubtful), his place is highest among the singers of mankind. The Jew may have established no missions or Bible societies, but what a missionary of Hebrew literature has he found in the Church of Christ! All the Scriptures that we call Christian were written by Jews; and the Lord's Prayer, so called, the Sermon on the Mount, and the most distinctive utterances of the Man of Nazareth were taken from Old Testament teachings. Every Jewish synagogue was and is a school. Piety and learning with the Hebrew go hand in hand. The head and heart share the same culture. The pious know-nothing has no honor in Israel. The saint is he who loves the law and the prophets and reads the Scriptures daily. The Hebrew child reveres his teacher just as he does his spiritual adviser. The passion of the Jews for intellectual culture is one of the wonders of the world. They are crowding into the learned professions of law and medicine, and are taking there the high rank they have held for many centuries in commerce, banking, and finance. They lend money to kings and determine the issue of wars. They are greater now than was Solomon in all his glory: for, though denationalized and far from Zion, they yet rule in the exchanges and money markets of London, Paris, and Berlin, as they do in New York and Chicago. The Jew of to-day is wiser than his fathers. The world is his, and not merely the wastes and wildernesses of Palestine, now cursed with poverty, ignorance, and tyranny, and rich only in traditions of holy places that are, nine tenths of them, frauds. We cannot spare the Jew from our civilization even if he were content to go back to Palestine, as he is not. The Jew of to-day has outgrown the ceremonial of Moses and makes no pilgrimage to the city of the great king. He has a nobler mission in our advancing age.

The Jew has survived the prejudice and hate of Christian England. In Blackstone's Commentaries on the English law (the great Sir William wrote in 1776, the date of American independence) the Jew is classed with the papist among cut-throats, felons, and bigamists, the off-scouring of the earth. To-day in London the Primrose League, a conservative political organization, recalls the glories and matchless services of Lord Beaconsfield, Benjamin d'Israeli, the once-despised Jew; and the Earl of Rosebery, Scotland's proudest peer, successor to Gladstone in the counsels of the throne, marries the heiress of the Rothschilds, and mingles his father's blood with the blood of Israel. And Gladstone himself, premier of England, calls to the gilded chamber of peers a Jew, who takes his oath as a lord of Parliament on the Hebrew Scriptures.

Our political institutions are English in their origin. Immigrants come here now to escape, not to transplant, the institutions of the Old World. Englishmen settled both at Jamestown and Plymouth. In the South they established the English Church; they welcomed Lord Baltimore, Lord Fairfax and other Old-World aristocrats; they established slavery and nourished the slave trade. In Massachusetts Englishmen set up a rule of tyranny that made Puritanism a byword; they exiled the noble Roger Williams; they worshiped God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and (as some wag has it) prevented others from doing the same. In the fullness of time all this was seen to be very wrong. Under the leadership of illustrious Americans, the great conception of religious liberty was seized and worked into the language of our Constitutions in both State and nation; and now we have the law everywhere the same, that there shall be no establishment of religion, and the free exercise thereof shall not be prohibited. Appropriations of public moneys in aid of sectarian institutions are likewise condemned by most broad-minded statesmen as un-American. Self-respecting churches no longer reach out their hands for charity from the taxpayer. But in the last constitutional convention in New York, notwithstanding popular petitions of unparalleled magnitude, a provision forbidding appropriations of public funds in aid of sectarian institutions was voted down on the

report of a committee of which Mr. Edward Lauterbach was an influential member. The argument was that the orphan needs religious instruction and that the State may well commit such instruction to sectarians of its father's faith.

What a fortune has the Jew found here in the city of New York, where the generous taxpayer lays forty million dollars nearly every year on the altar of learning! One public school in the ghetto has five thousand pupils, of whom only twenty-five are Christians. The Boys' High School of Brooklyn gets forty pupils each commencement from a single grammar school in Brownsville. The College of the City of New York has thousands of pupils, of whom ninety per cent are Jews; its buildings, ranking with the most beautiful and commodious college buildings in the world, cost six and a half million dollars. Night sessions are held, and every son of the common people can there get a college education of high rank at public expense. At the New York Normal College, now a college in fact as well as in name, the proportion of Jews is startlingly high. At the New York University Law School, and many other private institutions of higher learning, the Jewish students are generally in a clear and striking majority. At the public high schools the story is the same. The Jews get about all the honors of scholarship. Fraternity elections may be denied them by their fellow students, but the prizes, medals, and scholarships that are the reward of merit and the evidence of intellectual achievement fall into their possession. Even the honors of English eloquence and debate go to these sons of poverty and foreign birth. Jewish children are the most tractable to discipline. Corporal punishment is forbidden in the public school, but the Jewish parent still brings up his children according to Scripture. Any argument made by the teacher touching order and obedience is reënforced promptly and efficiently by discipline at home. Jewish children are so eager for learning that many high-school students, already regularly enrolled in the day classes, enter the night schools under false names. Pupils of Christian and American families are sometimes expelled from school for insubordination and various delinquencies, but seldom does this happen to a Jew. There are at present forty-eight members of

the Board of Education, and five of them are Jews—about one tenth of the Board; in influence and leadership, however, they make up for this disparity of numbers. The most influential member of the Board at present, on whose initiative it takes its most important action, is a Jew.

The Jews observe their holidays most religiously. The distinction between Jew and Gentile is a distinction not of race or nation but of faith. Let any man provoke the indignation of a son of Israel by some bitter or offensive term, or some sharp and odious discrimination, or some reproachful comment, and he will quickly hear himself rebuked for religious intolerance. And this is fair enough, and no more than he deserves. Some holidays, like Yom Kippur, are so strictly observed that schoolhouses are empty all day long. Christians have no ground for complaint because the Hebrew remembers his holy days, but there have been real and serious complaints about the so-called godless character of our public schools. Many imagine that, in deference to Roman Catholic sentiment, the King James Bible is no longer read to the pupils, and that, in deference to Jewish sentiment, none of the familiar national songs that chance to mention Christ and the Christian faith are preserved unaltered. It is useless to argue with these hopeless bigots, or to attempt to instruct them. They would draw the sword, if they could, and fight to the death, slaughtering Catholics and Jews to the glory of God and to the honor of the Prince of Peace. But the letter of the law remaineth. We find it in the charter of the city of New York, Section 1151, which excludes religious sectarians from any share in school funds, and forbids the use of dogmatic books, but expressly retains the Holy Scriptures, and forbids the Board of Education to exclude it or any version thereof without note or comment. Section 1151 provides that nothing therein contained "shall be so construed as to violate the rights of conscience, as secured by the Constitution of the State and of the United States." The Constitution of the United States says, in Article I of the Amendments:

> Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or preventing the due exercise thereof.

The Constitution of the State of New York is substantially

to the same effect. Section 3 provides for freedom of worship and religious liberty, as follows:

> The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this State to all mankind.

In the face of these provisions of the organic law, what shall we say of proposals like these: that Catholic children be taught by public authority and at public expense that the Holy Father sold indulgences to raise money to build the cathedral of Saint Peter's at Rome, such indulgences being free licenses to commit sin; or that Jewish children be taught by public authority and at public expense that Jesus of Nazareth was and is the Almighty and ever-living God, and that he was shamefully put to death by wicked Jews, on whom the wrath of God has ever since justly rested? Is not such instruction as grossly violative of the spirit and letter of the Constitution as the Percy-Gray Racetrack Bill is violative of the constitutional prohibition of pool-selling? And cannot anyone see that the only hope of preserving the faith and religious liberty of the fathers against a recrudescence of intolerance and persecution and governmental repression is to adhere tenaciously to the American principle that there shall be no union of church and state, and that no dollar of public funds shall ever be used for the propaganda of sectarian religious doctrine?

When the public treasury is resorted to for funds to maintain the teachings of any one church or sect, to the disparagement of the religious views of other tax-paying citizens, then the Constitution is violated, and religious liberty is no more.

Isaac Franklin Russell

Art. VII.—CHRISTIANIZING CHRISTENDOM

The church is the heart of Christendom. Christendom dominates the world. The five hundred millions of Christendom dominate the other twelve hundred millions of the human race. The metropolitan city of the world-conquering and controlling power is located on the banks of a narrow and scarcely navigable river. London is on an island, the southernmost part of which is north of the fiftieth degree of latitude. Except Liberia, Morocco, and Abyssinia, all Africa is divided among the nations of Europe. Great Britain has possessions in southern Africa of vaster dimensions than the entire home territory of the United States; and has practical possession of the entire valley of the Nile from Alexandria to the lake region, and will soon be operating a railway that will reach from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. She has thousands of islands, including the continental island of Australia, in all seas and oceans. She has under her flag territory in South America, and all of India with an ever-expanding boundary, and all of Canada, the north pole included. She owns the Suez Canal, and hers is Gibraltar, the gateway to the Mediterranean, and also Aden, the gateway to the Red Sea. And it deserves to be said that the three hundred and thirty millions of India were never so well governed, never so well cared for, and so safe from wars, pestilence, and famine as under her benignant rule; and Egypt was never so well governed since Joseph's day as under Lord Cromer and others like him.

In the meantime it is clearly manifest that in the last one hundred years Christianity has had a most phenomenal growth. Less than eighty years ago the best authority on the upper waters of the Nile was the Greek historian Herodotus, who was born more than four hundred years before Christ. But now, such men as the dauntless Christian Scotchman, David Livingstone, and the equally dauntless English-American, Henry M. Stanley—and may we not say the courageous and heroic American, Theodore Roosevelt?—with many others, especially the missionaries of the various Christian churches, have let the light in on the

Dark Continent, so that it is comparatively well known in all its length and breadth by the entire civilized world. Seventy-five years ago, and even less, Christianity was practically shut out of Japan, Korea, China, and Tibet; but now all countries are open to its advancing forces; and among all the people who inhabit them there is manifest a thrill of life and the upspringing of hope such as was not dreamed of at the dawning of the last century. We will dowell to remember that during the last one hundred years the human race has made most wonderful progress. In all history there is no century to be compared with it. Truly, there never were such wonderful achievements in the subjugation and utilization of the forces of nature for the blessing and benefit of mankind. In these years what matchless progress has been witnessed in every realm of thought and action! During all the centuries since Esculapius there was not so much progress in medicine and surgery as in the last hundred years. In the meantime steam and electricity have been thoroughly subjugated. Upon sea and land we witness most astonishing results. And now, with the touch of a finger tip, intelligence can be flashed, through the all-embracing ether, from the sand dunes of Cape Cod to the coast of Ireland, or from Boston or New York to Panama. It is a fact worthy of special consideration that while there are more than three quarters of a million patents recorded in the Patent Office at Washington, only one tenth of one per cent of this vast number of patents is the product of heathen brains. It is Christianity that develops the brain powers, and patents beneficial to mankind are the fruitage of Christian training. Again, we do well to remember that a hundred years ago every nation of Christendom was a slave-holding nation. The old rule of warfare was that all prisoners might properly be killed; if, however, the captors were merciful, the lives of the captured might be spared, but they must be doomed to slavery. In the good providence of God a man was raised up who about the time of our Revolutionary War gave utterance to a phrase that has moved the world. He was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford University; his name was John Wesley, and he declared that slavery was the "sum of all villainies." That thought was born of God, and it

rang through earth and sky, so that now there is not a slave to be bought or sold in any Christian country. To eradicate and destroy slavery it cost this nation of ours the lives of more than half a million of the best men that ever trod this green earth. It did this when every question at issue between the contending parties ought to have been settled without the loss of a single drop of blood. We all had the same Bible, the same Ten Commandments, the same Sermon on the Mount, and all worshiped the same God. If we had only been sufficiently Christian, we would have found some peaceful way of adjusting all our disputes and differences.

But there are present conditions that demand our most serious consideration. It is indeed a sad comment on human nature that evils which might be done away are tolerated and fostered by so called Christian nations. War involves the most lavish expenditure even in times of peace. The army and navy appropriations of Great Britain for the current year amount to nearly $340,000,000, while those of the United States amount, including pensions, to about $400,000,000. So that these two foremost and Protestant nations expend year by year something like $740,000,000 for warlike purposes. The very least that can be said of this is that it involves a shameful and wicked waste. Then the other nations of Christendom spend on their armies and navies something like $1,500,000,000. And all this by so-called Christian nations in the work of preparing for and training men to kill their fellow men. Something is wrong somewhere. Surely we are not living up to the ideal of the angelic song; we are not realizing the thought and teaching of the Prince of Peace. Well may we cry out, "Must this condition of affairs continue?" Must this awful waste deprive millions of people of the comforts of life to which they are justly entitled? There can be but one answer: Christendom must be Christianized. All good people in all lands must combine and demand that all international differences shall be settled by a high court of arbitration, whose decisions shall be absolutely and irrevocably final. Certainly the twentieth century dawns with brighter prospects for universal peace than ever before. Recent years have been fruitful in results that

give great hope for the future. Certainly many of the barbarities of war have been largely mitigated. Noncombatants and women and children are free from molestation in wars among civilized nations. The Red Cross representatives are recognized and protected in all lands. Then, again, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Norway, Honduras, the Suez Canal and the Straits of Magellan have been neutralized and no longer furnish battlefields for hostile armies. Again, by the action of the second Hague Conference it was agreed by the nations therein represented that unfortified cities should not be bombarded. Furthermore, we may well rejoice that in very recent years more than a hundred cases have been settled by arbitration.

It is certain that the Hague court will take decisive action concerning two very important measures. The first will be to insist upon a gradual but real and contemporaneous disarmament, and that without delay, with the distinct understanding that this process shall continue until armies and navies shall be reduced to the requirements of police duty in the enforcement of law and order. The second will be the establishment of a Supreme Court of Arbitration, made up of men carefully selected, the choicest, wisest, most unselfish and honorable men the nations can supply, so that all concerned must have absolute and unwavering confidence in this court, and be ready to abide unflinchingly by its awards and decisions. It is to be hoped that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has so generously furnished every possible facility for the comfort and convenience of the court at The Hague, will live to see these two measures adopted, and all Christendom enter into this new and Christian way of settling international differences. Finally, when a great, rich, and powerful nation advocates arbitration, the world will stop and listen and pay attention, especially when in the possession of the ten millions recently donated by Mr. Carnegie for the advancement of this humane and Christian movement. The census of 1910 shows that the United States has a population, in the homeland, of more than ninety millions. No other nation has an equal number of people so compact, of one language and homogeneous civilization. Our nation is fabulously wealthy, more wealthy than any other

two nations of Christendom. Besides this, we occupy the central portion of the central continent of the globe. These facts make it evident that opportunities, for weal or woe, are immeasurable; and it must be that our responsibilities are to be measured by our abilities and opportunities. It is worthy of notice that we have given the world a striking example in the matter of arbitration, especially in our relations with Great Britain. The Alabama affair is a case in point. The result the world knows. We received $15,000,000 as, at least, a recognition of the justice of our cause and a partial remuneration for the losses we had sustained. This affair was an object lesson for all Christendom, and its influence has been most effective, far-reaching, and salutary. Certainly we may be confident that the facts just set forth enabled our President, in the supremely opportune moment, to say to Russia and Japan, "Cease from your devastating war. Send your representative men to the peaceful resort by the sea side in New England, and there, under the shadow of the Star-Spangled Banner, find an end to the bloody strife."

Surely the day is not far distant when the three greatest nations the earth has ever known—Great Britain, the German Empire, and the United States—kindred by blood and by religious faith, will unite in a never-to-be-broken compact of peace and good will, agreeing, first of all, that all their differences and disputes shall be settled by arbitration; and then that they will jointly and contemporaneously proceed to an honest and thorough disarmament; and that they will use their utmost influence, both by precept and example, to induce all other nations of Christendom and of the whole world to live in peace with their neighbors: and, without a thought of resorting to war to avenge either real or imaginary wrongs, report every case to the Supreme High Court of Arbitration at The Hague, for immediate adjustment, and without murmuring or complaining accept the award. And may the God of peace hasten the joyful day!

W. F. Mallalieu

Art. VIII.—JOB AND THE MAN OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

A discriminating writer has declared that a select jury would judge the book of Job to be the greatest poem in the world's literature. If one seeks for the elements in the poem to confirm this dictum, they are not to be found in its epic or lyric power, neither in its dramatic debate, but, rather, in the new venture it makes in theology and the near approach its hero makes to the ideal man Jesus sketches in his Sermon on the Mount. The whole poem must be considered as a drama. The drama finds its setting near a village in the valley of Jauv, lying in the North Arabian desert. Outside the wall rises the mezbele, a mound made up of the refuse of the street and alley. Here the village dogs gather to feed on the fallen carcass, and here, too, the outcasts sleep, and sometimes the children play. Job, after his ruin, crept here unclean. Job, his wife, the three friends, and Elihu make up the persons of the drama. The village boys and girls stand round like a mute chorus. One more dramatic touch: the sky, at the crisis of the poem, is beginning to change into dark clouds, getting ready for the storm and the voice of Deity at the close of the interposition of Elihu.

The theme of the drama is the mystery of suffering, and the problem is to reconcile Divine Providence with the afflictions of the good and faithful followers of God. The universal theory of the day declared that suffering was the result of sin. A great calamity had come upon Job, therefore he had sinned. Through three cycles of impassioned debate his three friends, from the school of Teman, seek to discover in Job the sin which has brought on him such impending ruin. Job never makes a profession of sinlessness, but in the scheme of justice he knows of no sin that outweighs his stripped and ruined life. Conscious of this, Job falls back on his innocence, and is content to abide the day when God will vindicate him.

> I know that my Vindicator liveth,
> And that he shall stand at last on the earth.

The author of this drama makes here his first advance on the theology of his day. Job admits that he is innocent, and yet he suffers. Some other solution for the problem, therefore, must be found. Elihu interposes in the debate, and brings forward the theory that, though Job is sincere, his suffering is for his own purification. This theory may be beautiful, but it is not the last word this unknown author has to say on this world's problem. The second advance this bold adventurer in theology makes is given in the Prologue, where the whole problem of the drama is arranged by setting up a supernatural council in heaven. The Lord has confessed that Job, his servant, is perfect and upright. The adversary, who has just returned from a world tour of inspection, declares that there is no disinterested piety on the earth. Men serve God for gain. Selfishness is the motive back of all service. Strip them of all they have, and they will curse God. By permission there falls on Job a complete and devastating ruin. It is met by an astonishing patience. Job disappoints the mocking cynicism of the adversary. In the midst of his ruin, naked, starved, he sits on the ash mound and declares that a man may suffer not because he is righteous, not even for his further purification, but for righteousness—suffer for a higher good. Endure, endure for God, that a skeptical world may see and believe. This hint at a vicarious suffering brings this drama into the atmosphere of the New Testament, where suffering finds its apotheosis in the beatitude of pain. "Blessed," said Jesus, "are they which suffer for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." But I am concerned here with the near approach Job makes in his Oath of Clearing to the man Jesus portrays in the Sermon on the Mount. If the parables of Jesus set forth the fact and the nature of the kingdom, no less does the Sermon on the Mount portray the man who was to be the subject for the kingdom. We have read the first sixteen verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew as though they were the descriptions of so many men with as many characteristics. Rather let us consider these verses as a partial portrait of one man. Let us then complete the picture by gathering out of the rest of the sermon the scattered qualities which Jesus insisted should be incorporated into the life of his followers,

and we shall have the ideal man whom he wants for his kingdom. Hitherto the Sermon on the Mount has been considered as the Magna Charta of the kingdom. It is that, but it is something more. It is also the delineation of a new type of manhood which was to force the Magna Charta on the unwilling King of this world. This man of the sermon will yield himself to any patient student who will study the sermon sufficiently to gather together the master strokes and bring them into a composite whole.

We are willing to attribute much to the originality of Jesus, but it will surprise us to see how far Job's confession in his Oath of Clearing brings us face to face with a man who became prophetic of Christ's ideal. The Oath of Clearing is found in the thirty-first chapter of the Authorized Version, but its beauty and power are seen only when we consider it as a dramatic poem. The three cycles of debate are over. The friends of Job have clung desperately to the doctrine that suffering is the penalty for sin. One of the debaters has been so bold as to suggest the actual sin which has brought on him his ruin. At the hint of sin Job slowly rises from the ash mound and, lifting his gaunt arms to heaven, in an outburst of lyric passion he lays bare to them his whole inner and outer life to challenge and refute their insinuations. The poem is in the form of a triple pendulum. One swing is toward the thought of sin, another swing describes the penalty for sin, and the third is a thought recoil from the very suggestion of sin. Job starts with the protestation of a pure heart.

> I made a covenant with mine eyes;
> How then should I look upon a maid?
> . . . . . .
> If I have walked with vanity,
> And my foot hath hasted to deceit;
> . . . . . .
> If my step hath turned out of the way,
> And mine heart walked after mine eyes,
> And if any spot hath cleaved to mine hands;
> Then let me sow, and another eat;
> Yea, let the produce of my field be rooted out.

Let us understand this confession of this ancient Arabian sheik. He is not identifying spiritual purity with mere ceremonial cleanness, the hypocrisy which often tried the temper of Jesus. Job

confesses here to an inner life of purity which afterward found expression in the most beautiful and central beatitude of the Master as he drew the portrait of his coming man. "Blessed," said Jesus, "are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." But Job has not done with this inner revelation of his life. If the sin of impurity was the one that marred the ancient world, no less did the sin of avarice blight God's people. Money-getting and the worship of gold is no modern sin. It is the overdevelopment of the instinct of accumulation. Left alone, uncontrolled by a higher motive, this instinct, together with genius, develops a type of men dangerous to the welfare of society. The love of money was the root of all kinds of social evil in Job's day as in our own. To control it was no less the master stroke of genius in his day than in ours, but to master it is the height of social saintship. Job did that. He was rich. His vast estates lay up the valley of Jauf. To him had come prosperity and wealth, but in this Oath of Clearing he declares that wealth was a means and not an end. Here is his confession:

> "If I have made gold my hope,
> And have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence;
> If I have rejoiced because my wealth was great,
> And because mine hand had gotten much;
> . . . . . .
> If my land cry out against me,
> And the furrows thereof weep together;
> If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money,
> Or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life:
> Let thistles grow instead of wheat,
> And cockle instead of barley!"

Here is an ancient preaching to us the doctrine that the accumulation of wealth is not at all incompatible with the development of a high type of Christian character. Parallel this confession of Job with Jesus's teaching about money. Draw Job up into the atmosphere of the New Testament and see how resplendent he is! Let him stand among us with our "melancholy creed of mammonism." Bring the bribers and grafters near the ash heap and have them listen to this prophet who had kept his life in tune with the inner facts and his knee unbent before the shrine where Midas worshiped.

The Oath of Clearing moves in stately confession from the region of the heart out to the social and ethical world. It is easy for a man to say that he loves God. It is not difficult to make a protestation of a pure heart, for God alone sees; but in the open field of ethics man can judge whether his fellow man meets the demands of the social order. To make ethics and religion identical is no easy task. Frederick Maurice once declared: "Nothing is more common than to meet people who emphatically declare themselves Christians, and talk about Christianity; but nothing is more rare than men who, in their decisions and acts, are guided by the Christian spirit." Maurice is right. The difficult problem for Christians to-day is to make religion include the whole of life. Job did it. He confesses in the presence of those who knew him that he had met the ethical claims of religion by discharging all the duties his religion put upon him. He begins with his own household, among his servants. He puts himself on the basis of a common brotherhood with those about him because he recognized a common Fatherhood. Listen to this:

"If I did despise the cause of my manservant, or of my maidservant,
When they contended with me;
What then shall I do when God riseth up?
And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?
Did not he that made me in the womb make him?
And did not one fashion us in the womb?"

I do not intend to assert that Job had a complete conception of the coming kingdom of God, but it is evident that he did grasp the fundamental principle of the new social order. He asserted that God was the Maker of both himself and his servants, and therefore they were all brothers. He treated his servants as persons who had rights. He believed God was in his home to make right any wrongs done against any of his creatures. One cannot fail to see here the direction, at least, in which our social ills must find their solution. Men must approach the problems of our day with the assumption of a divine Fatherhood and a human brotherhood. Until this is done we will be in a condition of class antagonism and armed truce.

Job continues his social creed. From his household he sweeps the wider field of human relations:

"If I have withheld the poor from their desire,
Or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail;
Or have eaten my morsel alone,
And the fatherless hath not eaten thereof;
(Nay, from my youth he grew up with me, as with a father,
And I have been her guide from my mother's womb);
If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
Or that the needy had no covering;
If his loins have not blessed me,
And if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep;
If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless,
Because I saw my help in the gate:
Then let my shoulder fall from my shoulder-blade,
And mine arm be broken from the bone."

What a creed this! Job's "ascent of ethics" begins at home and ends far away at the last human need. No wonder the voice of Deity was ready just then to speak out of the thunder cloud. It was time. Seven hundred years or more after this Deity spoke again, not from an empyrean but through human lips: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me." The apotheosis of this suffering saint is reached when, broken and hungry, he creeps up into the atmosphere of the impossible commandment. Christ's command to love one's enemies is a hard saying. It is not easy to do. Personal experience gives testimony to the struggle. It is the very climax of the Christian's duty; but Job confesses that this too was a part of his social creed. Here are his words:

"If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me,
Or lifted up myself when evil found him:
(Yea, I have not suffered my mouth to sin
By asking his life with a curse);
. . . . . .
Let thistles grow instead of wheat,
And cockle instead of barley."

To the last Job is true to the Sermon on the Mount. "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven."

At the close of the Oath of Clearing Job, conscious that his

protestations are all true, makes his final appeal to God to become his accuser if he finds aught against him. Job is willing to affix his signature to his plea of innocence and to ask God to answer it. He is not afraid of God's indictment. He covets the honor to wear it on his shoulder, nay, as a crown it will circle his brow. Job is ready to have God know all his life. As a prince he is ready to approach his Maker to be tried.

"Oh that I had one to hear me!
(Lo, here is my signature, let the Almighty answer me)
And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written:
Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder;
I would bind it unto me as a crown:
I would declare unto him the number of my steps;
As a prince would I go near unto him."

The Oath of Clearing is ended and Job sits down to await the voice of Deity.

If we declare that Job was no real character, this detracts in no way from the greatness of the poem. We are quite content to give much praise to the man whose genius was great enough to create him. If Job is only the creature of the brain of this daring author, we are astonished that he was able to anticipate so much that Jesus demanded should be incorporated into the lives of those who were to be his followers. The passion of Jesus was to found a kingdom. Reduced to its lowest terms, this kingdom was to be a social order made up of men the character of whose lives was righteousness and love. Righteousness was to be the essential quality of the Christian character and love to God and man its highest expression. This Oath of Clearing reveals to us the character of a man who confessed his righteousness and was brave enough to carry out all his social duties. Within the empire of his influence Job set up the kingdom of God, and in the valley of Jauv we have a prophecy of that social order in which men are sons of God and to each other brothers.

Rufus J. Wyckoff.

Art. IX.—THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE

The modern scientific mind has at last startled itself with the fact that it has need of a religion. So intent has the scientific mind been on studying the dust of organisms that it entirely overlooked the organisms that studied dust. The spell of industry held the microscope and scalpel over cells and microbes so intently that science practically forgot the ultimate cell that studied and investigated the organs and functions of organs and organisms—the scientist. The awakening has revealed a Rip Van Winkle in religious intelligence, but, fortunately, the scientific capacity for investigation has not slumbered; and upon this the scientist depends for his acceptation or rejection of the existing religions. The religion that science accepts or invents—if necessary—must lie within the soul of man's moral nature, and of necessity within the soul of that Power that makes for righteousness. Having found a moral tendency in the world of nature, science seeks to find the transcript within the soul of man. To this work the scientist brings the inductive or laboratory method. The tests are severe, for the search is for ultimate reality in matters of conduct and life. The religion of science must of necessity be a universal religion, a religion that knows no isms or creeds, a religion that is as universal and as fundamental as the law of gravitation, a religion that includes all races and languages; or, in other words, a religion that is constitutional and inherent in the soul of man and in the heart of God.

Practical experience has taught science that it is useless to attempt to carry water with a bucket with no bottom. Speculative schools with their theories of knowledge are left to settle metaphysical abstractions as to how the knowing subjective cell comes into relationship with the knowable objective cell to form knowledge. The raw materials of objective reality are utilized and turned to practical account wherever found. Too often has the scientist grasped the raw materials of objective reality and turned them into practical utility to be fooled with, or to speculate about

the reality of matter. The splendid civilization with all of its modern utilities stands as the granite hills—a monument to the practical utility of the laws of nature to respond to the skill of man. Without dissent science accepts the self-evident proposition that in the process of thinking two elements are essential—the mind and the truth; one is within and the other is without; that in the process of volition two factors are essential—the will and the thing to be attained; and that in the capacity for doing two conditions are necessary—a doer and a thing to be done. Science finds a world of organic reality in raw material and a world of subjective capacity in mental reality. Experience and experiment have demonstrated to the scientist that with the law of things you get the truth of things, and that to know things as they are needs communication through adjustment with things as they exist. The truth of a thing is contained in the law and nature of the thing. This law pervades all nature, and science, finding a universal law, finds a universal and fundamental fact. Science, therefore, concludes that to discover universal and fundamental laws inherent in the nature of things is to get into communication with the universal and fundamental purpose that underlies all laws and facts. By getting into communication with the purpose science takes it for granted that the intelligence on this side can get into the plan and thought and purpose of the Thinker on the other side—assuming, of necessity, that the law of thought and the laws of personality are identical on both sides. Who shall say that they are not, when intelligence on one side thinks in terms of law and intelligence on the other side interprets those laws and their significance? Practical laws reveal practical facts, and through facts and laws adjustment and communication are sustained and progress guaranteed. Boats and steamships are adjusted to the water, each to the other; the water elements to the boat structure and the boat to the water. The fish is adjusted to the water and the water to the fish. Trees, roots, shrubs, plants are adjusted to the soil, to the air, and the sunshine, each to each: the whole to a part and the part to the whole. The law of adjustment and communication is as universal in the physical world as the law of gravitation, and the law of gravitation is as constant and eternal as the potentiality

of matter, and that is as constant and eternal as the potentiality of power, and that is as eternal as the energy or volition of the Creator. Universal laws reveal universal and fundamental facts. Let intelligence stand upon such laws, and be governed by such facts, then intelligent and rational conclusions will be deduced. With the law of things comes the truth of things, and with the truth of things comes all rational progress. When subjective self-conscious personality discovers universal and fundamental law, through cooperation with which personality is socially and morally elevated, that personality is compelled to postulate and accept the existence of an eternal and self-existent and self-sufficient Personality from which all other personalities proceed. Science has given to biology, geology, physics, psychology, and sociology well-defined departments of their own, and each department postulates and formulates its knowledge on the basis of the self-evident axiom that with the law of things you get the truth of things, or the truths of the respective kingdoms. The law contained in the structure or organism of the cell, the plant, the elements, the mind, the social composition or the moral nature of man contains also the truth of those organisms and constitutions. The truth of astronomy is contained in the stars, their composition and constitution. Science maintains that understanding the law of the organism you understand its purpose, the object of its existence, and therefore its ultimate end. As law reveals purpose, so purpose reveals ultimate end. With the laws of electricity you get the truth of electricity, and through adjustment to the truths or laws you get into communication with this element and get results. In the absence of truth or knowledge of electricity there can be no law of adjustment, no communication, and no ultimate electrical authority. Science knows that every telephone, every electrical instrument must be constructed to conform to this law, or there would be no communication. Every biologist, physicist, mechanic, sociologist bows before the universal and unalterable facts and laws contained in the elements and organic structures. The truths of psychology are contained in the laws of the mind. The postulates of philosophy are contained in the moral nature of man. The elements of theology are con-

tained in the personality of man. Of necessity, then, the eternal verities of the laws of mind, the postulates of philosophy, and the axioms of theology are contained in the personality of God. Science, therefore, maintains that to know the laws of mind is to understand psychology; to know the laws of morality is to know the ground of the moral nature of man—that is, philosophy; and to know the ground or laws of personality in man is to know the personality or moral nature of the Creator. Furthermore, to know the moral nature of God is to approximate to a working knowledge of the ultimate aim and end of all moral and self-directive personalities. With the truth of an organism we get the law. Science is not content with a knowledge of things and laws. Science knows that man's progress began with utilizing and conquering nature. Adjustment and utilization are the secret of progress in the scientific world. Science says that a knowledge of the laws of electricity will not send a message, or light a street, or propel a car; knowledge of agriculture will not grow wheat or potatoes or develop a crop of corn; knowledge of mechanics will not generate steam nor turn a wheel; knowledge of the ground of the moral nature of man and of the laws of morality will not make a man moral. Similarly, a knowledge of the principles of theology and the ground of the moral nature of God will not make a man divine or give him a character. Knowledge, of necessity, involves responsibility, but all true progress of the individual and of society comes only through adjustment and communication. Knowledge utilized, adjusted, subjective powers coming into relationship with objective powers, gives through the applied sciences the marvels of electricity, the fleet leviathan of the deep—in fact, all the utilities of our wonderful civilization. Knowledge, adjustment, and communication in the mechanical and engineering world tunnel mountains, and bridge chasms, and gird a continent with a network of iron that calls to the trade and commerce of a world to utilize. Through the truth of a thing, and the utilization of the law of the thing, modern science has triumphed, and vindicated its right to exist as a potential factor in the world of progress. Science has passed the deductive stage, the age of speculation, and has entered the age of conquest and triumph. Specula-

tion gives place to ultimate realization. Every wheel turns, every spindle flies, every door opens and closes, in the mechanical and engineering and scientific world, to turn out something of utility —ultimate reality. Science now stands at the door or temple of philosophy and theology and asks for products—for the facts of ultimate reality—in its search for a religion.

"Where," says science, "is your seat of ultimate reality, of ultimate authority, that does through the law of adjustment and communication produce, in personality and in society, ultimate morality, ultimate goodness, that is of practical utility and a commendable and marketable commodity in the world of humanity?" Science demands in the moral and religious world a center of ultimate authority that will produce ultimate reality in the development of personality. Science shows that the physicist, the electrician, the mechanic, and the psychologist bow before the universal and eternal law contained in the nature and structure and elements of things. It demonstrates that with the law of things the truth of things is ascertained, and with the truth of things comes the law of adjustment, and through adjustment communication, and through communication results, or ultimate reality, or ultimate authority. Science asks: "Is man's moral nature, his personality, an anomaly in the world of positive and constructive law?" Science asks: "Has the moral and spiritual nature of man a center of ultimate authority that leads to ultimate reality in the development of a righteous moral personality?" Science has found this center of ultimate authority and reality in the physical world and now seeks it in the moral and spiritual world, or in what men have been pleased to call the religious world. Science contends that if there are moral laws and principles of rectitude contained in the elements, there must of necessity be a transcript of the same laws and facts in the moral nature of man. It is, then, the work of science to seek and find this center of moral authority, and find the law of ultimate reality in the religious world as it has found it in the elemental world. Science feels its need of a religion, of just this thing which it has enunciated. Where can science find that which will satisfy and be of as practical utility in the world of humanity in the

development of a righteous personality that shall be of moral utility in a world of social discord?

Science takes it as a self-evident proposition that there is a Center of ultimate morality and of ultimate authority in the moral order of things, and that the Center of things has transcribed those laws into the moral nature of man as well as into the moral order of the universe. Where, then, is this Center to be found, and what are the laws that lead into the realm of communication and realization? Science asks: "Can that Personality whose thinking has inscribed laws that make for righteousness and progress in the physical world get into communication with the moral and spiritual nature of man so as to impart to his religious nature those truths or principles, those spiritual ideals, that will assist man in the development of a righteous personality akin to the Personality from which all things emanate?" Science maintains that there are universal principles contained in the nature of the elements for getting into communication with the law of things so that progress may be made in the physical world, and the discovery and utilization of these laws have made for economic and social advancement in all human activities. Science finds electrical laws for electrical communication, psychological laws for mental communication and advancement, and now asks for spiritual laws for spiritual communication and moral advancement. Science has been forced to this conclusion from the fact that the ultimate end of human life and human relations is the highest end, and that end cannot be the production of economic goods, for then the material atom would be of supreme importance to the immaterial that adjusts and stamps it with its laws of elective affinity and chemical constituence. Science says that things in themselves are not of more account than the skill and thought that manipulates and produces utility. The machine side of a button, a boot, a web of cloth, a grand piano cannot be of more importance than the man, or human side. The ultimate product can alone be the highest, and civilization and commerce have no higher product than man—man come to himself, come to his highest and noblest ideals and possibilities, through the development of a characteristic personality that is in accord with

the inherent laws contained in the moral order of a world that works for righteousness. Righteous character, then, is the supreme product of man, of society, and of human activities.

Having found the basis of righteous character, of a moral personality in the world-ground, science asks, "What, then, are the elements of righteousness?" Science has demonstrated that, for all mechanical and electrical and scientific progress, it must work with and coöperate with the law or truth of things contained in the nature or elemental constitution of things; that with the law of mechanics and dynamics you get the truth, the strength, the ultimate resisting power, the ultimate reality and capacity of the structure. The mechanic, the engineer, the scientist grasps, through subjective capacity, the truths of objective reality—the laws of mechanics and dynamics—and turns them into concrete objective reality in the architectural design, the bridge, the structure. Purpose and design stand forth in the structure. The ultimate end of all is concrete utility—a bridge, to carry the passing train, and thus insure the safety of travel and commerce. Fundamental and organic laws were all regarded with scientific skill, for science has well learned that failure to make the adjustment according to the laws contained in the elemental structure of the raw material would end in disaster as complete as that which befell the steel structure, which collapsed and plunged into the Saint Lawrence at Quebec. Science believes in the veracity and integrity of elements and mathematical laws. To build a structure that will be safe for the express to cross demands that the laws of mathematics and mechanics be implicitly obeyed. The size and weight and strength of the bridge must be in proportion to the size and weight and pressure of the passing train upon the arches, the girders, and the supports. The architect gets into communication with the laws of mechanics, the laws of statics, the laws of geometry and trigonometry, the laws contained in elements and their resisting power. The architect did not create these laws. He has learned that with the truth of steel he gets the strength or resisting power of the elements. The engineer's work is to adjust the elements of steel and masonry according to the mathematical laws which the plan calls for. Failure on the en-

gineer's part to follow these specifications will also invite disaster. The mandates of elemental law and engineering science are so exacting that unless these laws are obeyed failure for complete and safe communication will ensue. Science thus demonstrates that all progress, all social and economic advancement, is conditioned upon getting into communication with the law of things and utilizing the results in commercial life. The scientist's subjective capacity, his reasoning and thinking power, gets into communication with objective reality and turns raw material into commercial utility. The raw material of commercial, industrial and social activity is ever present in mine and forest, in soil and air. In like manner science sees the raw material of education, of morality and religion contained in the organic nature of society and man.

Science sees that no definition of man is large enough that does not include what man is without, through relationship with objective reality, as well as what he is and can be within through communication with all departments of subjective knowledge. Science finds itself in a world of absolute rectitude and integrity. Every atom and element holds aloft the plumb line of truth and veracity. Science is therefore driven by its own observations and indisputable conclusions to stand upon the rock of the moral integrity, of the moral order of the world. Science finds laws and elements imperial in their integrity, inflexible in their veracity. The proposition that now confronts science is that, as man is the highest product of the moral order of the universe, therefore a moral man is the only product that the moral order can accept as its ultimate design and ultimate product. There is no other alternative for science to accept than that it is imperative for man, the ultimate product, to build a bridge of righteous character out of the eternal elements of truth and righteousness which he finds contained in the moral order of the world in which he lives. The elements of organic nature sustain the laws of the moral nature of their Creator. The moral nature of the Creator sustains and presents an irrefutable argument as to the basis of the moral nature of man. In other words, science finds that the ground of the moral nature of man is the moral nature of his Creator.

Science says that as the engineer builds his steel structure according to the inherent laws contained in the elements of steel and the fundamental laws of statics and geometry, so the architect of a righteous character must build out of the eternal elements of truth upon which the moral order of the universe is founded. It is forever true that with the truth of a thing we get the law of a thing, and communication with the law through adjustment to the law means realization, or the production of ultimate reality. Science enters this door into every department of physical and mental and moral knowledge. The religion that science discovers is a religion of morality and righteousness that demands a life of personal integrity. Science cannot stop here. With science, knowledge involves responsibility. Science demands of itself that it will produce in utility—in reality—what it sees in ideals. It is the sphere of science to utilize knowledge and give to the world of civilization the products of investigation in terms of ultimate realization. What science demands of philosophy and theology, it now demands of itself, by its own inevitable and irresistible conclusions.

Science, through utilization, adjustment, subjective powers coming into relationship with objective power, gives through the applied sciences the marvels of modern civilization in the world of commerce. It is the proud prerogative of science to boast of something done through achievement. Science glories in its mechanical and engineering facts. It now acknowledges that all this is subsidiary to the chief and supreme achievement—the making of a man—a man of the ideals and character outlined. Science says that the highest end and aim of human activities, of personality, is likeness in moral and spiritual qualities to the Divine personality. It also sees that the attributes of the Creator are attributes of righteousness, truth, and wisdom. These inhere in the Divine nature as the attributes of chemical affinity and power inhere in the elements of the oak and iron. The attributes of the oak in its elemental structure are contiguous to its environment. The oak develops by conformity to its inherent life pattern by the aid of its environment. To build a character, a moral personality, that will stand the ultimate test of righteousness, that

character must be built out of the elemental principles of righteousness as contained in the moral nature of the Creator. Science now asks, "How can this be done?" The only possible way known to science is the way of fundamental and invariable law. Through the law of adjustment and communication. There must be some way by which the personality of man can get into communication with the personality of the Creator, God being a self-directive personality, and having endowed man with self-directive personal capacity, and holding out as an ideal the unalterable principles of righteousness for moral rectitude. The question is now apparent: Has the Creator left or made any arrangements for communication, through the law of adjustment, so that the personality of man can get into communication with the personality of the Creator; so that by the law of utilization and conformity to the Divine environment man can develop and attain to that character which his reason and the verdict of science sees as obligatory in a world of moral order?

Science has found a universal and fundamental law in the world of elements by which it can get into communication with elemental reality and realize elemental results which give to the world of economic activity that which elevates society and man in the temporal affairs of life. It finds a law—not itself—that makes for social progress. "Where, then," science asks, "is that law—not itself—which makes for that righteousness of personality that is so ruthlessly and inexorably thrust upon man?" Science has found that the world-ground is moral, and that the highest product of the world-ground is man, and that the highest attainment of man is righteousness. It then becomes imperative upon science, as it seeks a religion for itself, to attain to a knowledge of those spiritual laws or spiritual phenomena by which the spirit of man can get into communication with the Spirit of the Creator. The Creator has seen fit to interpret his moral character in the moral order of the world-ground, and at the same time to demand of moral persons conformity to moral ideals in the attainment of righteous character. Science now asks for the realization of the ideal character. Science sees righteous character demanded by the moral order of the world-ground. It now

asks, "What is the moral ideal of a righteous personality that the Creator would demand in a world of moral beings? What characteristics would predominate in that personality in a world of moral disorder arising out of the imperfections and limited view of moral beings groping toward the light of truth and moral perfectibility?" Science sees no other alternative than for the Creator to realize his ideal man in an ideal incarnation, and that incarnation to reveal the laws by which the righteous character may be attained which all science points out as imperative. Science maintains that there must be a law of the life-giving Spirit of the Creator through which the spirit of man can get into communication with the spirit of life that pervades all, and by communication attain in character the ideal which this same spirit demands of all moral persons. Furthermore, science maintains that this incarnation, in his revelation of the law of the life-giving Spirit, would follow the laws of communication and adjustment as already revealed in the world of nature; that fundamental laws in the spiritual world would of necessity follow the fundamental laws of the organic world, as all organic laws are of necessity spiritual in their origin. Science declares that this would save the incarnate type from counterfeit and deception. For the type or ideal to do this would be sufficient credential to all intelligent scientists that his principles were in accord with what were already contained in the world-ground. Science bases these deductions on facts that are indisputable. Science has piled up a world of objective reality and demonstrated that with the law of things the truth of things is realized. It has discovered universal and fundamental laws with which it attains ultimate reality in the economic world. It has seen ultimate purpose and a design pervading all. It sees thoughts and the work of a Divine artificer. Scientific intelligence stands on one side and communicates with a scientific Thinker on the other side. Mind and a capacity for truth get into communication with mind and truth. Science has got into communication with the universal and fundamental plans and purposes of the universal and fundamental Mind. Mind and mind coöperate through that power which makes for progress. Science says that heart and heart—the great Heart of

a Father and the heart of a son—must coöperate for loving and mutual attainment of that ideal character which all moral order demands as the ultimate purpose and end of creation. This, then, is the religion of science. Science has shown that the truths of psychology are contained in the laws of mind, that the principles of philosophy are contained in the moral nature of man, and that the basis of the moral nature of man is found in the moral order of the world-ground and in the moral order of the Personality of the Creator. Communication through adjustment brings science into relationship with the laws and forces of the world order and from this man conquers and ascends. Science here finds universal and fundamental law and here finds universal and fundamental spiritual facts. The door into the kingdom of spiritual reality is the door of communication into the heart of the Creator or the Father of all mankind. Science finds, then, its religion in the moral nature of God and in the moral nature of man. It finds the seat of ultimate religious authority in the moral nature of a Father God and in the moral nature of man. The religion of science is not the religion of external authority, but the religion of an internal life in which the love and need of man communicate with the love and grace of God for the realization of the ultimate end of creation: righteous personality.

How the spirit of man and the Spirit of the Creator come together to attain this result is as immaterial to science as how the internal subjective world and the objective external world come together to form knowledge. It is enough for science to get practical results. The evidence of communication with any kingdom, whether of nature or grace, is the fruit: ultimate economic reality, ultimate righteous personality. Conformity to the laws of the kingdom gets communicated evidence, whether in the physical or electrical or mechanical or religious world. Communication with ultimate authority gets the evidence of ultimate reality. This is the religion of science, and from this there is no rational or moral appeal. The light of truth that science has invoked in its search for a religion now turns and, in the light of reason and invariable law, demands that science shall realize in a world of moral persons the ultimate reality of its own con-

clusions. Science sits in the light of reason, of truth, and of invariable law. Science as an interpreter of law is never free. Like reason, it stands in the presence of the Infinite and Eternal Mind that stamps all things with the law of His being—the law of eternal veracity. The highest standard of truth that the scientist knows is Divine thought realized in law. The highest end of science is to lead upward to Divine wisdom. Geology and astronomy open the gate of infinite time; physics and mechanics open the gate of infinite truth; biology and physiology open the gate of infinite wisdom; psychology and philosophy open the gate into infinite righteousness. Science leads reason into the presence of infinite time, truth, wisdom, and righteousness. Science says that, if there be infinite mercy built on infinite love, that love and mercy needs an incarnation—a personal revelation of the Infinite. The highest end of science, then, is not to clothe and feed man, not to turn the world into a fodder-barn, not to reduce man to the level of cattle and to degrade itself to a stable-hand. The dignity of science rises with the dignity of its mission, of its moral ideals, of its moral vision. Science needs a religion to save it from scientific degradation; from becoming an accessory to the materialism and vice that it deplores. Science finds itself under an infinite obligation to follow its own light, the light of reason; to reproduce in character, in moral personality, the truth, the law of integrity, which it finds revealed as the ultimate aim and end of the moral order. Science is the minister of righteousness, the preacher of morality, the exponent of the eternal order of eternal law. Science has a moral mission, a moral gospel, and science is no longer simply a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Science has a religion. Science has a pulpit. Science must preach. The gospel that science preaches is the gospel of the ultimate authority of righteous personality—personality that conforms to the ideals and principles of that righteousness which underlies the moral order of the world-ground; a righteousness that is akin to the righteousness of the Creator. This righteousness is not something that is artificial, or that can be obtained by expedience, by sentimentality, by religious cant or ecclesiastical preferment. Bridges are not built by scientific

expedients to overcome the integrity of law and elements, but by conformity to elemental and fundamental law. Organic and fundamental righteousness alone is the foundation of character and a religion that is Divine in its origin. All else is a sham, an artifice of deception. There is no other way for scientist or priest or people to enter a heaven that a righteous moral God has made for himself than through the door of righteousness.

This is the religion that science discovers. This is the religion of the moral order of the world-ground and this is the universal religion that alone saves; and this is the religion which ecclesiasticism and pretentious systems that deceive and delude will systematically ignore. But as well seek to ignore fundamental laws of gravitation, fundamental laws of mechanics, as to ignore fundamental laws of morality contained in the moral order of the world and the moral nature of the Creator.

Fred Leitch.

Art. X.—FRESHMEN AND FICTION

At Princeton, Dartmouth, and Bowdoin, three institutions which may fairly represent our Eastern Universities, large colleges, and small colleges, I have taken occasion in connection with the modern use of Latin quotations to ask my freshmen classes if they have ever read any of Thackeray's novels. I blushed at asking such a question—the first time. It seemed an insult to their intelligence. The blush soon faded. Out of a class of twenty-five or more, one or two, or at most four men have raised their hands with all degrees of hesitation. One student wasn't quite sure whether it was Oliver Twist or The Last Days of Pompeii that had met his eye—he didn't think much of Thackeray, whichever it was. Another had read one of his "Indian stories": he finally admitted that he had made a natural mistake in the ever-pardonable matter of proper names, and meant Cooper. I have uniformly waived Latin at some such point as this and pursued my inquiries into undergraduate acquaintance with the "standard" novels. The results have not afforded material for panegyrics upon the inherent or acquired literary interests of American youth. A gleam of light once appeared for a moment when some one boldly declared that Silas Marner was a miser. It speedily flickered out. The student couldn't quite remember what else he was, or did, or had done to him, and it appeared that Silas Marner was "only one of those books required for entrance to college," anyhow. The student in question was a freshman, and the discussion took place early in the first semester.

Are the answers of these students, approximately the same at three different institutions of learning, significant of general conditions? Can it be that Ivanhoe, Treasure Island, and The Last Days of Pompeii are almost the only masterpieces of fiction, outside of "required books," with which as much as one third of every freshman class in the country is acquainted? Certainly this would seem to be true of the East; and energetic, interested, and eager for knowledge as the students in the Western colleges are said to be, it seems unlikely that in this particular respect in-

structors there could make a better report. Such teachers of both Eastern and Western experience as I have talked with have almost invariably said that the Western collegian is more ambitious and industrious than the collegian of the East, but, in general, has had a less fortunate precollegiate environment, in so far as things intellectual are concerned. They enter college with a purpose —which is more than can be said of the majority, perhaps, of our Eastern undergraduates; but their poorer preparation counterbalances, for a time, the Easterner's indifference. This summarizes the opinions of some ten or a dozen teachers whom I have questioned. In the absence of statistics on this question, a freshman spelling-match, reported from a large Western university, may be pressed into service. Among the proposed substitutes for "irregular" were "earegular," "iregler," and "iregalor"; "chivalry" became "shivalery," "shivelry," and "chifalery"; "anthracite" was metamorphosed into "anthreicit" and "anthrisight." Many such Alice-in-Wonderland words were propounded. Out of curiosity I submitted the list to several of my Eastern classes of freshmen. The language was infinitely less enriched. No one misspelled these three words, and one of the worst offenses was that against "accessible," making it "accessable"; some of the Western variations were "excessable," "assessable," and "axsesable." Such abortions do not suggest the opinion that the "standard" novel has a wider circulation among the boys of Idaho than of Massachusetts. "Chifalery" and a burning interest in the romances of Scott would not seem to be normally compatible. If our great novelists fare in the West, then, as in the East, it can hardly be a matter calling for self-congratulation. Times change, and we are changed with them. Homer even in classical days was reputed to nod now and then, and we have it on the high authority of the present-day critic that he was quite asleep all of the time. But to those older members of our society who recall the first days of Pickwick, Vanity Fair, Jane Eyre, and Romola, who knew the Vicar of Wakefield, Waverly, Pride and Prejudice when they were "young and still to be admired," it must seem a melancholy fact, and a fact hardly justifiable, that for the younger generation such books are fast becoming less than names.

Justification can be found only in the assumption that something new and equally good has replaced the old. Were such writers as Meredith and Hardy, De Morgan and Stevenson supplanting Reade and Trollope, Bulwer and Kingsley, there might be slight reason for wonder and regret. But investigations made at three different colleges, at least, point to no such change without decay. Meredith and De Morgan seem to be mere sounds to nineteen out of twenty freshmen; Hardy, one or two men in a class will remember, wrote Tess, but whether Tess was bird, beast, or fish generally remains in doubt. Stevenson, however, has a comparatively large number of readers, and some hearty though rather inarticulate admirers. The "supplanted" novelists fared hardly better than Meredith, De Morgan and Hardy. So far as my experience goes, then, the "something new and equally good" has not been found in the field of fiction.

Here it might be suggested that the increase in college entrance requirements and the extension of the school curriculum make such demands upon the boy of to-day that he has less time for the reading of fiction than the boy of twenty-five years ago, but can offer its equivalent in biology, physics, and the like. The question of the value to education, in its full sense, of a blurred notion of a few scientific facts as compared with a faint idea of the character of a Colonel Newcome may be waived. Whether or not the prospective collegian gets enough of lasting value out of his preparatory school smatterings of the sciences to compensate for lack of acquaintance with the human nature depicted in our great English novels is a matter which need not be considered. It is probably true, as many "old grads" say, that they couldn't get into their respective Alma Maters these days even if they weren't "rusty." It is probably true that increasing requirements for entrance to colleges have in some measure decreased the time which boys can spend on the reading of fiction, but it is certainly true that the ordinary schoolboy is not overworked, and has plenty of time to read almost anything he wishes to read. What, then, is the cause of this premature passing of the nineteenth-century novelist? At one of the colleges at which I have taught I lived in a "furnished" house the library of which was the scene of con-

ferences with small divisions of the freshman class. The first remark made by one of the first of those freshmen is significant: "Gad! What a swell lot of books! Can I take this one?" Significant because I've never seen in a private house so many contemporary mushrooms or worse, and so few books of any but ephemeral reputation—shelf upon shelf, case after case, of "best-sellers," and a way over in a corner a modest set of Spectator and Tatler papers. It is hardly necessary to add that that freshman knew almost nothing of fiction previous to the year nineteen hundred and had a fine impatience of it. The large majority of his classmates were his peers. The king is dead: long live the king! Yet few of us would contend that all of the present-day novels are worthless. A number of them we thoroughly admire; others greatly interest us throughout and thrill us at the proper intervals; a still larger number manage to hold our attention from cover to cover. At no time have so many "interesting" novels annually appeared. That is one of the facts that occasion these tears. They are *too* "interesting." They are too generally "novels of incident," incident that begets a craving for still more exciting incident and a discontent with anything less stirring. The novel of "character," save the pathological, the humorous, and the local, is comparatively seldom a "best-seller." Of the "standard" novelists, Stevenson apparently has the most readers among our high-school boys. He is saved from limbo primarily because his books are comparatively recent and are novels of incident, interesting, exciting; not because his style and artistic method of narration are appreciated. Treasure Island and Nick Carter are both thrilling, or seem so; both are read with slight distinction. The novelist of sane individuality and wide information is either a rare bird in these days or commonly feels it necessary to hide his light. Financially, no doubt, this self-repression, if it can be so termed, is wise; a Fielding's digression, personal opinions, clever parodies, intellectual wit, and literary allusions are above the heads or beneath the interest of most modern readers.

The short story too is playing its part in fostering our contemporary hurry, superficiality, and desire for unthinking distrac-

tion in our fiction. Recently there came to my attention the case of a freshman who seldom had his lessons, and was frequently warned of the impossibility of his passing the semester examinations unless he improved with marked celerity. The improvement was not apparent and he was dropped. The man had seemed bright enough, and had spasmodically felt a strong desire to stay in college, so I asked a member of his class and fraternity why he had failed to study more. "He was too fond of reading," was the reply. An excessive love of reading is not usually the main reason for failure to pass examinations, and I was led to inquire what he read. "Why, the magazines." Hours a day that man had spent in absorbing the collective wisdom of the stories in the periodicals. He had read practically nothing else in college, and I remembered that Henty had been one of his staples in earlier days. The magazine room in a college library is usually a popular resort; the rest of the building usually suggests a desert. These magazine tales, again, are often "interesting"—"interesting" not only to freshmen, but to most people. The short story has its place, and it is an honorable one. Much of the fiction in our periodicals needs no defender, but much should be unable to find one; and, good or bad, such fiction should, of course, not be allowed to precede and supplant in any large measure the reading of the many novels which are eminently worth while.

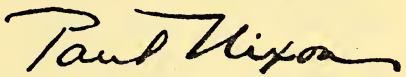
The fact that the authors of these novels belong, for the most part, to another century than his own is in itself sufficient to prejudice the ordinary American boy of seventeen against them. There is no one, probably, so content with the things that *are* and so patronizing or so indifferent toward the things and persons that *were* as the average American freshman. The living jackass is to him an infinitely greater thing than the dead lion—and by reason of lack of acquaintance with lions he is usually unaware that it is a jackass which he admires. His interest is keen in matters that obviously have to do with his success in life, but his vision of the obvious is so limited, and his definition of success so obscure and narrow, that he generally sees little of importance in aught save the contemporary. In this attitude he, of course, but reflects the attitude of the majority of the people about him,

and, once assumed by a boy of collegiate years, it is an attitude difficult to escape.

Another, and to my mind a distinctly minor, cause frequently mentioned in explanation of the American boy's lack of acquaintance with the great novels—which are often long novels and novels which must be read slowly—is that he is too engrossed in time-consuming sports. There is, of course, some truth in the statement. Neither through environment nor inclination are our prospective collegians so apt as the German and English boys to sacrifice other entertainment to reading. Our collegians come from the people at large, however, and our nation is one fond of outdoor games; both these conditions are as they should be, and we cannot afford to offer educational democracy and physical well-being upon the altar of fiction, or of anything else.

If the foregoing diagnosis of the situation and its causes be correct, the main and most easily remediable cause has to do with quality and quantity in the reading of fiction. Let our boys spend with books only the time they now spend, but let most of the books be other than they now are. "Interesting," in connection with fiction and freshmen, is an adjective of very limited connotation, but it need not be if those freshmen have been brought up on the best fiction from the time when they can read with ease. There are years in a boy's life when his reading can be almost entirely guided and supervised if policy and tact and judgment are brought to bear on the matter. If this is done during those years, the boy will have learned past all forgetting that "interesting" and "distracting" are not inseparable synonyms, that we can be "interested" yet forced to think, "interested" yet forced to judge, "interested" yet forced to apply to ourselves standards of conduct. The right novel may be to the right boy a great educator, moral, mental, and spiritual; and the "right boy" is almost any boy whose parents have had sufficient foresight and intelligence to direct him toward the right books at the most formative and malleable period of his life. In those "right books" there will be much that he cannot comprehend; but if his taste has not been debauched by entirely intelligible trash, his failure to comprehend these books in their entirety will not drive

him from them. For this very reason, in fact, they will be books to which he can return in later years with fresh pleasure. Only when he has lagged by the way to pick up the choicest of the golden apples of the last two centuries' fiction will it be safe and profitable for him to try to overtake the publishers of to-day, and, unlike Atalanta, it will not cost him dear if he loses the race. It cannot be too often reiterated that these beginning years of a boy's reading are the all-important ones to guide. Even in the preparatory school he is often, if not usually, beyond his parents' guidance save outwardly. Certainly by that time he has got well started in his literary habits for better or for worse. It is in these years that a large part of his novel-reading should be done if the college curriculum, collegiate activities, and the business of success in his lifework are to get their due. The boy whose reading has not been supervised till his fourteenth year is seldom likely to "take to" supervision started between his fourteenth and eighteenth years, is seldom likely to find the great novel to be an interesting novel, and is very likely to forfeit for life the inspiration and amusement, the pleasure and understanding which intimacy with those who people the world of fiction may bring.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE[1]

It certainly is needless to assert, as it would be difficult to exaggerate, the literary value of the English Bible. Every English writer of much eminence, from the time of Shakespeare downward, is saturated with the Bible, and discloses constantly, as Shakespeare, and Milton, and Dryden, and Addison, and Burke, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, for example, do, the influence of Scripture imagery and phrase on almost every page. Our whole literature has been influenced, both in spirit and in form, by stout old William Tyndale's translation of the Bible far more than by any other English book. But the literary value of the Bible is sometimes unduly depreciated because we do not justly appreciate the character of literature. To speak of anything as "mere literature" is, in the thought of many people, to relegate it to the class of unimportant things. We are prone to regard literature, and, indeed, all forms of art—of which literature is one—as part of the adornment of life; acquaintance with it desirable, doubtless, as accomplishment or recreation, but not essential. And it is to be regretted that in these days art is sometimes spoken of in a way that would justify such a slight regard for it. The false maxim, "art for art's sake," is often quoted by those who would divorce art from all moral purpose, and thus divest it of all its deepest significance. In reality, art is the most earnest and most abiding thing that man can create or man can study. It is nothing less than the record of the truest life of humanity—the deepest feeling, the clearest vision, the profoundest insight of man—embodied in lasting forms of beauty or of strength. The painting, the statue, that is one man's glimpse of the charm or the majesty of the world made immortal; the music, that is the impassioned cry of a human soul in joy or grief, in love or adoration—verily a human voice that sounds forever. And literature, which is the widest of all arts in its power of utterance, is the embodiment of such part of the thought and feeling

[1] As a contribution to the celebration this year of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, we make room here for this address by Professor C. T. Winchester of Wesleyan University, an unsurpassed master of English literature, a critical student and illuminating teacher of the Bible. Being somewhat aside from the main current it thereby serves to broaden the usual range of thought concerning the Bible and adds a note to the music of the great celebration.

of our race as really lives in lasting speech. Art is the only abiding thing, and literature the most permanent of all arts. The generations of men pass like the leaves of swift-following summers; their achievements are forgotten, their knowledge dwindles in the light of a fuller day's, the science of yesterday becomes the commonplace of to-day and perhaps the folly of to-morrow, but so much of their deepest life as they have been able to put into literature—that survives; and the line of Homer is as fresh and strong to-day as when it first fell from the lips of the bard.

Obviously, the Bible could not have lasting power unless it were literature. It may be well, therefore, to consider it sometimes as such, and, especially, to ask what suggestions as to the profitable reading of it we may derive from its distinctively literary character.

It is true, indeed, that there are some portions of the Bible that cannot be called literature. However vague our conception of literature, we should probably never think of including in it such passages as the first chapter of the book of Chronicles; that whole book, in fact, bears testimony by its title that it is not what we usually term literature. Or if, for example, we turn to the closing chapters of the book of Exodus we shall find them filled with detailed and minute instructions for the building and decoration of an ark, a tabernacle, and an altar, and these, evidently, are architects' specifications, not literature. Turning over a few leaves more, we shall come to a book filled with most elaborate legal specifications, a code ramifying into all details to govern the most intimate relations of private and social life. And this too, assuredly, is not literature. All these passages may have very great value; the study of them may have great and varied interest. The study of the Mosaic law, for example, must have intense interest, of an ethic and an ethnic sort, as a study in the growth of moral ideas, the comparative ethical conceptions or different races, and the development of moral law under especial divine guidance, but such a book does not have much of that universal human interest which we call literary. But when we turn to Genesis and the earlier parts of Exodus, the times of Moses and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, we find an interest of a different sort, an interest more clearly literary. We shall find, on a little reflection, that the distinctively literary quality of these books—and, I believe, of all books—resides in their power to stir the emotions. Whatever writing has permanent power to do that is literature; we shall get no other test so simple as that. Some-

times that is the primary object and purpose of the writing; this is the case in poetry, which usually aims to awaken delightful or inspiring emotions for their own sake; or, if it have any other ends, they are secondary and remote. Sometimes the writer's purpose is to tell us facts; but the facts so take hold of his imagination and sympathies, or he knows how so to arrange and exhibit them, that his narrative awakens in us sympathetic emotions of admiration, love, or their opposites, detestation and indignation, and thus a narrative rises into history, and may be a very great piece of literature, which would be a dull chronicle if it did nothing but recite facts.

The value and rank of any book as literature must obviously depend on the amount and the quality of the emotion it can awaken. If it arouse a great volume of emotion, we shall call it a powerful book; and if these emotions are of high quality, sound and healthful, it will be a great book. It must appear, then, that a book, or any other work of art, which appeals to the religious emotions, the most deep and commanding of all, ought to be of high rank. And so it is. The noblest achievement of architecture is a Gothic cathedral; the greatest statue in the world is Michelangelo's Moses; the greatest picture in the world is Raphael's Sistine Madonna; the greatest poem in the world is the book of Job.

Now, the Bible is not one book, but a library of books having really only one thing in common: a central religious conception and an ethical tendency growing out of that. Widely different these books are; some of them, as we have seen, are hardly to be called literature at all, and, indeed, so prominent is the ethical purpose of them all that we hardly think of them as pure literature, designed merely to move the emotions without ulterior ethical or religious purpose. Yet here, I think, we sometimes mistake. We forget that pure and healthy emotion is itself one of the ends of life. That is what we were made for—to enjoy whatever is most noble in thought and feeling. We are actually attaining what, so far as we can understand, is one of the ends and objects of our being when we are genuinely uplifted in admiration of the truly great or rapt into sympathy with the truly lovely. We need not ask anything more of some works of literature than that they minister directly to those emotions and affections that are best worth living in. Now, there are some books in the Scriptures that find sufficient warrant for their place in the canon simply in this literary charm; they are pure literature. Take the book of Ruth, for example. It is such

a poem as Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," or Wordsworth's "Michael," or Longfellow's "Evangeline"; only, disguised in translation though it is, it is far more pellucid and beautiful than either—simply the most beautiful of idylls. And I suppose it is in the Bible because it *is* the most perfect of idylls; because of its abiding and exquisite charm. I know, of course, that it has historical significance, that Ruth was the great-grandmother of David, and so, over all the generations between, linked with great David's greater Son and with the hope and faith of a race. But her story is told at length evidently because it is good for man to hold in his thought forever that sweet picture of love and fidelity and gentleness in the pastoral setting of the yellow harvest fields of Bethlehem. Such chaste beauty, such devoted love keep pure the ideals of men; of such mothers come the kings and leaders of men; and of such, as if to show that earthly love and heavenly are not all so unlike, is born the Christ at last. Or take that other book, which has so puzzled, even scandalized, those worthy students and commentators who think it necessary to spiritualize, as they call it, all the facts of life, the Song of Solomon. If any book was ever pure literature, this is. It is a love poem or drama throughout, and it is nothing else whatever. The attempts to allegorize it, to make it—as the very uninspired heading of one of the chapters has it—an account of how "Christ and the church congratulate each other," are simply funny; sheer nonsense, that never could have entered the head of anybody who hadn't started out with the assumption that a love poem could not be sacred, and must, therefore, be slightly improper among sacred books. Of the several interpretations of the book, that seems most probable and most beautiful which makes it a version of the old theme—a lass from the uplands of Samaria betrothed to her rustic lover, and true to him despite all the arts of a king and all the enticing splendors of a court, putting aside all blandishments that might corrupt her chaste faith, and proving at last that true love can neither be quenched nor bought.

> Many waters cannot quench love,
> Neither can the floods drown it;
> If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
> It would utterly be contemned.

The theme has been used a thousand times, and in all literatures, but never with more richness of imagery or more ardent purity of sentiment. But, obviously, the greater number of the books of the Bible

are not of this sort. Their primary import is religious. The emotions that inspire them and give them literary quality arise directly out of the relations of man to the Deity. Yet much of that great portion of Scripture which is filled with this emotion deserves to be called pure literature. That is, it has no didactic purpose; it is simply the spontaneous overflow of strong religious emotion, in devotion, adoration, entreaty, or thanksgiving. Thus the psalms, nearly all of them, are pure lyrics. They were not written to teach; they are not primarily repositories of doctrine; they are songs. So some parts of the prophetic books are outbursts of irrepressible emotion, of sorrow, or anger, or desire. They are, in great part, patriotic poetry—odes of national religious feeling; such odes as arouse a nation to repel the invader or to attempt the more difficult task of purging itself from moral corruption. Indeed, much of that part of the Old Testament which is primarily historical in subject is poetical in temper and manner. The books of Genesis and Exodus, for example, are for the most part in the manner of epic poetry. That is, while they recount history they recount that history primarily for its emotional value. Accordingly they touch only the high points of the history. Like all epic, the story centers itself in the heroes, and the manner of statement is not scientific and precise but large and emotional. And, above all, through the whole of the Old Testament history, prophecy, and song, runs one deep emotion, which often gives a solemn poetic character to what might otherwise be dull chronicle or the record of endless strife between petty tribes—one graver note to which the whole is keyed—the sense of the immanence of God. On the Hebrew mind that great truth was deeply impressed. God was ever here and now. All natural phenomena were the expression of his will. The hurricane is his breath; he looks upon the earth and it trembles—in earthquake; he touches the hills and they smoke—in eruption. He holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand; it is he that guideth the stars in their course and maketh the goings forth of the morning and evening to rejoice. And not only in all the phenomena of nature is the divine power seen, it is seen, and more especially, in the ruling of the moral world. This Jehovah loveth righteousness and hateth evil. Faith simply means the belief, in spite of whatever might seem to belie it, that God is on the throne and righteousness must prevail. And this faith gives epic dignity and real literary power to many passages of the Old Testament not primarily literary in purpose.

Nor is this true of the Old Testament merely. All writing that has much power over our moral and religious nature must have some literary quality. No writing of abiding ethical power can be merely didactic, it must touch the emotions; and the moment it begins to do that it takes on literary value. That is especially true with the Scriptures even in some of their most didactic and argumentative passages. The Epistles of Paul, for example, which are often extremely abstruse in argument and are written in a style which, measured by the rhetorician's standards, is often execrable, are, nevertheless, so full of his own eager, impetuous emotion that they arouse and dilate the reader and rise into the rank of noble literature, while the gospel narratives, in their simple, transparent depiction of a Divine Person that by universal admission has a unique power over human motive and action—these stand supreme at the head of narrative literature.

Some obvious hints as to the profitable use of the Bible are suggested by the literary character of the greater part of it. It is a very flat platitude to say that if one would appreciate the literary power and charm of the Bible, he must read it. Yet if everybody told the exact truth, we should probably find that many very good people do not altogether enjoy the Bible. That is in part because the Bible is generally thought of severely as a book of divine authority. It contains the law we know we ought to obey and know we don't obey. Its high austerity rebukes our reckless assertion of freedom; we look upon it as a kind of divine Revised Statutes. But the appreciation of the Bible has suffered perhaps even more from the sluggishness of mind and imagination in the average reader. All other great literature is in like case. How many people really read Spenser, or Milton, or Burke, or even Tennyson or Browning? A vivacious critic once said, with too much truth, that the popular idea of a classic is a book that everybody ought to read and nobody wants to read. The fact is, our almost invincible laziness is the greatest obstacle to the influence of good books. We think of literature as designed to amuse or entertain; we take a book as we take a beverage: it must have a pleasant taste, be easily swallowed, give a momentary stimulation, and not require to be digested. Neither the Bible nor any other great book can be worthily read in such a temper as that; but no great book appeals more readily or more powerfully to the appreciation of any man who *will* read it worthily. We sometimes hear the necessity of formal Bible instruction urged, as if without such instruction, the Bible were an unintelligible book. But the truth

is that, in strictness, no literature ever can be *taught*. It must be read; the reader must get his mind into sympathy with the writer's mind and receive from him at first hand. In the endeavor to do this with the Bible it is to be remembered that many of its books are to be read, not as science, history, or even primarily as theology, but as literature. We cannot read lyric as if it were dogma, or drama as if it were history. For instance, the book of Job is a sort of lyric drama on the general theme of the relation of man's righteousness to God's justice in this world. It is easy to see that no problem would stir the Hebrew mind so deeply as that. With an inextinguishable faith in the righteousness of God, refusing to bow, as the Greek did, before an inexplicable fate, and having no clear trust in a life to come to which he might postpone the unsolved problems of this one, the Hebrew wrestled with that awful question, How can the course of this world be reconciled with the justice of God? The book of Job is the sublimest poetry of moral question and struggle ever written. But it makes no difference as to the value of the book whether there ever was such an historic character as Job. The drama is no whit less powerful or truthful. It no more depends for its value upon the historic existence of Job than the play of Hamlet depends upon an historic Hamlet. The incidents of either drama are evidently not conceived as veritable history. Or, take the case of that remarkable book, Ecclesiastes. That is pretty surely not the work of Solomon, but a poem of which Solomon is the hero. It is not biography but poetry; or, if biography, only in the sense in which Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth or King John is biography. And thus the question whether it is a faithful picture of the experience of King Solomon is not of the first importance; it is a faithful and most moving picture of the satiety that springs from luxury and the paralysis that springs from doubt. It is a great lesson in religious experience.

Furthermore, we are not only thus to recognize the general purport of a work of literature like these, but we should also remember that the language of any work conceived in the literary temper appeals to our sympathies and our imagination rather than to the unwarmed intellect. The larger, figurative phrase of literature cannot be interpreted as if it were the diction of exact science. This is true even of those historical books of the Old Testament which are literary in manner. Yet we are constantly prone to give to the language of these books a hard, mechanical interpretation, and thus set their characters apart from us in some supernatural relation

that disguises their human reality. I think our reading would have a new vividness, and a thousand difficulties would vanish, if we only remembered that we are reading the language of poetry. The narrative doesn't say, "Moses felt convinced that it was his duty to do so and so." "Felt convinced?" Who convinced him? No; that is our modern, roundabout, noncommittal way of putting it. The Old Testament says, "And God spake unto Moses, saying" so and so —just as he may have spoken to you and me. But the Hebrew phrase has as much truth as ours, as we should see if we had any faith in God. And it certainly has far more poetry.

A lonely young Hebrew adventurer going his way into a far country, a man of very mixed and varying character, but deeply smitten from boyhood with a sense of God's presence and direction—even when he was not always obedient to that direction—this young exile, who has lost his way and is troubled for his safety, with his shepherd's habits throws himself wearily upon the ground, with a stone for a pillow, and falls asleep under the Eastern stars. And as he dreams he sees the heavens opened and a ladder stretching thither, and bright messengers coming and going between, as if to assure him that in that lonely spot the divine aid was as near as when in his own home. And he wakes with a thrilling sense of safety and awe, and names that spot the House of God, Beth El, since "surely God was in this place and I knew it not." And the place is a sanctuary for his race through all the generations thereafter. Beautiful story, a poem, and true, historically true; but why should we interpret his language with a hard, Western literality, or account the incident miraculous? We lose something of its human power and charm if we do. God overthrew the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, and Hebrew emotion breaks out in exultant poetry of deliverance. Yes, and just as truly—and perhaps just as miraculously—God overthrew the Spanish Armada in the English Channel with the breath of his tempest and scattered the broken wrecks of it all along the coast of Ireland; with a strong west wind he saved a nation, broke the power of Spain forever, gave the empire of this Western world to his chosen English people, and changed the face of all future history. No candid student can deny the presence of a special, supernatural element in Hebrew history; but we should remember that a people possessed, as these Hebrew people were, by that great truth of the immediate power and presence of God, invisible, eternal, naturally overlooked our artificial distinctions between the natural and the

supernatural—which are only the marks of our own ignorance—and recognized in all things the Ultimate and Efficient Cause. And thus their speech takes on an imaginative elevation that will not bear our literal reading.

It is true, indeed, and it cannot be too often stated, that not all Scripture is to be read in this larger and more imaginative way. For not all Scripture is poetry, not all primarily emotional in appeal. Some thirty years ago Matthew Arnold wrote that book—famous for a little while—in which he urged the universal acceptance and reading of the Bible on the ground that the Bible (as his title implied) was literature, and not dogma. His thesis was that the Bible was not the record of objective fact or truth, but the record of subjective experience, and therefore could commend itself to everybody's sympathy. You might not believe that the sun stood still for Joshua, and you might not believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead; you might not even believe in the existence of any such real objective being as the Hebrews called God, but only in a "stream of tendency"; you might, indeed, deny every objective fact these books record, yet you could still sympathize with their varied expression of human aspiration after righteousness. The books, though no longer dogma or history for you, would still be literature, and so of priceless value. Now that is a particularly mischievous position. "The Not Ourselves that Makes for Righteousness is my shepherd; He maketh me to lie down in the nature of things, and leadeth me beside the streams of tendency"—if that is all I really mean, I will not delude myself by any pretty metaphors into thinking I mean something quite different. Mr. Arnold's thesis not only leaves the Bible no value as revelation, but it cuts out of it all statement of fact and truth. There is dogma in the Bible and there is history; definite statements of objective truth and definite statements of objective fact. And it is certainly far less dangerous to read that as fact and dogma which was meant only as metaphor and literature than to read that as only literature which was meant for dogma and fact.

In the endeavor to reach an appreciative understanding of any work of literature there are two matters, in some sense incidental and illustrative, which deserve careful attention. One is the style or form of a man's writing, the way in which he selects and adapts his phrase so as to intensify the emotional effect of what he says and at the same time express his own personality. In all forms of poetry,

especially, much depends upon this inexplicable quality of phrase, upon the subtle associations of language that stir what may be called overtones of feeling, and upon the still more subtle musical suggestions of poetic line. Now, these more delicate effects of style we must always lose almost entirely in reading our English Bible simply because we read it in translation, and these effects must be lost in translation. We get the meaning of the solemn poetry of David, or Job, or Isaiah, we see the bold outlines of their imagery, we catch something of their lofty tone of feeling, but the subtler power of their phrase we must be content to lose. Yet, if we cannot expect to find these more intangible effects of style in translation, there are other peculiarities of style that we can detect, and find our interest often much increased by doing so. For instance, it is quite possible to trace, even under the disguises of translation, some of those marked peculiarities of style that disclose the personality of the writer; to see the man in his writing. Who cannot see the difference between the deep tenderness, the large, serene hopefulness, of the writer of the last part of the book of Isaiah and the eager, impetuous but involved style of Ezekiel? There is much the same difference as between Spenser and Donne. Or, take a more familiar example. I have said that the style of Paul, measured by the mere rhetorician's standards, is an execrable style. It is perplexed, involved, riding roughshod over all your neat rules for clearness and method. There are sentences a page long, full of ellipses and crowded with parentheses—parenthesis within parenthesis. He is constantly running away from the main line of his thought, and sometimes doesn't get back to it at all. What the old rhetoricians call anacoluthon is his favorite figure. He will follow a sorites some distance and then go off after one of the omitted premises of the sorites and start a new argument with that, only to desert it again in the same way. But is Paul, therefore, an uninteresting or a feeble writer? Assuredly not. And he is interesting not merely in spite of these peculiarities of style but on account of them. They are the best possible index of his character. Sometimes, it is true, a man writes in a style a little like Paul's because of the mere feebleness and vagueness of his thought. He gropes about till he strikes the trail of what he thinks is an idea, and follows it till he finds it isn't, and then he backs out and starts in somewhere else, only to lose his way again, and never gets anywhere at last. But it is needless to say that is not Paul's case. His mind, on the contrary, is *too* full of ideas, and is too swift in its

action to stay for the steadier logical processes of thought. He is impatient to be at the goal, and yet he sees so much on the way. And his ideas, crowded as they are, are linked to each other rather by emotional than by logical associations. They say Paul was one of the greatest of logicians. I think not. Paul had a philosophic, not strictly a logical temper. The character of Paul is the union of the abstract, speculative temper with the intense emotional temper. The lover and hero combined with the casuist and philosopher—that is Paul. He is fond of large, abstruse themes, but he can never be content to handle them in a cool analytic manner. His emotions will not stay the deliberate steps of logic, and his deepest beliefs rest not on reasoning but on the swifter assurance of intuition. We have one modern English poet of almost exactly the same temper—Robert Browning; and if in the writings of Browning, as in those of Brother Paul, there are some things hard to be understood, the difficulties are of the same nature, and arise from the same mental peculiarities.

The other matter to which we always give attention in an effort to reach an appreciative reading of any literature is the situation or environment of the writer. We shall understand him better if we can put ourselves in his place. To do this demands usually some historical or biographical knowledge, and some exercise of the imagination to vivify that knowledge. A psalm, for example, gains greatly in its power over our feelings if we can know who the singer was, and just what juncture in his life called out the song. This knowledge unfortunately we usually cannot have; since the majority of the psalms cannot with confidence be ascribed to a known author, and it is still more infrequently the case that we can know what peculiar facts in the history of the singer produced his song. Yet much of interest is often given to a psalm if we will simply use the facts that the psalm itself gives us. Take, for example, that beautiful lyric, the eighty-fourth psalm: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" It may not have been written, as the modern title indicates, by David during his flight from Absalom; it seems the lament not of one who had been driven from his home in hasty, enforced flight, but, rather, of a permanent exile. But we shall lose half its beauty if we do not realize in imagination the situation of the singer—an "anointed one," and therefore a priest or a king—in lonely exile somewhere, and pining for the familiar and sacred scene in which his days were wont to be. And he envies even the

happy birds that can fly away and make their home, where once his was, in the courts of the Lord's house; and his imagination paints the companies of pilgrims journeying up to the annual feasts; if only he might be with them even the dry and rugged defiles through which the long procession winds would seem green and blossoming like a land of hills and streams. When once we realize the situation of the singer, how natural and touching his imagery!—as spontaneous as

> Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

and far more deep and earnest.

Or take some of the noble religious war songs in the prophetic books. It is only when we read them in the light of the historical events that called them out that we can realize all their power. Nobody with any blood inside of him can read that superb passage beginning with the fifth verse of the tenth chapter of Isaiah without some feeling of its glorious tone of defiance, but its power is doubled when we remember that it was doubtless written when Jerusalem was awaiting in terror the resistless march of Sennacherib—"He is come to Aiath, he is passed to Migron, at Michmash hath he laid up his carriages; . . . this very day will he be at Nob, and shake his hand against the fortress of Jerusalem." It is like London in the weeks before the Armada; it is like Paris in the awful days of '92, when the allied armies were at the gates. And it is just at this moment that Isaiah bursts into his glorious song of warning and confidence to hearten a stricken city.

For one more example, consider how the whole book of Amos gains in dramatic power if we simply picture that scene in the seventh chapter when the rugged Judæan peasant confronts the gorgeous ritual of the high priest backed by all the power of the Samaritan king. "Get thee hence to thine own country, and prophesy there!" cries the angry Amaziah. But this hero of the people, this stern plebeian poet, indignant at being classed among the professional prophets who lackey a luxurious court, replies, "Prophet! I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I am a shepherd, and a pruner of sycamore trees. But Almighty God took me from tending my flocks, and Almighty God said to me, 'Prophesy!' And dost *thou* say unto me, 'Prophesy not'?" It is like Cromwell saying, "Take away that bauble"; like Luther defying the emperor at Worms. It is one of the great moments when a plain man, with the voice of God in his ears

and words from God on his lips, dares brave all the hollow sanctity of priests and all the threatening majesty of kings.

Sometimes it is only an understanding of the historical occasion of a passage that will give us an adequate idea of its meaning or save us from absurd misinterpretations. Everyone has seen instances of the misuse of prooftexts, by which, when wrested from their connections, it is possible to prove the most contradictory doctrines. Almost equally mischievous and more irrational are the "typical" interpretations often given to Scripture. When the pious reader cannot see any clear historical meaning in a passage he sometimes falls back, after the manner of the mediæval commentators, on a typical significance, with the strangest results. Take one example only. Of all the bitter memories that the inhabitants of Jerusalem carried into the Babylonish captivity none was quite so bitter as the recollection of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Edomites. These descendants of Esau, akin to them in race, often allied with Judah, had played them false in the hour of their sorest trial, betrayed them to their enemies, hung on the skirts of their flight, cut down the fugitives that escaped from the Babylonish conqueror, and exulted with barbarous savagery over the ruin of their temple and their city. It was this that no Hebrew could ever forgive or forget. However he might soften toward all other nations, he had nothing but a curse for Edom. Jeremiah interrupts the plaint of his Lamentations with a fierce ironical taunt at Edom; and that mournful psalm, the one hundred and thirty-seventh, the cry of the exiles who weep by the rivers of Babylon, changes in its last lines to a prayer for vengeance upon Edom: "Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof." Now, when that great, tender-hearted prophet of the Restoration wrote the last half of the Book of Isaiah, not only has he hope and comfort for his exiled countrymen, but his thought sweeps on more widely to the time when "Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising," when the flocks of Kedar and the ships of Tarshish shall bring tribute to the Holy One of Israel. But even this prophet cannot forgive Edom, and he interrupts the lofty and buoyant strain of his great prophecy with one irrepressible cry of triumphant vengeance:

> Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

> Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

And how is this passage usually interpreted? The very uninspired heading will show: "Christ shows his power to save." Christ shows his power to save!—there is no more un-Christlike passage in the Bible, none more unmistakably the expression of ineradicable national enmity.

Let us, then, read the Bible as we read all other literature and we shall see how living a book it is, how filled with the spirit of genuine, varied human nature. But then shall we see too how very divine a book it is. For if we really try to put ourselves in imaginative and moral sympathy with its writers, we shall find that for that we need nothing so much as a deep sense of reverence, a strenuous regard for righteousness, and, as we read on through the books, an ever-enlarging sympathy with those virtues that find fullest expression only in the Christ. For, after all, that is the first requisite for the understanding of any book—sympathy with its author. No knowledge of situation and environment, no imaginative reproduction of circumstance, is worth half so much as a share in the feeling that inspired the book itself. The best preparation for the reading of any poetry is often a moral preparation; the teaching not of books or rules but of years and experience. Literature is not always read best by the light of learning. How often have we noticed that the work of a great and true poet has been best appreciated by some plain, unlettered man who had been taught by long, perhaps by sad, experience those deep truths of human life the poet had put into his song. In like manner many a humble Christian who knows nothing of modern scholarship, and never thought about literary style or poetic form, may read more deeply into the meaning of these books of Scripture, may share more genuinely the penitence or joy of the psalmist, the fervor of the prophet, the loving zeal of the apostle, or the divine calm of the Master, than many a learned scholar who brings to the interpretation of the text all the manifold apparatus of modern criticism. For the highest charm of the literature of the Bible is a religious charm; its highest beauty the beauty of holiness.

THE ARENA

HOW TO CURE CRANKS

Adam Bede, of Newfoundland, asked this question: "Do you know any general principle which ought to be observed in dealing with 'cranks,' for example, old men neither able to read nor write, who have given trouble to ministers for years past, and who stay away from public worship for lengthy periods, meanwhile nursing their supposed grievances?" And Dr. David Smith replied in the British Weekly. His answer, which may be helpful to ministers who are troubled with "cranks," is here given without quotation marks: Never attempt to deal with them at all. Let them "gang their ain gait," and never take the slightest notice of their eccentricities. Be friendly and kindly when you encounter them; but never go out of your way to show them attention in the vain hope of winning them; and never remark on their absence from church. And never argue with them; it is useless. Just listen to them good-humoredly, and then talk about something else. It is related of Diogenes the cynic that once, to demonstrate his contempt for creature comforts, he stood out in the pouring rain to the admiration of the passers-by, until Plato came along and told them that, if they took no notice of him, he would soon go home and make himself comfortable. So just take no notice, and they will find it is no use and give it up. And even if they should treat you rudely, never mind. There is a delicious anecdote of Socrates, that once a fellow kicked him, and he paid no heed, and when a bystander wondered at his taking it so quietly, he said, "If an ass had kicked me would I have brought an action against it?" When you have to do with vulgar and stupid people, always treat them with the courtesy which you owe to yourself. All this is somewhat cynical counsel, but there is much more than this to be considered. I confess to a certain sympathy with cranks. They are no doubt very unpleasant, and, if you let them, they can be very troublesome; but there is generally a reason for their being what they are, and, depend upon it, if you knew the reason, you would look upon your troubler with other eyes. You would recognize that he is in sore need of sympathy and compassion. That is a true saying of Madame de Staël, "*Comprendre c'est pardonner*" ("To understand is to pardon"). Just get to know the man; see the road which he has traveled; and you will find some experience which has warped his mind and embittered his spirit. "Many an irritating fault," says George Eliot, "many an unlovely oddity, has come of hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered." Ay, and there may be still worse behind all. "It often happens," says Lecky, in his wise, wholesome book, The Map of Life, "that we have been long blaming a man for manifest faults

of character till at last suicide, or the disclosure of some grave bodily or mental disease, which has long been working unperceived, explains his faults and turns our blame into pity." More and more do I see that in this dark world of ours, where each is a veiled mystery to his fellows, there is no place for blame and condemnation; rather is there need of patience and forbearance and pity and gentleness. Believe me, there is not a hard word that you have ever spoken which you would not bitterly regret if you knew all. It was like striking a wounded animal. Never strike until you see what you are striking; and when you see, you will not strike; you will pity and soothe. Be patient, be kind, be gentle. You are a minister of the gospel, and I might sum up all that I have said and all that I should say in a single counsel, which I often give to my students: Be always, in the pulpit and out of it, a gentleman, a Christian gentleman—that rare and beautiful personage whom no one has ever succeeded in defining, but whom we all recognize when we meet him. Perhaps the nearest approach to a definition is that exquisite passage in Newman's Idea of a University, where this occurs: "The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He has eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not speak out." A gentleman always puts people on their best behavior, and, though he never "stands on his dignity," no one would venture to use liberties with him. And this is one solid reason why a minister should be a gentleman; his person is then sacrosanct—even with cranks.

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FEET-WASHING

Our ministers who have not paid special attention to the matter are sometimes embarrassed by the loud claims of certain churches as to the antiquity and binding nature of the ceremony of feet-washing. These brethren might welcome a brief statement of the facts. I shall not go into the interpretation of the well-known incident in John 13. 1-17, but refer to any scientific commentary like Lange, Meyer, Godet, or Westcott, one and all of which ought to be in every minister's library and be daily studied. Historically there is not the slightest trace of the custom in the first three centuries. (The passage in 1 Tim. 5. 10 refers to the ordinary usage of Oriental hospitality, which was sometimes violated by the careless and selfish—Luke 7. 44—but which the church widows were diligent in performing, and in which they showed their humility and desire to serve.) Of course what the early church did or did not does

not necessarily bind us, but at least it is instructive as showing that in this case that church had no idea whatever that in John 13 Christ laid down a ceremony or sacrament of feet-washing. But some time in the fourth century, with the rapidly growing ceremonialism and externalizing tendency of the church, with the mania for literalizing and materializing the precepts of Scripture on the one hand and for symbolizing them in solemn liturgical acts on the other, the custom of ceremonial feet-washing in connection with baptism was introduced. With the smothering of real humility by the prelatic evolution the rite of a mock humility took its place, just as the later ceremonial supper took the place of the early Eucharistic meals. Apparently, the first to refer to the ceremony was Ambrose in his *De Mysteriis*, chapter 6 (about A. D. 387), and he does so in connection with baptism, making it both a mark of humility and of the washing away of sin, saying that Peter's feet were washed in order to wash away hereditary sin! The anonymous author of *De Sacramentis et de Iis qui Mysteriis initiantur*, printed among the works of Ambrose, treats of the subject at greater length. He says (3. 1): "Girded, the high priest washes thy feet. We know that this custom the Roman Church has not, of which we follow the type and form in everything; but this custom of washing feet they do not have." There are those who say that feet-washing is not a mystery; not to be used in baptism or for regeneration, but only for hospitality. But this is not so. "It is a matter of humility, of sanctification. This I urge not to reprehend others, but to commend my own office. For though we desire to follow the Roman Church, yet we are men that have our senses about us, therefore we observe that practice which we believe to be more right in other churches. But feet-washing is not done to obtain remission of sins, for that is already done in baptism; but because Adam was supplanted by the devil, and the serpent's poison was cast upon his feet, therefore men are washed in that part for greater sanctification, that he might have no power to supplant them any further. Therefore thou washest the feet that thou mayest wash away the poison of serpents. It is also done for humility." This is a delicious passage—revealing the immeasurable childishness, ignorance, and superstition out of which this and other Catholic rites arose. But up to the end of the fourth century the church in Rome would have nothing to do with this one. Nor did the authorities in Spain have much more patience with it, as earlier in the century the synod of Elvira forbade priests to wash the feet of the baptized (Can. 48; see Dale, The Synod of Elvira, London, 1882, pp. 302, 303). This prohibition later passed into the canon law. In the next century Augustine (Ep. 55. 33) speaks of it as a custom observed by some and rejected by others. In the churches themselves there was in the fourth and fifth centuries a variety of customs, some observing feet-washing, others not. In the Gotho-Gallican rite of baptism we read: "While washing his feet thou shalt say I wash thy feet as our Lord Jesus Christ did unto his disciples. Do thou like to strangers and pilgrims, that thou mayest have eternal life." It is found in two other Gallican missals, though not in the Roman nor in the Ambrosian. The synod of

Toledo, 649, canon 3, excluded from the holy communion those who refused to wash their feet or have them washed on Maundy Thursday (the Thursday before Easter, when all received the sacrament), but part of this was probably due to the instinct of (nasal) self-preservation, for Catholic continentals have never been given to too much bathing, and of course not at all in Lent. Compare Augustine, Ep. 54. 10, where he explains the custom of bathing on Maundy Thursday by the necessity of not too much outraging decency in coming to the Lord's table on the following Easter unwashed after the long abstinence from ablutions during Lent. Some time during the early Middle Ages there grew up the custom on Maundy Thursday after mass of the clergy, including the Pope, washing the feet of others as a mark of humility, thus seeking to carry out the commandment of Christ—a pathetic illustration of a belated and mechanical attempt to follow Christ on the part of many who in their doctrines, spirit, and life had put him to shame. For the further history of the ceremony in the Catholic Church see Thalhofer in Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchenlexicon*, 2 Aufl. IV, pp. 2145-2148 (1886) and among Protestants see Mertz-Tschackert in Herzog-Hauck *Realenencyklopädie*, 3 Aufl. VI, pp. 324, 325 (1899). For the ancient Church see Marriott in Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, I, pp. 158, 164, and Venables in the same, II, pp. 1160, 1161, and of course old Bingham, book 12, Chapter 4, section 10 (Ed. 1840, IV, pp. 55-58). No; history does not give much comfort to our feet-washing brethren. It is a question of the interpretation of John 13 and of the application of the great principle in 2 Cor. 3. 6.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S TEACHING IN THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT—UNFAVORABLE JUDGMENTS

Matt. 7. 1-5.

It is somewhat difficult to connect the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel with the fifth and sixth chapters. Plumptre, in his Commentary, says: "Thus much at least seems clear, that while chapter 5 is mainly a protest against the teaching of the scribes, and chapter 6 mainly a protest against their corruption of the three great elements of the religious life—almsgiving, prayer, and fasting—and the worldliness out of which that corruption grew, this deals chiefly with the temptations incident to the more advanced stages of that life when lower forms of evil have been overcome—with the temper that judges others, the self-deceit of unconscious hypocrisy, the danger of unreality." The part of the chapter under consideration refers to an evil prevalent in that age and equally common now, namely, that of judging others, and, as the context seems to indicate in this case, unfavorable judgments of others.

1. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4. Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

At first view our Lord seems in these verses to condemn all judgment of others. This, however, must be read in the light of his teaching at other times and under other circumstances. In John 7. 24 we read, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment," where there is an implication that there are occasions when righteous judgment should be exercised. This passage states a principle of the utmost importance. It does not condemn judicial procedure where the judgments are based on evidence and are given by competent authority. The context indicates that the special reference of this passage is to unfavorable judgments, for it is added, "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Our Lord here teaches that the habit of judging others is unwise. It involves the constant looking at others with suspicion; as if something were going on in their life which deserved disapproval or punishment. This attitude of mind is not healthful. It is often an indication of an unhappy disposition in one who has become dissatisfied with himself and others and imagines that wrongs exist in his neighbors, and that he should search for them and point them out. This is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, which does not favor unjust or un-

charitable judgments. The parallel passage in Luke 6. 37 is similar to it, but may have been uttered on another occasion: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." This is merely an enlargement of the passage in Matthew involving the same thought.

The emphasis, however, is on the forming of rash judgments without fully understanding the case at issue or the person concerning whom the judgments are formed. It is the habit of criticism. He who is constantly in a critical attitude will cultivate a temper that is dangerous to his own personal happiness and to the comfort and peace of others. The person who is constantly in such an attitude of mind will exhibit it on many occasions and make himself an unwelcome companion and undesirable as a friend.

This habit or tendency grows out of the failure to scrutinize one's own faults and therefore magnify the faults of others. The illustration here may have been a proverb with which his hearers were familiar. The mote or splinter becomes to such a one very large if in his brother's eye, whereas the beam in his own eye is unnoticed. The beam in his own eye obscures his vision, and prevents his perception and prevents him from accurately understanding the condition of his brother.

In order, therefore, to judge others properly we should exercise a careful self-introspection, and we should see to it that there is no mote in our own eyes. It is so hard to appreciate our own failures and to recognize clearly our moral attitude in everyday life. We find so many reasons for self-complacency, so many excuses for our failures, that without intending it even, we grow to a self-glorification which in the opinion of any impartial person would be unmerited.

Familiarity with one's self blurs one's vision so that we never properly understand ourselves or others. It is like one with rough, unmelodious voice who has become so accustomed to it, because he has heard it all his life, that in his view it is a voice of melody and sweetness. This introspection should not be a morbid one, but a healthful examination of ourselves in the light of our own conscience, our own Christian experience, and the teachings of God's Holy Word.

The improbability of understanding the exact condition and motives of others should prevent unfavorable judgments. We little know the deepest feelings and sentiments of others. We see only the externals; the life of the soul and the struggles through which the human heart passes and the conditions in which they work are beyond our ken. A man outwardly most generous may not always have the most generous heart, and a person stingy in the view of many, and indifferent to the needs of others, may, after all, be more liberal than the one who condemns him. A friend of the writer told him of a man charged with closeness, even with penuriousness, during his lifetime by his associates in the church, who after his death was found to have been the most generous of the whole company. The person who thus judges others unfavorably is well called a "hypocrite," because he fails to look into his own life, and in his condemnation of others appears to be what he is not, thus deserving the censure which our Lord

puts upon him. What he needs is to cast the beam out of his own eye. This will give him clearness of vision and enable him to understand himself and to appreciate truly his fellow men. All such should remember that the measure of judgment which they exercise toward others shall be meted to them again. The law of reaction applies here. They make themselves liable to the judgment of God and to the judgment also of their fellow men.

Plumptre, in his Commentary, gives some rules of judgment which he regards as in harmony with the teaching of our Lord in this passage:

1. Judge no man unless it be a duty to do so.
2. As far as may be, judge the offense, and not the offender.
3. Confine your judgment to the earthly side of faults, and leave their relation to God to Him who sees the heart.
4. Never judge at all without remembering your own sinfulness and the ignorance and infirmities which may extenuate the sinfulness of others.

The appropriateness of this teaching to the time is quite apparent. The Jews at that time regarded themselves as the special favorites of heaven. They were the chosen people, and their moral life, through the influence of divine revelation, was far in advance of their heathen neighbors. Instead of being humble they became proud and censorious, magnifying their own virtues, because of their theocratic position, and minimizing the worth of their fellow men. Against this pride this passage of our Lord's teaching is an emphatic protest.

THE REAWAKENING OF THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS

THE word "consciousness" has various applications, and cannot be treated in any mechanical sense without diminishing its significance. The consciousness of a people represents the current ideas of the time on all matters of social, religious, and political interest. Its values will be determined by the teachings which men accept and by the influences that mold their lives. The Christian consciousness is a consciousness growing out of the conceptions of the Christian life and thought revealed in the Holy Scriptures. The writer is convinced that the Christian consciousness, as distinguished from the naturalistic consciousness, is not having its proper influence on the life and thought of to-day. There are certain things which, if omitted as controlling human action in our time, or, if not omitted, held in abeyance, are calculated to lower the ethical standard and to weaken the moral life of the nation. The Christian consciousness has certain features peculiar to itself and which cannot be overlooked in any study of present-day conditions.

The Christian consciousness involves reverence for God. The presence of God, the rule of God, the authority of God, is recognized as a part of Christianity. The God whom Christianity adores is a personal God. He is the alone God. He is a spiritual Being. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." He works through nature, and is constantly present, moving by his Holy Spirit on the thought and life of man. The profound reverence for the Supreme Ruler of the uni-

verse exerts over the moral life a strong influence for which there can be no substitute. The decay of this reverence among the people will account in part for much of the prevalent looseness of thinking and acting on moral subjects. With reverence there is connected what is commonly denominated "a sense of fear." It is not in harmony with our modern speech to speak of fear as a controlling factor in human life. Indeed, it is common to regard fear as an element of moral weakness. But it is innate in the nature of man as well as clearly taught in the revealed Word. We read in the Old Testament, "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." We read again, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And in the Epistle to the Romans, in that remarkable description of the debased condition of the world, it is said, "There is no fear of God before their eyes," as though that were a sufficient explanation of their moral degradation. The Christian consciousness holds up before the view this sense of reverence for God and fear to break his commandments.

George Adam Smith says in one of his sermons: "While there is thus a fear that is false and perishable, there is another that is true, incontrovertible, salutary, and enduring; . . . nor even while the full light of religion and morality is introduced, and we come to know God better in his righteousness and mercy, does it seem possible, or even desirable, for us to outgrow fear and replace it by other religious emotions. For there is always the sense of guilt, which grows as conscience grows and the heart becomes more refined; there is always in an increasing degree the sense of the stupendousness of the moral ideal and obligation; and even when we recognize God as love there is an increase of our sensitiveness . . . . toward a Being who deals with us in such patience and such grace. And this too may be called the fear of the Lord. There is, therefore, a salutary and enduring fear of God as well as one that is false and perishable."

The Christian consciousness includes a profound sense of personal sin as displeasing to God and deserving punishment. Such is the teaching of the Old Testament, and it is explicitly declared in the New Testament. "There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For my iniquities are gone over my head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me" (Psa. 38. 3, 4). The same psalm, verse 18, shows the need of forgiveness: "For I will declare my iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin." And then again: "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me." "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). Then, again, our Lord commends the prayer of the publican, whose penitent plea was not self-justification, as in the prayer of the Pharisee, but who cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18. 13). These are specimens of the consciousness of sin expressed in the Holy Scriptures. This consciousness, somehow, has been universally felt among men. George Adam Smith says: "The strongest proof of the need of forgiveness or the reality of the sense of sin is in the universality of that sense, or at least in the fact which the dramatists of all ages have treated

as the most certain and tragic element in human experience—the persistence and ineradicableness of the sense of guilt, the hopelessness of outrunning conscience, however successfully some versatile men may have appeared to do so. . . . Neither the most powerful nor the most pure absorptions of which the heart is capable are of themselves sufficient to redeem a man from the consciousness of a selfish, a cruel, or a cowardly deed."

The Christian consciousness affirms the necessity of the conversion of the individual; the transformation of a man from a state of nature to a state of grace. Paul affirms it when he says: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." We cannot conceive of the highest manifestations of moral life without the presupposition of the transformation of the nature. which has been the thought of Christianity from the beginning. One need not define—perhaps one cannot fully define—the term "conversion," but it marks a change involving the transformation of the spirit and life of the person who accepts Christ as his Saviour. Hence in our Christian thought the new creation in Christ should be fundamental to our thinking; the moral ideals which the Christian consciousness represents are the ideals of a people renewed, strengthened, and invigorated; people who have turned to the Lord and are called the "children of God."

Christian consciousness involves also the following of the teachings of Christ as the authoritative expression of God's will to men. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Christ in Christian conception is the revelation of God; God speaks through him and in him, and the Christian turns to him for guidance on the great problems of duty. He feels that his activities should be in harmony with Christ's teachings as revealed in the New Testament Scriptures. He believes that Christ has covered the whole sphere of Christian duty either by direct statement or by logical implication. Hence the Christian consciousness is affected by these; they are a part of his life; otherwise he has to return to the uncertain teachings of naturalistic thought, which, by reason of its diversity, cannot be authoritative over the thoughts and conduct of men.

The Christian consciousness is related to the future life and cannot be separated from it. This life is the vestibule to the life beyond, and the relation of the one to the other is constantly impressed upon us in the Word of God. Naturalistic thought excludes this. Its principle is, "Live for the present; this life is all we have to do with; take care of this life and the next life will take care of itself." Those who thus speak do not realize the relationship between the two. The future is so often obscured that it scarcely enters into consideration with the multitude. With many, death ends all. Not so the Christian consciousness; it keeps before its view the Holy City of the revelator, the city where there shall not enter anything that defileth, neither worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie. That city is a constant inspiration to those who are seeking to live nobly here. The best lives on earth will be lived by those who realize that they are to find their true home in heaven.

These are merely some of the elements of the Christian consciousness.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

A NEW JEWISH SECT

Dr. Schechter, formerly of Cambridge, England, now of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York city, has just published in two volumes a very interesting work, entitled Documents of Jewish Sectaries. The first volume, Fragments of a Zadokite Work, has already attracted much attention and is destined to attract much more. The learned author is well known by his numerous publications, and especially for his Hebrew Original of Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of Sirach, which was noticed in this department some years ago. These new documents, like Ecclesiasticus, were found with a number of worn-out books and documents in the Genizah, or lumber room, of a synagogue in Cairo, Egypt, but are now deposited in the University Library at Cambridge. The fragments consist of two imperfect texts, distinguished, for convenience sake, as A and B. Text A has eight leaves, or sixteen pages, 8½x7½ inches. The number of lines on the perfect pages—for few are badly mutilated on the edges and at the bottom—vary from twenty-one to twenty-three. Text B has only one leaf, 13½x8 inches. Both fragments are written in the ordinary square characters, such as are common to Hebrew printed books of our day, though B has more of the cursive style. The copyist of A belonged to the careless class of students, and consequently, it is no easy matter to decipher his text with anything like scientific precision. It is often impossible to distinguish between some of his letters, such as *yodh*. *waw*, *zain*, and final *nun* [י ו ז ן]. The same is true of ה and ח. The text is practically unpointed, though there are few words supplied with vowel-points—probably later additions. Text B is evidently the work of a more faithful and more painstaking scribe, and was written, probably, in the eleventh or twelfth century, while A is of the tenth century.

The fragment as edited by Dr. Schechter, with its Preface, Introduction, Translation, and copious notes, evidences great scholarship and conscientious work by a master in Hebrew literature. Like all scholarly men, our author moves slowly and cautiously, points out a multitude of doubtful passages and translates them with rigid literalness, acknowledging again and again his inability to grasp the correct meaning of the original. And yet, notwithstanding the many obscure passages and gaps, the text, in the main, is perfectly clear, so that the general scope and contents are easily apprehended. Indeed, the entire book is made up, very largely, of passages more or less faithfully quoted from various books of the Old Testament, with some little admixture of rabbinic literature and apocalyptic works, such as the book of Jubilees and the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs.

The contents of the document are clear and not difficult to understand, but the origin and purpose will probably remain, till further light is obtained, a matter of controversy. The fragment, however, reveals the existence of a sect which Dr. Schechter calls Zadokites, that is, the followers

of some person called Zadok. The name naturally suggests the founder of the Sadducees. There is, however, notwithstanding the correspondence of name, no evidence for thinking that the Zadokites of our fragment had anything to do with the well-known sect called Sadducees, so often mentioned in the New Testament. Whatever this sect was, it is stated that a number of those belonging to it settled in Damascus, owing no doubt to some unpleasantness or disagreement on some religious subjects with the great majority of the Jews.

Dr. Schechter, probably as well versed as any one in Jewish literature, history, and theology, informs us that, as far as he knows, "The annals of Jewish history contain no record of a sect agreeing in all points with the one depicted" in the fragment. Depending, however, upon two or three passages in Kirkisani, who wrote about A. D. 637, he suggests the possibility that the Zadokites may have been a branch of the Dositheans, a Samaritan sect founded by Dositheus, a pretended Messiah, about the time of our Lord, which also in the course of time disappeared, leaving some traces of itself in "the lingering sect of the Falashas." It is needless to add that this is nothing more than a hypothesis. Nor does the document afford satisfactory information regarding the origin of the Zadokites or the date when they were founded. The following is not conclusive: "And at the end of the wrath, three hundred and ninety years after he [God] had delivered them into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, he remembered them, and made bud from Israel and Aaron a root of a plant to inherit his land, and to rejoice in the good of his earth. . . . and he raised for them a Teacher of Righteousness," or, as is clear from other passages, a Messiah. Dr. Schechter suggests changing *three* hundred and ninety to *four* hundred and ninety, corresponding with the Messianic phrase, or the seventy weeks of years of Dan. 9. 2-24, that is, 70x7=490. Here we might remark that our learned editor frankly admits that "this cycle of years, however, as we know, is never exact, and may be adapted by any apocalyptic writer to any event in history, which struck him as the great crisis in the history of the nation, or even his sect." Thus the question of date must remain for the present an open one. And though no one may speak with authority, there is great probability that the Zadokite Messiah—or shall we say the founder of this sect?—must have appeared in the first century of our era, and that our document is the product of the second half of this first century. As the term "fragment" implies, it is only a portion of a larger work, which may have antedated any of the four canonical Gospels. If this be correct, the document must prove of great interest to Jews and Christians alike, or, as the American Hebrew says, its importance for the early history of Christianity cannot be overestimated.

The fragment is not historical, but rather hagadic and halachic in character, full of the hortatory. It seems to have been written by the leader of the sect as a kind of a manifesto, or a synopsis of the creed and polity of a community of Jewish people with headquarters at Damascus, early in the second half of the first century. The members of the sect were ultra conservative and most rigid in their observance of the law of Moses, more so, it seems, than the average Pharisee, or, as Dr. Schechter

puts it, "It was a sect decidedly hostile to the bulk of the Jews as represented by the Pharisees" and also "at variance with the nation at large in its interpretation of the past."

No one can read this document without being impressed with its Messianic character, for there is one great personage who towers up above the rest. He is called the "Teacher of Righteousness," the "Only Teacher," and the "Only One," and also "the Lawgiver who Interprets the Law," and finally the "Anointed [Messiah] from Aaron and Israel." Our document is peculiar in knowing nothing of a Messiah of the tribe of Judah, or of the house of David. Indeed, it seems that King David was not highly regarded by the Zadokites. Another conspicuous figure of our fragment is "Belial, let loose against Israel" and the ensnarer of the people, called also "the man of scoffing, who dropped to Israel water of deceitfulness and caused them to wander in the wilderness, in which there is no way." Dr. Schechter will not accept the individuality of this second person, but sees in him a personification of the violent opposition to the policy and doctrines of the "Anointed." There is, at least, an apparent reference, as we shall see farther on, to two distinct Messiahs. Dr. Schechter does not admit this, but argues that the reference is to two periods in the life of one Messiah, and not to two distinct and separate persons. Dr. Margoliouth, the custodian of the Hebrew manuscripts in the British Museum, likewise an eminent Semitic scholar, and in every way the peer of Dr. Schechter, takes a very different view. He gives free rein to his imagination and thus arrives at some wonderful conclusions, which are, indeed, very fascinating. Further investigations and discovery may show which of the two learned doctors is the more correct. Dr. Margoliouth contends that we have three distinct persons in our document. Nay, more; he does not hesitate for a moment to announce a new discovery and identify the three as John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, and the apostle Paul (Athenæum, London, November 26, 1910). He maintains with very plausible arguments that the title "Messiah," or "Anointed," is given to both John and Jesus, and that, according to our fragment, a space of twenty years intervened between their active ministries. The passage on which Dr. Margoliouth bases his opinion is the following: "From the day when there was gathered in [that is, died] the only Teacher until there will arise the Anointed from Aaron and Israel," etc. (Text B, page 20, line 1). Even though the terms, "Only Teacher," the "Teacher of Righteousness," and also the "Only One" are used interchangeably of the Anointed, that is, the Messiah, it will be difficult for him who has no theory to maintain not to see two distinct persons in the passage just quoted, where, apparently, reference is made to the death of one and the advent of the other. These two Messiahs were not only to be put to death, but were also to be raised from the dead. They were both to lead Israel in the paths of righteousness and to make their followers know the Holy Spirit. Though the "Anointed" was to come forth as a "star out of Jacob," he was finally to be rejected by the great majority of the Jews.

Now, assuming that we have in the above excerpt a reference to John and to Jesus, who is the third party, "the man of scoffing," the one op-

posing the doctrines of the Anointed, the one "who makes Israel slide back like a backsliding heifer"? Who is this one "sent" (apostle) throughout the country to turn men away from the law? Who is "the man with three nets sent to ensnare the people"? These three nets are the net of fornication, the net of wealth, and that for polluting the sanctuary. We know that Saint Paul was accused of the last offense, and the fact that he collected money in various churches to help the poor in Palestine might have been construed to his discredit. It is also known that some of Paul's converts, for example, those at Corinth, were guilty of flagrant immorality. It would not be a hard task to shift the blame from such converts to their teacher. Whether the above inferences be correct or not, one thing is certain: our document is neither Jewish nor orthodox Christian, but, rather, precisely such a work as could be expected from one of the Judæo-Christian sects, or converts to Christianity, who, while professing to be disciples of the crucified Christ, held tenaciously to the laws of Moses and many Jewish customs and practices. We read of such Judaizing teachers in the Acts and Epistles (see Acts 15. 5; Gal. 2. 1-10). We might also mention that the fragment has much to say of a "New Covenant" into which the followers of the "Anointed" entered, that they might be perfected in holiness. The term "covenant" is used thirty-five times in the fragments. Our readers know how often and in what sense the word "covenant" is employed in the Gospels and Epistles.

Whether Dr. Margoliouth has hit upon the correct solution remains to be seen. There is no doubt, however, that the document has much in common with the doctrines of the Judaizing missionaries who were such bitter opponents of the apostle Paul, not only in Palestine but also in heathen territory, where the majority of converts were Gentiles.

The Zadokites placed great stress upon a most rigid observance of the Sabbath and Jewish feasts, ablutions, and purifications. The body must be washed in running water, and not in utensils or hewn troughs, for fear of contamination. The eating of blood was strictly prohibited. The selling of meat, of live animals, or even of grains and fruit to the heathen was forbidden, for such articles might be offered to idols. Divorces could not be granted for any reason whatever, not even for adultery. As our space forbids us to enlarge, we can do no better than to insert here two short passages from this interesting work, which will throw light upon the polity and creed of this new sect. The opening words of the fragment are:

> Now, therefore, hearken unto me, ye all who know righteousness, and meditate upon the work of God. For he has a controversy with all flesh, and he will execute judgment upon all who despise him. . . . But when he remembered the covenant of the forefathers he left a remnant to Israel.

Take again the following excerpt from the pledge of those "who entered in the New Covenant in the land of Damascus":

> To raise their offerings according to their interpretation, to love every one his neighbor as himself, and to strengthen the hand of the poor and the needy and the stranger, and to seek every one the peace of his neighbor. To all who walk in these things the covenant of God stands fast.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

From an English magazine we transcribe without quotation marks the following on Easter and April: To the Greek islanders of old the spring meant the reopening of the sea-ways as well as the awakening of the meadows. "Now is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow is come and the pleasant west wind; the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence," cried Leonidas of Tarentum, while Antipater of Sidon sang quiet spring seas and meadows laughing with soft leafage. The sense of renewed life breaks through the persistent and beautiful sadness of the Greek epigram for a moment. But, despite the wonderful resurrection legend of Persephone rising each year with the green corn from the shadow land, the miracle of the spring had no message of hope for the Greek. Their words were not unlike the words of Thomas à Kempis, *Post hiemen sequitur aestas, post noctem redit dies, et post tempestatem serenitas magna;* but the inner meanings were far-sundered. The spring gave Leonidas anew the gladness of this present world when he watched the island capes melting into the warm haze of exquisite azure seas, and wandered with the children of Pan in green meadows jeweled with the many flowers of spring. It needed a sterner clime, a severer contrast between the bitterness of winter and the perpetual wonder of a new life literally recreated from the cold of death, to awaken in the heart that demand for the power of an endless life which is so passionate a characteristic of Northern races. The prayer of an unknown poet to Pan of the Fountain that his ever-flowing spring should rid all comers of their thirst might well have suggested, but it did not suggest, the idea of a fountain of eternal life. The faith and mysticism of the East had to play upon the intellectual materialism of Greece before it was able to supply a sense of intellectual certitude, capable of tradition, to the Christian assertion of everlasting life. But Northern and Western nations had none of the intellectual difficulties of the Greeks. To those nations wrapped in barbarism, long before the days of Christ the spring brought year by year, like an emanation from the mysterious twilights of dawn and evening of which the South knew nothing, a notion of resurrection that was not merely a materialized fable, not merely the story of the new green wheat and sudden flowers, but also something that had its application to the souls who love and suffer in the winter of life. The cry of Beowulf, "Earls in their strength are to their Maker gone, and I must follow them," was uttered in the belief of a Walhalla where men could outstrip their earthly record. And English Christianity adopted in a new sense the Northern Easter. To the earlier Christian poets nature was a parable, in action, of the spiritual life, and the very flowers of spring in their native wildness were dedicated by name to the new faith. The red anemone grew beneath the cross; the cowslip was the herb of the apostle

Peter; the crocus figured forth our Lord; the daffodil was Joseph's staff; the hawthorn our Lady's flower; while our Lady's Smock had name enough. She wore in her bosom the marsh marigold, while the primrose was her flower, and blossomed in paradise beside the sweet-scented gilliflower. The spring hinted at, nay, in some measure revealed, the future life at every turn, and its religious significance was beyond all doubt. The sense of relief, of exhilaration, of hope that the spring, so slow in coming, so tantalizing, but so beautiful in early bud and flower and leaf (that had showed already before the untimely greenness of the late autumn had disappeared), begets is vividly exhibited by Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales. Men and women were waiting eagerly for the new merriment. The winter had been kept alive by the intermittent revels which had gone on from the beginning of winter (December 1) till Candlemas (February 2); and then came the Lenten wait, until the longer April evenings and the stirring of the blood called Londoners to pilgrimage—the day pilgrimage to Greenwich, the longer pilgrimage to Canterbury. Chaucer immortalizes this universal movement in mediæval life in the famous opening to the Prologue. This is not the place to write of the wonderful company, drawn with a pen which made the men and women immortally alive, that went on this pilgrimage. The spiritual note of the long poem is, however, one that has often been overlooked. The poor parson of the township and the clerk of Oxenford are perhaps the most spiritually minded creatures of all literature. It is, moreover, certainly significant that a work which opens with the very breath of an English spring should close with one of the most wonderful descriptions of the resurrection of life ever written. "Thanne shal men understonde what is the fruit of penaunce; and after the words of Jesu Crist, it is the endelees blisse of hevene, ther Joy had no contrarioustee of wo ne grevaunce, ther all harmes ben passed of this present lyf; ther as is sikenesse fro the peyne of helle; ther as is the blisful compayne, that rejoysen hem, evere mo everich of otheres Joy; the-as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was sike, freele and feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther in may nothing appeire it: ther-as ne is neither hunger, ne thurst, ne cold, but every soul replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchase by poverte spirituel, and the glory by lowlinesse, the plentee of joy by hunger and thurst, and the reste by travaile, and the life by deth and mortification of sinne: to which life may he us bring, that bought us with his precious blood. Amen." Chaucer brings before us the pageant of life in all its lustiness at the springtime of the year; national life, individual life; and he suddenly ends on this strange Lenten note of penance and penitence that unexpectedly burst forth into a glad sequence, into the April, the Easter, the resurrection music of all things made new, of "Everyman" passing into the "endless bliss of heaven," where there is no woe, nor grief, nor harm, and every soul is replenished with "the sight of the perfect knowing God." It was no accident that brought April and Easter into such sweet accord. The poetry that lies

so deep in the heart of man translated the lesson of the countryside into his religion. Summer has its glory and its pride, autumn its ripeness, its restfulness, its pageantry of magnificent dissolution, winter its note of struggle and peace side by side; but spring, with its widening wind-flecked skies, its lengthening twilights full of mystery, full of scents and sounds of ineffable delight, its hazes of purpling woods slowly growing first to gray and then to tender green, its clean great fields turning night by night from brown to green, its perpetual melody of birds, from the skylark singing with an ever-fuller note to the twitter of the ground birds full of busy cares, its multitudes of flowers of every hue, flowers so fragile that one might wonder how they could so "take the winds of March with beauty"—spring touches the heart and mind in a way akin to miracle. It gives the sense of something more than physical life. If our being is immortal, that immortality is presented in parable by the great world which will not be denied new life as the young sun glides into Aries. Wisely did Milton strew the laureate hearse of Lycidas with tear-filled daffodils, "for Lycidas your sorrow is not dead." Browning in his "Easter Day" flashes us in burning sentences along from thoughts about this wonderful world of ours to the sublimer sense of personal immortality. The worlds of nature, of art, of thought are but the antechambers of God's Abiding Place. The April season but strikes the note of immortality, only suggests God's kingdom. This earth, with all its wonders, all its beauty, its yearnings, its desires, its hopes, is but a stage of progress. Yet the Easter time, the moment of new life, gives us power (if we but knew it) to glance into the new stage. And that glance would make us see that this stage, however perfect, can give no satisfaction if once the new stage really comes in sight, if the doors of the antechambers are flung open and the new world appears. Yet this present world, with its sense of infinite life, of endless growth, has given us immortal longings, strange intuitions of the life to come, terrible recognition that, come what may, this world cannot satisfy and is to us, as the underworld of mold and clay is to the seed, but a prison house from which we must break forth. Yet we were born here and can never cut ourselves wholly adrift; to be fit for growth, that is the problem. Browning says:

> "Thank God, no paradise stands barred
> To entry. . . .
> Condemned to earth forever, shut
> From heaven!
> But Easter Day breaks. But
> Christ rises! Mercy every way
> Is infinite."

———On the subject of the resurrection we append something more definitely Christian from Dr. Watkinson, quotation marks omitted: Paul "preached Jesus and the Resurrection." The two subjects went together in the grand apostolic message. And they go together in the Epistles. The fact and import of the resurrection of Christ, and of the resurrec-

tion of his people in him, are interwoven with all the writings of the apostles, as they were evidently interwoven with all their preaching. First of all, the resurrection of our Lord was to the apostles a great, fundamental, essential fact. They know nothing of the resurrection as a myth, to be treated poetically; it is an assured and glorious historic fact, on the truth of which they were prepared to stake everything for time and eternity. The fact of Christ's resurrection being thus understood as actual and literal, what are the great truths it implies and symbolizes? The obvious reply to this is, it demonstrates the essential greatness of human nature, despite its deepest humiliation; it is the symbol of immortality, the condition of our justification and sanctification, and the promise and pledge of our individual resurrection and glorification. The resurrection of Jesus Christ has *thrown a splendid light on human nature,* and given us a new sense of self-respect: by depriving death of its sting and the grave of its victory, it has *delivered us from the paralyzing power of fear;* it has *vivified all human thought and life* by a mighty hope which shall not make us ashamed. Also the resurrection of our Lord, thus recognized as historic fact, has demonstrated its power in some other resurrections which are mighty witnesses to the fact and glory of the primal historic resurrection. First, then, notice the power of Christ's resurrection in the Sphere of Truth. Mark its revivifying action upon Judaism. Compared with the religions of the surrounding nations, the faith of the Jew was preëminent; its revelation of the righteous God, its insistence on the principle of holiness, its foreshadowing immortality invested it with unique authority and glory. Yet in course of time it "waxed old," it became ineffective and obstructive, it cumbered the ground, and the torch of Titus cremated it. But in the resurrection of Jesus Christ Judaism arose from its ashes in transfiguration splendor. Its sacred literature palpitates with a strange power; from being a petrifaction, its temple became a living church; its laws were vivified by the law of the spirit of life; from the insignificance of a provincial cult, it passed into supreme and universal authority and influence. It was only in the ministry of the apostles who "proclaimed in Jesus the resurrection from the dead," that Judaism became a missionary power, a converting and civilizing power; only at Pentecost was it clothed upon from above, becoming a lifting and driving power, the power of God unto salvation. Judaism spiritualized, energized, glorified in Christ Jesus, became the supreme factor in the moral life of mankind. Once more. Only as the gospel of the resurrection is preached in heathen lands will the various faiths of the pagan pass into fulfillment. The students of comparative religion remind us that the ethnic scriptures contain many great truths expressed with remarkable lucidity and beauty. But those best acquainted with the East declare that these ancient faiths no longer serve the nations which hold them; they are practically dead so far as concerns any influence they might once have exerted upon the moral and spiritual life of the people. It is, then, only as the truths implied in the resurrection of Christ are proclaimed that these in-

complete and inoperative faiths will reach their consummation. It was by this thought that Saint Paul was guided in dealing with the Athenians. He recognized the merit and failure of their natural theology, and "preached Jesus and the resurrection" as the fullness of the truth after which they were striving. So will it be with the present moribund faiths of the Oriental nations: they will find their consummation in becoming related to the gospel of the resurrection. Only as the Christian missionary tells of the love of God who gave his Son to die for our sins, of his rising from the grave for our justification; of the power of the ascended Lord to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; of the eternal blessedness which awaits the believer through union with him who is the resurrection and the life—only as these truths are told out with conviction and love will the creeds of paganism awake to a higher life and efficacy. Whatever in them is false will be purged; whatever is true will be energized; whatever is partial will be completed. The splendid change that passed over the faith of the Jew will pass over the faith of the Parsee, the Buddhist, the Confucian, the Mohammedan! Again, many truths held by our scientists, statesmen, philosophers, and social reformers assert themselves feebly, if they assert themselves at all. They are called by Lord Bacon "bedridden truths"; but they are even worse than that: they lie frigid and passive; they move society no more than do the dead. What will give them life? The enforcement and reception of the doctrines symbolized by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. If the great truths latent in paganism, discussed by philosophy, illustrated by science, inculcated by sociology and legislation, are to become authoritative and fruitful, they will have to be related to God, rooted in the eternal righteousness, energized by divine grace, vivified by the hope of immortality. All the truths which concern human character and society are reborn in the quickened consciousness of God, in the sympathetic knowledge of Christ's love and power, and in the assured faith of eternal life. They are no longer bedridden, tenants of the charnel house, bound with grave clothes; their eyes are as flames of fire, their feet like fine brass burning in a furnace, their voice majestic as the sound of many seas. So much truth is paralyzed and powerless because it has been divorced from the love, righteousness, and promise of the living God; and it is only as the risen Christ relates it once more to God and eternity, and baptizes it with fire, that it lives, flashes, kindles, coerces, consumes, and transfigures. Consider also the power of Christ's resurrection as demonstrated in the Sphere of Righteousness. The great design of the Advent was to establish among us a divine righteousness; and the distinct teaching of the New Testament is, that in Christ's death lies the destruction of sin, and in his resurrection the power of holiness. Everywhere in the New Testament the resurrection enforces the claims of righteousness. It does not address our curiosity as clearing up certain intellectual problems which perplex us, nor does it excite the imagination with dramatic splendors, as it might so easily have done, but it appeals directly and exclusively to the conscience. It calls for righteousness—sincere, essential, living righteousness

—in spirit and conduct. Yes, by his resurrection from the dead our Lord filled the whole moral sphere with prevailing energy. How fatally weak were the moral systems of the ancients! The greatest historians admit the emptiness and hypocrisy of the morality of Greece and Rome. And our Lord showed convincingly the defects of the moral teaching and conduct of the Pharisees as he subjected them to the limelight of his searching criticism. But turning to the New Testament, we are conscious that a new moral force has entered into the world. By his triumph over sin and death, which all who believe in him are to share; by revealing the love of God, and thus pouring heavenly fire into the human heart; by infinite consolations and encouragements; by converting the intimation of immortality into a glorious certainty, Jesus Christ brought new motives, inspirations, attractions, enthusiasms, into the sphere of human life and duty, rendering absolute obedience to the moral law possible and delightful. The Lord of life brought the strengthening of a great assurance, the vitalizing of a mighty hope, the inspiration of a burning love, the baptism of a heavenly power, and henceforth righteousness awoke to a new life of authority and triumph. As the resurrection body excels in splendor the carcass laid in the dust, so the holiness of the New Testament exceeds the righteousness of Stoic, Epicurean, and Pharisee. Consider also the power of Christ's resurrection as demonstrated in the Sphere of Civilization. According to Carlyle, "A nation of degraded men cannot be raised up except by what we rightly name a miracle." This is the doctrine of Scripture. A nation of degraded men can be raised only by a miracle, and that miracle is the resurrection of our Lord, which gives to the people a new conception of themselves, awakes in them lofty hopes, and opens to them new fountains of moral strength. The nations will not be saved by any number of little political tricks; nothing short of a resurrection suffices for their regeneration and glorification, and their resurrection becomes an accomplished fact in the power of Christ's resurrection. Perhaps the most touching sight we ever witnessed was the crowd of Russian pilgrims at the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. Those peasants traveled thousands of miles and braved untold hardships that they might behold the sacred place. With intense eagerness, with profoundest reverence, with tears streaming down their cheeks, they sought and kissed the sacred shrine. With their poverty and sorrow, bleeding under many injustices, aspiring after liberty and privilege, they had found their way to the Lord's tomb. Their instinct was true. The power to raise a nation of trampled and degraded men is in the truths symbolized by that sepulcher and in the Pentecostal power of the risen Lord. That we are the sons of God; that the risen Lord is our Elder Brother; that in his Spirit we find the might to subdue the passions by which we are degraded; that in him we are called to the highest righteousness and felicity; that we, too, are the children of the resurrection—these are the doctrines which stir the soul of the nations, and which will not permit them to sleep in the dust.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Charms of the Bible. By Jesse Bowman Young, D.D., Litt.D. 12mo, pp. 255. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, $1, net.

In New York, Boston, Kansas City, Detroit, and other cities this book has appeared as one of the "best sellers" published by our Book Concern: an evidence of the never-ceasing, ever-increasing interest in the Bible, and also of the charm of this book, which its author properly calls "a fresh appraisement" of the charms of the Book of God. Dr. Young presents in fresh array the beauties of the Scriptures, illustrates in systematic order those features of the Bible which invest it with perennial attractiveness, and indicates the main reasons which underlie its supremacy in the world. He dwells especially on the Bible's gradually perfected moral standards, its world-wide scope, its pure and vitalizing religious doctrines, and above all, its fadeless portrait of the Perfect Man in whom dwelt all the fullness of the godhead bodily. These are the things which give the Bible its preëminent place in the world, a place like that of the sun in the solar system, unique, central, and commanding. This controlling and illuminating dominance, both intellectual and moral, extends to-day over a vaster realm than ever before. Never were so many minds in eager and studious contact with the Scriptures as now; and an ever-increasing multitude of souls say with one of the poets of ancient Israel, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Some of the charms of the Bible lie on the very surface and can be caught by the casual eye, but some cannot be appreciated except by those who search for them as for hid treasures; and there are others which are discerned and enjoyed only by the spiritualized vision of consecrated discipleship and in the poignant experiences of the soul when it is on the heights or in the depths of life; through all of which the one fact standing forth is the inexhaustible fullness and power of the Holy Book for all human conditions and needs. A secular journal recently lamented the flood of trivial, trashy, and tainted stuff which pours from the presses to vulgarize, demoralize, vitiate, and corrupt the entire nature of those who read, especially the young; and then emphasized "the everlasting value of the Bible, the chiefest monument in English literature," the most uplifting, cultivating, refining, strengthening, and ennobling. The secular journal pointed out that intellectual activities and the conduct of life thrive best when they have morality as a foundation, and that morality finds its only sure and abiding basis in the religious nature of man, to which the Bible brings illumination, nourishment, and guidance. And then was quoted the wise advice of the brilliant veteran editor, Charles A. Dana, addressed to a company of journalists: "There is no book from which more

valuable lessons can be learned; . . . there is no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest events with solemnity, of course, but without sentiment or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence: There is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of the Holy Scripture?" In the courts of law, in the halls of legislation, in the forums of debate, on the lecture platform, nothing imparts so much of elevation, of dignity; nothing is so clarifying, convincing, and conclusive; nothing is so weighty and so wise, as an apt quotation from the Holy Scriptures. Abraham Lincoln saturated his mind and soul with the language and sentiments of the Bible, and this was the secret of the loftiness, beauty, majesty, and immense impressiveness of his utterances on serious and momentous occasions. In this his style has never been surpassed by any man in American public life. One wonders that so few men in Congress or in other public positions to-day give any sign in their utterances of familiarity with the greatest of all literature. At times one is tempted to think that there is more of profanity and vulgarity among public men than of knowledge of the Scriptures. In the mere matter of intellectual dignity and force this is an enormous detriment. The great multitude of students now voluntarily enrolled in the schools and colleges of our land for regular and systematic Bible study gives good ground for hoping that in the next generation something of Lincoln's style may spread abroad its glory through public life and public speech and recover the dignity and wisdom which in many places seems lamentably lost. We have not been digressing from noticing Dr. Young's book, but only confirming the splendid setting forth he gives of the matchless greatness and power of the Bible. There are seventeen chapters in his book, regarding the Sacred Book from as many different standpoints, in aspects which contain innumerable charms. An admirably effective bit of work is the chapter on Philemon. In his exposition of Paul's letter to his friend Philemon, Dr. Young paraphrases it into modern English as follows: "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ in Rome, to Philemon, our beloved fellow worker: I have heard again and again of your kindness and hospitality through these years since I was at your house. The news has comforted and cheered me many times, and when I pray I have you and your needs in mind. May God give you grace and peace! I write this letter not to command from you a service, but to give you the chance to do a good turn of your own accord. I write to beseech you in behalf of Onesimus, your slave, who has been converted under my influence here in Rome, and who—once unprofitable to you—now returns to you, your servant, but more, a brother man and a brother in Christ—and who bears this letter from me to you. He has been so helpful to me

that I greatly desired to retain him here as my fellow worker—it almost tears my heart out to send him away; but I did not dare to keep him here without your consent, and so he goes back to you. Perhaps he was allowed to go from you for a while so that you might get him back a converted man, a beloved brother. Receive him as you would receive me, should I be able to come. Indeed, I expect to be your guest when I get out of prison; have a room ready for me when I come! Note this—I write it down with my own hand: If Onesimus owes you anything, charge it to me. I will pay it every penny. I say this, even though I might perhaps remind you that you owe me your own salvation. Think this over, and do whatever the Lord prompts you to do in the case of this dear brother, whom I now return to you. I have such confidence in your generous kindness that I believe you will do even more and better for him than I have dared to hint. My fellow workers salute you. Grace be with you. Amen." That the ministry of the Bible to the moral and the intellectual nature of mankind is immeasurable none can deny and a multitude of competent witnesses voluntarily testify. Dr. Young quotes the cool words of the rationalistic historian, Lecky: "It is difficult to exaggerate the moral advantage of an early and complete familiarity with the biblical writings. Such familiarity seldom fails to do something to purify, exalt, elevate, and regulate the character, to exalt the imagination, to color the whole texture of a life. Even on its purely intellectual side its value is very great. It may be truly said that the pure, simple, and lofty language of the English Bible has done more than any other single influence to refine the taste of the great masses of the English people. It is the most powerful antidote to vulgarity of thought and feeling." Also the following from Dr. Charles A. Briggs: "Biblical study is the most attractive of all studies. The variety of topic, richness of material, beauty of form, wealth of illustration, the vast importance of its themes, the unity in which the amazing variety of author, age, and topic is bound together—all make the Bible the most interesting and absorbing study for peasant and prince, for child and sage, for all the world. . . . The Bible is a book of life, a real book, a people's book. It is a blessed means of grace when used in devotional hours; it has also holy lessons and beauties of thought and sentiment for hours of leisure and recreation. It appeals to the æsthetic and intellectual as well as moral and spiritual faculties, the whole man in his whole life." But transcendent far above all other values and charms of the Bible is its message of salvation for the sinful soul, the value and charm which drew the burdened soul of Isaac Watts when he wrote:

> Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
> I fly to thee, my Lord,
> And not a glimpse of hope appears,
> But in thy written Word.

We wish that Dr. Young's book might be read in every home.

Absente Reo. By the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." 12mo, pp. 357. New York: Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.60, net.

Reading this anonymous book is like overhearing one end of a telephone conversation carried on by an unseen person. It is an aggressive debate with an unnamed and unheard High Church Anglican clergyman, and in its temper and form enough of an attack upon his views to justify the title, which, being Anglicized, is "The Defendant Being Absent." Just what the absent defendant, the unheard talker at the other end of the telephone, says in defense of himself and his views, we are not told, and can only infer from what the anonymous talker at this end is saying to him, part of which is manifestly reply and rejoinder. Evidently, the man at the other end is at times a vigorous and tenacious contender. The man at this end is not having his own way in the argument unresisted. The book is thoughtful and thought-provoking, in many things wise and penetrating, in everything stimulating. The general object seems to be to force wider views upon the mind of a narrow, bigoted, and belated ecclesiastic. It is not all in the polemic form and tone; some of it has the Bensonian temper and style of sweet and gentle meditation; all of it is earnest and reverent. There is plenty of plain talk to this Anglican shepherd concerning the condition of his flock. This, for example: "I have the very gravest fears that there are many ways of saying, 'Lord! Lord!' and remaining outside of the Christian salvation—ways which are so familiar to us that we have ceased to notice them. In my opinion yours is a parish largely lost. Your well-to-do parishioners hold, I suppose, that to believe in Jesus Christ and call him Lord involves at least the faithful endeavor to walk in his footsteps. And where are their own footprints? They wend to clubs, where the highest enthusiasm seems to be evoked by grumbling at the taxes, where idle men wax most energetic when arguing that the 'lower' classes 'should learn and labor truly to get their own living.' They wend to the golf course, not for recreation from toil but to find occupation, and there they manufacture wastrels by teaching idleness to boys who ought to be learning a trade. They wend to dinners whose price would educate an orphan. They wend to church where they call themselves 'miserable sinners,' and where they cultivate those sentiments which make them most indignant when any other voice than their own suggests that they are not righteous! Now, let us have no confusion. I am not saying that this sort of life is not a proper one for an English gentleman—that is a matter of opinion with which I am not just now concerned. But to hold that these are the footsteps of Christ is a position intellectually rotten. If they do not know this their ignorance reflects on the church. In this age such a lax view of belief in Christ certainly cannot be held without decay of the reasoning faculty, and, as Mr. Inge has well said, 'our faculties are the appointed organs of communion between God and man.' What is decaying cannot be brought to the altar of Christ! The very altar recedes before it, and is no altar to the would-be giver. The Holy Grail vanishing in the moral darkness must be re-sought." We hear the man at this end of

the telephone telling the rector over the wire that "Piety is the most penetrating biblical critic. The Bible of the simplest saint is well worn and thumbed, perhaps actually torn, at the Psalms and in the Gospels, while the pages are quite clean in Leviticus and Esther. That is because the simple saints are instinctive critics. They might not acknowledge in words that there are degrees of inspiration in the Bible; but the markings in their Bibles make it perfectly plain that in effect they do." And we hear this: "Our Lord did not choose to put his teachings in writing. He chose to write on the hearts and in the lives of the men who were with him and around him. The records which we have were written later to give magnificent testimony to the fact that his writing on the lives of men was a success. It *worked;* and the ideals of Jesus of Nazareth *worked;* and the companionship with the risen and invisible Christ *worked;* and trust in the guidance of the Holy Spirit *worked.* In the man Christ Jesus, living meteor from a higher world had struck humanity with tremendous impact, sending forth potent vibrations; and human lives, attuned to these vibrations, were transfigured. He made all things new, and life looked totally changed to the early Christians; and the difference was so attractive, so joyful, that everywhere hearts opened themselves like flowers to receive the transmitted vibrations of this force which was well called 'the *light* of life.' It is by lives that carry out Christ's ideals, carry them from the heart outward into the recreation of society, that Christianity will be potent and successful in any given spot." One interesting passage sets forth the way in which the ancient Jews came to their conviction of immortality, and illustrates in a homely way how the sense of God's presence may affect a man: "The Jews learned to enjoy God here and now, and in the immense satisfaction that they learned to experience in his presence on earth, in the knowledge of his heart and character which they gained from delighting in him here and now, they came gradually to say to themselves, 'If God is so good to us here, if he loves us so much, he cannot bring our existence to an end, he must want to keep us for ever.' This way of arriving at the belief in immortality produced something better for the world than the Greeks ever produced. Carry this idea to the Psalms, and you will find there the foundations of our Christian heaven. They chronicle the period in which the Jews were learning to rejoice in God, not only mid earthly blessings but apart from them, and before they had begun to realize that death would not separate them from him. What tremendous and very human delight they took in the sense of God's presence! 'In thy presence is satiety of joy' (Psa. 16. 11). 'I will sacrifice in his tent sacrifices of shouting; I will sing and make melody unto Jehovah' (Psa. 27. 6). See the whole of Psalm 43, especially 5. 4: 'God, the gladness of my joy!' 'With thee is the fountain of life; in thy light do we see light' (Psa. 26. 9). 'O taste and see that Jehovah is good: happy is the man that taketh refuge in him' (Psa. 34. 9). 'In him our heart is glad' (Psa. 33. 21). 'Thou didst loose my sackcloth and gird me with gladness, to the end that my glory might make melody unto thee' (Psa. 30. 11, 12). 'I love thee fervently, O Jehovah, my

strength' (Psa. 18. 1). 'My soul looketh for the Lord more than watchmen look for the morning' (Psa. 130. 6). Our fathers missed the liberal exhilaration of these words because the traditional explanation was that the psalmists were talking about some future and heavenly state. They were not. They were able to sit down here and now, in prosperity or adversity, and take delight in the practice of the presence of God. Shut up your terrier; withdraw your presence from him; you know the gloom that will fall upon him. You know how he will listen to each sound of your passing step, what his agony will be when he hears you go out across the fields without him. That is a picture that suggests what the Jew thought he would suffer after death, where God was not. Then, as to the sunshine of his inward life, the sense of upholding in God's presence, I think you may get a suggestion as to that from this same source. Do you remember, last summer, how, when I was walking with you, we loitered just inside the gate of a ten-acre field because the dog wanted exercise and would not remain without you? We saw him, a white speck, darting in and out of the farthest hedge, dashing hither and thither, now nothing but the quivering tail seen in the depth of hedge or ditch, now racing frantically round large areas of the pasture on the trail of the happy rabbits he never caught—mad with delight, in harmony with the sun and the wind, and all the growth and animation of the field, its flowering ditches and deep hedgerows. You explained that, whenever you could, you stood within the gate—perhaps making up your accounts, or reading—in order that the dog might have his game with nature. When we could no longer loiter we came out of the field. You did not call; the dog was at the farthest corner, his head almost buried in the hedge; and yet he could no longer enjoy himself. You had not withdrawn your presence more than a minute before he observed that you had gone, and was beside us, a sober wayfarer. You pointed out to me that to this and other fields he had access always if he had chosen, but that he never took the least pleasure in them unless you were within the gate. Sometimes, when he could not be with you, he trotted out alone, and on such occasions he never frisked or showed any signs of delight which all things gave him when in your company. You remarked, too, how touching it was that, when his foot was crushed and he refused to eat and seemed only to desire to die, he seemed to experience contentment in your presence. These things are surely written in nature for our instruction. You will, perhaps, say that my illustration is profane, that there can be little in common between a dog's delight in his master and the human soul's delight in God. Well, but what I am telling you is that if you so train people that they can delight in God even as much as that, if his presence somewhere in the field of their consciousness, even when they are fully occupied with hedgerows and rabbits, even when they are wounded and despairing of life, gives them the satisfaction that your dog takes in you, then nothing that any infidel may prove, or think that he proves, concerning their religious authorities, can dismay them." It is suggested in this book that if the churches could simplify their creeds so that all the now iso-

lated spiritual values of the different denominations should be synthesized around some such motto as "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly," there would be constituted such a church as no man could reasonably excuse himself from entering. Religion is feeling and purpose and life. Superabundance of life is its aim and result. The world needs better character, better behavior, better work, better art, better laws, better business, better literature; and a fuller religion is the only door to betterment of any kind; the fuller life comes only from God. "But," says the author, "this fuller religion implies getting into the mountains of the soul at night time and meeting there with God, going out a great while before it is day into the solitudes of the spiritual life." This book, apparently the work of a layman, possibly of the Anglican communion, closes with some remarks on Christian missions. It was once the author's duty, years ago, to read missionary magazines from end to end to an invalid. He found the task monotonous because the magazines were all written in one style and reported the same class of activities. (That was in the last century, and in the great quickening of missionary zeal and intelligence and enterprise in this century the author's criticism of missionary literature no longer applies.) But in all his reading one fixed fact impressed him, and that was that, whenever any missionary was in doubt, he betook himself to prayer and was quickly satisfied that he had a practical answer. The same fact is found in the earliest missions, in the lives of the great and small reformers, and in every record of Christian enterprise from the Acts of the Apostles onward. Furthermore, the author noticed in all his reading the gradual conformity of every diverse sort of Christian missionary work to the same principles of loving adaptability, unflinching endurance, statesmanlike organization, efficient, practical management, and unceasing enterprise. This seemed to him proof positive of the influence of one Master Mind, the mind of Christ, upon men of diverse temper and training in different organizations, and in every degree of isolation. He also noticed in missionaries an intensifying sense of the communion of saints and of the presence and potency of the unseen powers of good and evil—a sense of moral battle raging in which they themselves were participants. The author emphasizes the fact that the one supreme and decisive proof of the power of Christ in the world is seen in the transformation of character and the conquest of human lives. "Where," he asks, "is the church most manifestly mighty and glorious?" And he answers: "On the mission-field and in the slum. The enterprise, the zeal, the statesmanship, and, above all, the love of God and humanity, with which the missionary work has everywhere gone forward in the hands of men whose natural endowments are not above the average, is the one miracle which attests the truth of the word. Of course present, like past, history is always interpreted with a prepossession; yet I, who did not start with a prepossession in favor of Christian missions, but rather felt at first that every religion was almost as good as another, and that martyrdom was only worth while in the cause of liberty, have gradually come to believe that the facts of missionary enterprise in our

age are the best explanation, the best criticism, the only means to adequate appreciation, of all church history; and that the proof of the constant willingness and unique power of our Lord to translate the eternal love and wisdom to the humblest creature who will use his force for the love of humanity, lies in the triumphant aggressions of Christianity, not only where religions of a lower type prevail, but in the worse heathenism of the city slum. The force of this aggression consists not in the number of converts who accrete themselves to this or that form of mission worship, but in the lives of such converts as compel imitation." This is the conclusion of a highly educated man convinced, by fuller knowledge of facts, not exactly against his will, but against his prepossessions and former adverse beliefs.

The Essence of Religion. By Borden P. Bowne. 12mo, pp. 298. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

This last of the books by our great Christian thinker begins with "The Supremacy of Christ," which appeared in this Review last November, and closes with "The Miracle of the Resurrection"; between the two are "Righteousness as the Essence of Religion," and "The True Relation of Salvation and Belief," "The Christian Doctrine of the World," "Prayer," "The Law of Successful Living," etc. Here, as always, Professor Bowne, with the clearest possible thinking, shows that the essence of religion is not theoretical but practical, and links together religion and life. The chapter on the "Law of Successful Living," contains this: "In the running of machinery it is of great importance that everything should be rightly centered. When a great fly wheel is truly centered it spins noiselessly on its axle and seems to sleep in its most rapid motion. But let it be a little eccentric—that is, a little off the center—and it begins to strain upon its bearings and may tear itself loose and become an instrument of destruction. Our lives also run well only when truly centered on the will of God; and when they are eccentric—that is, are centered on some other and lower thing—then come the friction, the wrenching, the tragedy, the destruction, which result from eccentric living. There is only one panacea for the woes of life and society, and that is to seek first the kingdom of God. Our Lord announced this law in the Sermon on the Mount, and if he should return to earth tomorrow he could announce no other. There can be no successful living on the plane of animalism. The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life can only lead to vanity and envy and strife and every evil work. There can be no successful social work on a plane of selfishness and injustice and mutual distrust and hostility. On that plane there can be only social disturbance and convulsion. Selfishness tries to get and selfishness tries to keep; and at once the air is murky with distrust and suspicion, and wars, large and small, follow. Peace and progress are possible only in the measure in which justice, good-will, and mutual confidence obtain among men. It is beyond any question that the only sure and effective way of healing our social woes is to begin to love God with all our heart and our

neighbors as ourselves. Until this is done our evils will remain, in spite of all philosophic and philanthropic efforts and exorcisms. Only in the doing of God's will is our peace. And the same is equally true and equally manifest in the individual life. We know perfectly well that if we were willing to do God's will, and to have it done, we should be at peace; but we are not willing; and the storm continues." No stronger declaration of Borden P. Bowne's own faith, and no fitter farewell message to mankind, could be found than the closing words of this volume on "The Miracle of the Resurrection": "If we admit the general Christian conception, its miracles are perfectly natural. They are what we should expect. How should this glorious revelation of God be known except by manifestations which insure that the fact and its meaning should not be lost? Now, from this point of view the resurrection and ascension are just what was needed to make clear what the great revealing movement that culminated in the life of Christ meant. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father. We are prepared to believe anything that fits into this magnificent conception. And what could be more fitting than that this divine Son, after having revealed the Father and been faithful unto death, should triumph over death and return to his Father again? How simply and worthily it is all told! He arose from the dead, showed himself to the disciples, talked with them of the future of his kingdom, commanded them to go into all the world and preach his gospel, promised to be with them always, and then, while bestowing blessing upon them, vanished out of their sight. What else could have been done on the Christian theory? And if we suppose this to have happened, it is harmonious with the general thought; and, however much it may scandalize the Sadducean critic, it seems to have been the thing which the disciples needed and which the church has needed ever since to complete their faith in their Lord. Of course, as said, this does not admit of demonstration that would force belief upon unwilling minds, and yet, so far as historical inquiry can go, the fact seems to be as well established as could be expected or even desired. The apostles at the beginning were preaching Jesus and the resurrection, and this was the general faith of the church from the start. Something must have happened to have changed the band of fleeing disciples into these world-defiers and world conquerors which they so soon became. If there was no fact behind it all, whence did this new conviction and mighty courage come? It is quite idle to talk of vague possibilities of evolution and all that, for these things were not done in a corner, and too much has come from them to suppose the faith fictitious. If nothing had resulted, if there had been only a momentary flicker of enthusiasm, we might well believe that it was all a mistake; but when the Christian Church sprang out of it and still endures through faith in it, we certainly need not be ashamed of our faith in the face of anything that science or historical criticism may say. Some will call it the Christian superstition. We call it the Christian faith. To some it is still a stumbling-block and foolishness, to others it is the power of God and the wisdom

of God. As between these views decision must be made by the survival of the fittest, and the court has been in session for nearly two thousand years. The antireligious views have lived along in the lower ranges of human thought and life, and they have been equally the enemies of humanity, its hopes, its inspirations, and its aspirations. And all the religious views that, for one reason or another, have failed to believe in Jesus and the resurrection have likewise been with us for many centuries, and they maintain only a precarious existence. These views have not been great enough to command the faith or stir the hearts of men. In this fact the survival of the fittest, as the supreme court for considering the matter, hands down a final decision. It only remains that the church shall keep strenuously at work proclaiming the gospel, the good news of God, the Son who came to show us the Father and to lead us to him, who, when his revealing work was done, left the visible scene to be the eternal head of his church and the Redeemer of all them that call upon him." A noble Easter message that is for this great master mind and radiant soul to leave behind as he passes into the heavens.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Gentlest Art. By E. V. Lucas. 16mo, pp. 423. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

We are told that the gentle old art of letter-writing is fast becoming one of the lost arts. In this volume Mr. Lucas collects a choice variety of epistles, grave and gay, by numerous celebrities and experts in the genial art, ranging from Marjorie Fleming to Cicero, and from Pliny to Lewis Carroll. According to Mr. Lucas, this art began atrociously. He presents as the earliest letter, dated about B. C. 1035, the one David sent by the kind courtesy of unsuspecting Uriah to Joab, marked "Private," which ordered Joab to put Uriah "in the forefront of the hottest battle," to make sure that he should not come out of the fight alive. This was the royal way of removing an obstacle, which is practiced in some countries unto this day. In these letters we find Hannah More trying in vain to persuade young Tom Macaulay that poets are the best writers next to those who write prose; and Horace Walpole exclaiming, "O, we are ridiculous animals, and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them"; and Edward FitzGerald writing thus: "Have you read poor Carlyle's raving book about heroes? If you haven't, please buy my copy. I don't like to live with it in the house. He ought to be laughed at a little. This is blasphemy, of course." Here is Charles Lamb telling of a visit to Coleridge: "I set out with Mary to Keswick, without sending Coleridge any notice, for time did not admit. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells on a small hill by the side of Keswick in a comfortable house quite enveloped on all sides by mountains—great, floundering monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We entered Coleridge's study

just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night like an entrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, ill-shapen room, with shelves of scattered folios, and an old sofa, half bed, etc., all looking out upon the last fading twilight view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren. What a night! Since then we have clambered to the top of Skiddaw and waded up the bed of Lodore. I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much doubted before because they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination." And then Lamb tells how hard he found it to settle down to ordinary life in London after this glorious outing: "I have now been at home three weeks. You cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed for a month to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe at will in cool rivers, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I shall conform in time to that state of life in which it has pleased God to place me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than among the mountains. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating for the time in their greatness. I could spend a year, or perhaps two, with Skiddaw, but I must have the prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end, or I should mope and pine away, I know." Lamb tells of Marshall, an old, steady, unalterable friend, who was known as "the man that went to sleep when The Ancient Mariner was being read." Here is Oliver Goldsmith writing from Holland thus: "Scotland and this country present the highest contrast. There hills and rocks in every prospect, here continuous plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox." Lamb describes his afflicted sister Mary as she rides home across the country from Cambridge through the clear, keen air in silent raptures, especially at sight of that symbol of civilization "a steeple with its little patch of villagery round it," when she would exclaim, "Bless the little churches, how pretty they are!" Here is Rev. T. E. Brown's description of the Jungfrau: "She has such moods; such ineffable smiles, such inscrutable sulks, such growls of rage, such thunder of avalanches, such crowns of stars. One evening our sunset was the real rose pink, so often spoken of. It fades into a deathlike chalk-white. That is the most *awful* thing. A sort of spasm seems to come over the Jungfrau's face, and in an instant she is a corpse, rigid, and O, so cold! Well, so she died, and we felt as if a great soul had passed into the heaven of heavens; and thankful but very sad, I went up to my room." In a letter to John Newton Cowper

tells of the perverse behavior of his brain and nerves: "The morning is my writing time, but in the morning I have no spirits. Sleep that refreshes my body seems to cripple me mentally. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed am more fit for mental effort than at any other time. So it fares with us who are called nervous. We are ready to sleep when we most need to be awake, and we go to bed just when we might sit up to some purpose." Cowper puts one of his letters to Newton in the form of rhymed prose, and then imagines some reviewer as criticizing him and the letter thus: "The gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and her talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the tastes and the fashions and ruling passions and hoydening play of our modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch if she can the giddy and gay as they go that way. She has baited her trap in hopes to snap all that may come with a sugar-plum." Carlyle went to Covent Garden Theater "one idle night" when his wife was away, and this is how he wrote about it to his sister: "Found it a very mystery of stupidity and abomination, and so tiresome that I came away long before the end, and I declare that the dullest sermon I ever heard was cheery in comparison." When Carlyle failed to get an editorship which he desired, he bore his defeat in this spirit: "Disappointment on disappointment only simplifies one's course; your possibilities being diminished in number, your choice is rendered easier. I bate no jot of confidence. Nay, it often seems to me as if the extremity of suffering, if such were appointed me, might bring out an extremity of energy as yet unknown to myself. God grant me faith; clearness, and peaceableness of heart! I make no other prayer. . . . Utter poverty itself (if I hold fast by the faith) has no terrors for me, should it ever come." A fair sample of Carlyle's candor concerning his fellow mortals is his characterization of one Heraud, who started "a dud of a periodical": "Cheeriest and emptiest of all the sons of men! Yet in his emptiness, as in that of a dried bladder, he keeps triumphantly jingling his Coleridgean long-quavered metaphysical cherry-stones, and even 'makes a kind of martial music' for himself thereby. I do not remember that I ever met a more ridiculous, harmless froth-lather of a creature in all my travels. He lets you tumble him hither and thither, and cut him in two just as you like; but in the cheerfullest way joins again, and is brisk froth-lather as before. One should surely learn by him." Here in one letter of Mr. Lucas's collection is William Blake taking his course "among the stars of God": "I have been very unhappy, but am so no longer. I am again emerged into the light of day. I still, and shall to all eternity, embrace Christianity, and adore Him who is the express image of God; but I have traveled through perils and darkness. I have conquered and shall go on conquering. Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the Accuser. My enthusiasm is only enlarged and confirmed." Dean Swift writes his affectionate appreciation of good Dr. Arbuthnot: "O, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my books; they would not be needed. Yet some say he is

not without fault. Our good doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, he hath a slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian. There is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety of the Irish in that age; but after abundance of praises he overthrows them all by lamenting that. alas! they kept Easter on the wrong date in the year." Evidently, some malcontents (whose own walk in life may have been a bit lame) thought good Dr. Arbuthnot ought to be moved. Here comes Thackeray telling of "a jolly and perfectly stupid sermon," and yet, meeting the preacher of it in private afterward, he says: "From his conversation he seems a pious and kind soul, calculated to soothe and comfort and elevate out of despair many a soul that your more tremendous divines would leave on the wayside, where Sin, that old robber, had left them half killed. I want such a good Samaritan parson when I fall among thieves." Sydney Smith declines Mrs. Meynell's invitation to go to the opera thus: "Thy servant is three-score-and-ten years old; can he listen to singing men and singing women? A clergyman at the opera! Where have you lived? In what habitations of the heathen? I thank you, shuddering, and am ever your unseducible friend." Cicero, having had a visit from Cæsar, wrote: "He is not a man to whom one would say at parting, 'I pray let me have this visit repeated when you come this way again.' Once is enough." The poet, Cowper, writes of a tramp who came begging for food at the kitchen door: "The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladled it about for some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying, 'I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but I cannot eat broth with worms in it.'" A Baboo, applying for employment, represents that his "means are much circumcised by his large family, consisting of five female women and three masculine, the last of which are noiseful through pulmonary catastrophe in their interior abdomen"; and that the necessity of buying much medicine has "made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your humble servant. Therefore, will your generous lordship give me some easy work in his department, or something of this sort?" Our notice of these letters may well close with a bit of Louis Stevenson's ever-valiant and indomitable gayety, as, writing to his friend Monkhouse, he offers to exchange bodies with him, and thus describes his own so frail and wasted: "I am too blind to read, hence no reading; too weak to walk, hence no walking; am not allowed to speak, hence no talking; but the great simplification is yet to be named, for, if this goes on, I shall soon have nothing to eat—and hence, O hallelujah!—hence no eating. . . . This house of my body is like a London house, high and very narrow: upon the lungs I will not linger; the heart is large enough for a ballroom; the stomach greedy and inefficient; the brain stocked with explosives, like a dynamiter's den. . . . In case we exchange, I wonder if you will like my remorses; I have a spirited assortment; they whistle in my ear o' nights like a northeaster, mostly about 2 A. M. . . . One article I wish to reserve from the exchange—my spirits. They suit me. I don't want yours. I like my own; I have had them so long. This is my only reservation. The rest of me you can have." And this was the gay, brave, gallant sportiveness of a man who

was dying by inches. This collection of letters has been followed by another volume recently published, entitled, The Second Post, the two together making a very extensive assortment. Those who prize this one will probably desire the second.

Provenca. By Ezra Pound. 16mo, pp. 84. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price, cloth, $1. net.

This is the first American edition of the work of an American poet who has first made his reputation in England, where his poems are in three small volumes, entitled respectively Personæ, and Exultations, and Canzoniere; from which volumes the best is selected for the American public in the book before us. We can believe that it is the London literary critics, and not the general public, who are excited over these poems. Their excellence is such as appeals more to the literary élite than to the popular mind. If you do not know what to think of them, the critics will tell you: "Ezra Pound strikes a sincere and original note, continuing in English verse the traditions of Henley, Symons, Hovey, and Dowson." "He writes out of an exuberance of incontinently struggling ideas and passionate convictions. He strikes straight into the heart of his theme, and suggests virility in action, combined with fierceness, eagerness, and tenderness." If so be you cannot see what the technical artists say is in these poems, that is your affair, perhaps your loss, but we do not think your shame. As for ourselves, frankly, the book disappoints us, not because it does not deserve what the critics say of it, but because it does not give us what we wanted and had hoped for from it. The first that chanced to meet our eye from this poet's workshop was his "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," which we reprinted in our department of "Glimpses." And our desire for more of that sort turned us eagerly to this volume. It was not literary artisanship we were after, but the piercing insight, the poignant feeling, the cleaving stroke, the convincing and healthy secular putting of sacred truth, which we found and felt in that one startling ballad. Nothing here strikes us quite so forcibly, or so penetrates into the heart of our mental world. Quite possibly, the poems, as poetry, are none the worse for that; but they are not so good for us. The "Night Litany," which is the first of Ezra Pound's "Exultations" in this collection of forty-eight poems, appeals to us as much as any. Beauty has touched the poet's soul to adoration and to prayer, and his litany is offered to the God of the night, the God of waters, the God of silence. The loveliness of Venice has become to him a thing of tears, and his joy in it is so deep and sacred, that he wonders if by such joy God is rewarding him for some great kindness done long ago and forgotten, or whether by such joy God is strengthening his heart against some great sorrow before the time of its coming. And with beauty surrounding him and ecstasy thrilling him, he melts into tears and prayer, and his cry is, "O God of silence, purify our hearts. O God of waters, make clean our hearts within us and our lips to show forth thy praise!" Dante, in his Inferno, put one man in hell because he was a stirrer-up of strife—a man with riot and rancor and battle and tumult in his impetuous blood. Our poet imagines this man shouting that

Peace stagnates till it stinks; that real life begins when swords clash and standards advance to conflict, and fields are crimsoned; and then his heart howls with exultation. In the hot summer, this man rejoices when the tempest comes and kills the foul peace of earth and sky, when lightnings flash and thunders roar and winds shriek and heaven's swords clash through the riven clouds. And this man vents his scorn on the man who fears war, whose watery blood has no fiery crimson in it. Such are "fit only to rot in womanish peace far from where worth is won in the sword-clash"; over the unmanly death of such he rejoices; yea, fills all the air with his jubilance when cowards are dead. To him there is nothing so brave as battle, no shout like the war cry; and he curses forever all who cry "Peace!" The only heaven he cares for is the *gaudium certaminis*, and he prays hell to grant him the music of sword-clash. That is the gist of one of Ezra Pound's poems. Another poem is a lament in the old English style for the young English king, Prince Henry Plantagenet, elder brother to "Richard Cœur de Lion," which ends with the following prayer to Christ for the dead king's admission to heaven:

> Him, whom it pleased, for our great bitterness,
> To come to earth to draw us from misventure,
> Who drank of death for our salvacioun,
> Him do we pray, as to a Lord most righteous,
> That the young English king he please to pardon,
> And bid go in with honoured companions
> There where there is no grief, nor shall be sadness.

One of Ezra Pound's "Personæ" is rugged "Master Bob Browning," whom he hails with hearty cameraderie, blurting his admiration with a shout: "Aye, you're a man that! ye old mesmerizer!—even though you tie up your meaning in seventy swaddlings. Holy Odd's bodykins! What a sight you ha' got of our in'ards! You are broad as all ocean, and you lean mankindwards. Your heart is as big as the bowels of Vesuvius, and your words as winged as its sparks in eruption. You are sound in your mind past all signs of corruption. Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop of the accents, true to the Truth's sake and master dissector, clear sight's elector!" What a romp of adulation that is! As for his own chance for fame, we gather from the poem, "Famam Librosque Cano," what Ezra Pound's expectation or pretended anticipation is. He humorously imagines his probable public, his audience a score of years hence, to consist of one grizzled old book-worm, "scrawny, be-spectacled, out at heels," picking up a ragged backless copy in the stall of some second-hand bookstore, noting the author's strange, rare, unheard-of name, and analyzing the form and thought of the poems to see how it happened that this author escaped immortality. One poem teaches that it is not the weapon but the intrepid soul that wins victory; a dauntless spirit will win with any weapon or none—with fingers and fists if it have no blade. Once this rime was graven on a sword: "If thy heart fail thee, trust not in me." That is what the sword always says to the swordsman: what implements and means, equipments and instrumentalities always say to the holder and wielder of them. "Faint heart never won." One thing is most needful—to be of good courage. The

one thing in all this book that comes nearest to the note and quality of the "Ballad of the Goodly Fere" is another ballad which seems to teach that to be beaten and conquered by God is a man's best fortune:

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest;
I have loved my God as maid to man,
But, lo, this thing is best:
To love your God as a gallant foe
That plays behind the veil.

I have played with God for a woman;
I have staked with my God for truth;
I have lost to my God as a man, clear-eyed:
His dice be not of ruth.

Who loseth to God as man to man
Shall win at the turn of the game,
For God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil;
Whom God deigns not to overthrow
Hath need of triple mail.

This is the doctrine: whoso yields to God will come off more than conqueror; to give up all is to gain all; surrender is salvation. He who seeks to save his life will lose it. The most disastrous of all successes is to succeed in thwarting, baffling, and successfully resisting God. We suspect that about this time some of our readers are thinking that we erred in saying, at the beginning of this book notice, that this little volume of verse has not much for such as liked the "Goodly Fere." At this moment we think so too. At least it has something. The temper of Ezra Pound flames in his "Revolt Against the Crepuscular Spirit in Modern Poetry." He "would shake off the lethargy of this our time" and have shapes of power instead of shadows, and men instead of dreams. He cries, If we must dream, let us "dream great deeds, strong men, hearts hot, thoughts mighty." The "slow-moving pageantry of hours that languidly drop as o'erripened fruit from sallow trees" irks his impetuous and virile soul. He wants not dalliance but life. He prays: "Great God, if we are doomed to be not men but only dreams and shadows, then let us be such dreams as the world shall tremble at and know us for its rulers, though we seem but dreams; and let us be such shadows as the world shall tremble at and own us as its masters, though some call us shadows. High God, if men are grown but pale, sick phantoms, living faintly in mists and dim twilights and afraid of hours that knock loudly and tread violently; if these sons of thine are grown such thin and pale ephemera, I bid thee grapple chaos and beget some new titanic breed to pile the hills and stir this earth again." Not dreams but deeds, not shadows but men, not a dim-visioned faith stumbling in twilight, darkening toward the night, but eagle-eyed, strong-winged faith, at home in high noon and the upper sky—these are what our age needs. Of vigor and intensity there surely seems no lack in this new American poet in old England. He is more sinewy,

less prolix and verbose than Alfred Noyes. Ezra Pound is liable to do something notable, and may go far in time to come. It will be worth while to listen for the sound of his voice, and be willing to wait patiently for him as for one who is not likely to be voluble or thin, profuse or sweetmeaty.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of W. J. Fox. By the late RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.; concluded by EDWARD GARNETT. 8vo, pp. 339. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, $5, net, postage, 20 cents.

IN 1834 Carlyle wrote from London to his brother: "We dined with Mrs. (Platonica) Taylor and the Unitarian Fox one day. Mill also was of the party, and Husband Taylor, an obtuse most joyous-natured man, the pink of social hospitality. Fox is a little thick-set, pudgy, bushy-locked man of five and forty, with bright sympathetic thoughtful eyes, with face compressed and well buttressed out into broadness; with a tendency to pot-belly and snuffiness. From these hints you can construe him, the best *Socinian Philosophist* going, but not a whit more. I shall like well enough to meet the man again, but doubt if he will me. From the Socinians, I take it, we can hope for nothing." Thus Carlyle's camera snapshotted W. J. Fox at the age of forty-eight. Fox, who died in 1864, aged seventy-eight, was distinguished as orator, public teacher, social reformer, Radical journalist, member of Parliament for Oldham, and educationalist; also as the literary foster father and encourager of young Robert Browning. His speeches and writings fill twelve volumes. He championed with courage, fire, and moral earnestness the interests of the working classes, from which he sprang. Radical though he was in religion and in politics and in social reform, he was saturated with what are called, to the splendid praise of England's purest and noblest queen, the "Victorian morals." In his demands for the rights of the masses as against the selfishness, greed, and tyranny of the privileged classes, he was a preacher of that doctrine of "moral responsibility which was generated in the serious Victorian conscience" against crying social and political wrongs. (It was the might of "Victorian morals" also that branded Sir Charles Dilke for his crime, drove him from Victorian social circles, and shackled his public career as with ball-and-chain.) Fox began as an evangelical, and his earliest preaching was fervid, impassioned, powerful, so that under it crowded audiences were deeply moved. After he got out of orthodoxy into a Unitarian pulpit, this book says, he "soon discovered that he neither wielded the influence nor effected the good which he had exerted and accomplished while evangelical." And then he wrote: "What a useless life I am leading! How much good my Sunday labors do God only knows; they have not made A devout, nor B humble, nor C leave off swearing, nor D intelligent. Shall I say, 'O that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of orthodoxy shone upon me'? Shall I call up the times when listen-

ing crowds heard with visible emotion, when trickling tears proclaimed the vividness of the feelings, the pathos of my eloquence, the power of grace?" His break with the evangelicals began by his taking up the habit of card-playing and theater-going, and gradually widened into Unitarianism. For some years he was the minister of South Place Chapel, in which position he was succeeded by that theological vagabond, Moncure D. Conway. Although Fox lost his evangelical power, his eloquence, like that of Robert Collyer, retained a fervency and his faith a definiteness not born in Unitarian atmosphere. A sample of Fox's pulpit style is in his description of the condition of the sick which he gave on his recovery from long and serious illness: "Watching the gradual fading of day into night, and again the gradual brightening of night into day, but without exertion in the one, or repose in the other; seeing inanimate nature pursuing its destined course, suns rising and setting, moons waxing and waning, flowers opening and withering; all moving, rolling on, and answering the great end of being without knowing it, while with us consciousness is only that of passive existence; hearing from afar the bustle and stir of this mighty world, where there is so much doing and to be done, and where even the weakest and humblest has his sphere of action and ministers something to the sphere of human happiness and improvement; but hearing it only as if we were in the grave, and the busy crowd rushed by on over us; the painful and humbling sensation of being not only a blank but a burden in society; the feeling of helplessness and dependence on others, even in the merest trifles, which only the tenderest care in them can make tolerable, and which no kindness can entirely repress; the weakness which ever forbids efforts to which imagination incessantly urges, till the mind sinks in its vain struggle with the infirmities of the body, shattered and exhausted, like the bird beating against the bars of its cage." A further reference to his sickness is as follows: "I have been very near death and two feelings of the time have left lasting traces: an almost longing for the intense stillness and repose that a few hours seemed likely to make pervade the chamber of suffering, and, with it, a serene and calm conviction that the principle of life in us must be continuous. The pain of the great change precedes it. So it is with almost every large accession of good. Exertion and endurance combined are the price of greater good here; thus may the coöperation of life and death be the means of higher life." His expectation was not of an idle immortality but of liberated powers and joyous enlarging occupation: "I am immortal—eternally God's servant in God's blessed work of beneficence. Reaping happiness in sowing happiness; such is my duty and delight, here and hereafter. Blessing myself in blessing others; this is my ministry. With the feeblest powers of man, through all the progression, I shall pass to the mightiest energies of angel or archangel. 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' Send me forth on the work now that shall buy my everlastingness. In whatever way it may be, however seemingly remote from direct reference to religion or futurity, advancing earth's good in preparing for heaven's occupation.

There is not a shout of deliverance, or a murmur of gratitude, any more than a song of devotion, but what is a prelude to the chorus of the spirits of the just made perfect. I am immortal; I become so by death." In a letter from a friend is this picture of a Christian funeral: "The minister read quietly the chapter in Corinthians and his voice swelled softly in its triumphant close, and he spoke briefly of immortality and the resurrection, and of our departed friend's firm faith, and what it had done for him in affliction and bereavement, and of the sincerity of his heart and the blessedness of his life; and then the prayer was brief and solemn and fervent; and there was a tender benediction; and my departed friend was in my soul and my soul was in prayer." Fox was a protester against social injustice, especially those suffered by women. He wrote for The Monthly Repository the story of Mehetabel Wesley under the title of "The Victim," of which Stuart Mill said, "The article is very painful, but beautiful and valuable." "Mehetabel, John Wesley's unhappy sister, was a modern Jephthah's daughter, whose story might seem incredible if it did not come on the authority of her own family. Her father prevented her marriage with the man to whom she had given her heart. She vowed in distraction that she would wed the first man who asked her. The Rector of Epworth proved himself a second Jephthah, and when a low, uneducated person appeared as a suitor, Mehetabel was actually compelled to marry him, with the assent, as would seem, of all the family except one sister. She died after twenty-five years of suffering, leaving behind her one poem of such beauty as alone would justify Fox's character of her as 'A beautifully organized creature, endowed with that peculiarity of the nervous system which is the physical temperament of poetry; which quickens alike the organs of sense and the apparatus of thought; which makes perception clear, imagination vivid, and emotion intense; and to which earth is either heaven or hell as external circumstance harmonizes or jars with the internal constitution.'" Here is a sample of Fox's eloquence in its warmest Christian temper: "Take our nature at its highest; endow it with the noblest gifts that heaven's prodigality has ever lavished on humanity; assume intellect the most majestic; imagination that sits like a god, creating worlds, and peopling them with living souls; burning resplendent in the spirits of a hundred realms and a hundred generations; feelings whose mighty fervency would bear away a feeble mind with the fury of a whirlwind, but which hear the Master's voice even in their utmost tamelessness; a spirit of God's own nobility, full of high-mindedness and boundless aspirations, and 'Thoughts that wander through eternity'—these men, these rare men, these master-spirits of the age in which they live; whom century after century passes by, unhonored with the commission to raise up their like for the world; whose names designate eras in the universal history of mankind—these men are no nearer being above Christianity, or the teachings of Jesus, than the little child that loves him while it lisps its history and repeats his prayer to Our Father. Their eyes gaze on the same world of religious truth, by the same light of reason; only they see more, because

that light has brightened, the object remaining the same, from the dawning glimmer of rationality into the meridian blaze of genius. The spirit of Christ in them is a spirit of vaster power, of intenser love, and of a more sound and more capacious mind, but it is the same spirit. I give them only the simple tale which is the child's gospel; and there, when the lordly intellect has subdued large regions of truth, it yet shall never weep that there are not more worlds to conquer. There their learning grows into a pure wisdom; and imagination stands entranced among scenes of beauty, feeling its own paintings poor as the stained canvas to the clouds of gorgeous sunset. Though such minds may be as kingly mansions, Christianity dwells in them, just as she sojourns in the humblest hovels of ignorance; neither disdaining the one nor being honored by the other, but in both commanding; concentrating both into a temple of the Lord, and promising each a transformation into a house of God, eternal in the heavens." When Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* appeared, Sarah Flower Adams wrote, "There are strong-winged spiritualities in it that fly us upward at once out of the earthly thrall in which our feet sometimes become entangled." According to Fox, one of the ways to test the quality of a book is to read it amid grand scenery, which would make many books seem trivial and petty. When Forster's Statesmen of The Commonwealth reached him he wrote: "It came at last, the book, the grand and beautiful book—and it stood the test of Sandown Bay, which is a rare thing indeed for a book to do. Many a great name is little there, and many a fascinating volume becomes unreadable. But there, in the presence, not of cliffs and billows, but of cliff and billow, amid grand elemental abstractions and in utter solitude, the book held itself proudly and claimed the affinity of eternal truth and essential beauty, telling us of human collisions, what would bear to be read where there was nobody but God. Did you ever domicile in the middle of a tremendous high tide, with five miles of abrupt and stately cliffery on each hand, infinite sea in front, and on the broad sands of that long arc (when the waters ebb) often not a single footprint except your own? If ever you do, mind what books you take—we saw the waves splash up their scorn at a crumbly brown rock that yet had looked very firm and been called eternal by all cockneys, and tear it about, and go over its head into the fields, and when they retired they bore off its colors, blending the trophy with their own white crests. That's the way they serve the books we bring. A great mass, not only of cliff but of Shelley, was washed away in those high tides." In a description of a woodland picnic he wrote: "Shelley and Tennyson are the best books for this place. They sort well with the richness, the airiness, the warm mists, the rustling of the woods, and all the ceaseless melody of sound." One would not want to read Butler's Analogy, or Schwegler's History of Philosophy, or Whedon on The Will in such a place. Not long after Shelley's death Fox in a lecture vindicated the poet's assertion that "the imagination is a faculty not less essential and imperial than the reason" in this passage: "In tracing the course of these three different powers, passion, reason, and imagination, we see that they tend to produce each other. An acute

reasoner will often call to his aid the acute illustration or the fit image. The imaginative power makes a reasoner. Images are ever in affinity with truths. When a man attempts to illustrate a false philosophy by the great images of nature, his comparison is sure to break down or turn against him. The best reasoners have been imaginative. Jeremy Taylor was so, and Bacon, and Milton. The powers are best developed when in harmony with each other; then will their possessor clothe a truth in material types, and show forth a fact in an enduring image. What was it but passion in Christ, which gave birth to those beautiful sayings which have drawn tears in all ages, and, will do so as long as the world shall last?" Unitarian as he was, Fox wrote (see page 299 of the Life): "Unitarianism has never found itself so much in sympathy with mankind, notwithstanding its boast of superior rationality, as to diffuse itself very widely in society"—which strikes us as a fatal admission. For what claim has any religion on human acceptance if it lacks sympathy with mankind? And, in the name of reason, what possible hope can such a religion have that mankind in general will ever take any interest in it?

A Blue Stocking in India. By WINIFRED HESTON, M.D. 12mo, pp. 226. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

A GAY and lively college girl decided to study medicine for service in the foreign mission field. All her friends laughed at her save one, who took her seriously and encouraged her. "My special friend among the medical girls," she says, "used to say that I was a pretty specimen for a missionary, with my fondness for dainty dresses and things of the world generally, and was forever asking, 'Why don't you put on black and sober down a bit?' But I only laughed and tossed my head—until she began to speak slightingly of foreign missions, and then I whispered into her ear some of the agonies of a woman's life in the thick darkness of heathendom, maintaining thereafter a strictly reverential attitude toward my future career." When this young woman left the hospital at the end of her interneship, the great head surgeon swore and called her a fool for going to India when she might have a fine career in America. But she "heard the East a-calling," and could not shut her ears to its pitiable cry. Moved by a great compassion for a distant dusky people, she went to fight the demons that devour them, to lift a banner of light in the desperate dark, and to pity, weep over, and relieve conditions and sufferings impossible to describe and too horrible even to name. So, with her warm woman's heart and brave young spirit ambitious for service to suffering womankind, she sailed away with big and curious eyes looking into a novel, arduous, and possibly exciting future, promising to keep her friends at home informed as to her "progress toward the beatific state of the approved and perfect missionary." Arrived in India, she is soon wholly absorbed in her surgical work, cutting, sawing, sewing, and bandaging; and glorying in having more to do than she can possibly keep up with. Sometimes her patients, while convalescing or after recovery, go to studying the New Testament eagerly to find out for themselves what it is that makes this American

woman leave her home and come to India to bless them in their misery, taking them in and healing them and loving them freely without money and without price. She is not long in India before she writes as follows: "Yesterday I had an experience which made me feel pretty small. It was one of my first cataract cases; the woman was absolutely blind, not having seen a thing for years. I did the operation on both eyes at one sitting, and after bandaging sent her to the ward. When the day came for removing the bandages, I found her in the woman's general ward, which was overflowing with patients. The nurse took off the bandages and I applied the counting test. The other women patients on the cots near by were watching and holding their breath to learn if her sight were really restored. Holding up four of my fingers before her eyes I asked her to count them, and she did—'One, two, three, four.' The patients around whispered excitedly, 'She sees! She sees!' while the happy woman whose sight had been restored by Christian skill fell at my feet in a transport of gratitude, kissing the hem of my skirt and calling me all the endearing names she knew. She would have worshiped me then and there as a superior being, but I lifted her up and led her away to tell her of One who alone is worthy of adoration—who loved her and gave himself for her. O yes, I used to say I was not coming to India to preach but to practice medicine; but when an event like this humbles you, when—mean, selfish, despicable creature as you know yourself to be—a poor ignorant woman wants to worship you, why, you just cannot help telling her who it is that is alone worthy of worship—One who is absolutely pure, and holy, and merciful, and who loves her and us all with an everlasting love. Everybody has a soul, and I am finding out that my chief concern is not, after all, with the body. Nothing seems to stir these people like a brilliant success in the surgical line; the news of it spreads afar from mouth to mouth. One woman comes every week to garland and bouquet the lot of us. With the sweet taste of such gratitude on our tongues, we can give our bodies to be burned with a willing heart." At the end of a hot day of hard work, this buoyant, gay-hearted pitiful-souled, and genuinely though somewhat unconventionally Christian woman, sits down in the dusk to write to a college friend in America, and begins her letter, "The shades of night are falling fast, Upidee, upida." But soon she is writing: "The evils of this land are so awful and horrible that they are likely to drive one either to the devil or more than ever to God. I should certainly go mad with it all if it were not for the constant assurance I have within myself that God is right here to help, and that the warfare, after all, is his—we being his instruments. There is a still small voice out here that I never heard in my happy American days, and it is the only thing that makes life worth living." Here is another picture of this medical woman's work: "The children's hospital is full to overflowing, babies in the beds and all over the floor shrieking until the place is a perfect Bedlam. Pathetic? Well, if you want pathos without alloy, just come and take a look at their poor little shrunken bodies, some deformed, most of them half-starved, with their pinched and drawn little faces, and patient, solemn eyes. Sometimes I rush out in a mist of tears, and wait to regain my equilibrium before I can go back. I

love my work, and the harder it is, and the more of it, the better my soul is satisfied; and as long as I am able to crawl I cannot refuse to minister to these poor, suffering, hopeless specimens of humanity. The work crowds us so that in the operating room we are running two tables at once, dividing the instruments, internes, and nurses, and keeping things humming generally. I like it tremendously, and feel that I have found my sphere in life. There is nothing in all the world for me like a surgical career. There were twenty-six operations yesterday, with wards full to overflowing, and more clamoring to enter." By and by our missionary surgeon woman writes home: "I have been to the bottom of the abyss, but am beginning, after many days, to 'bob up serenely' again. I was very ill—thought I was going to die, and I reckon I did pretty nearly. It was an experience, I can tell you. But when you are convinced that it is inevitable, a great peace comes into your soul and you would a little bit rather than not." She tells of the devotion, the sacrifices, the scorn of danger manifested by some of the converts to Christianity, particularly of one proud Brahmin, who had esteemed himself worthy to be worshiped, and had sold for goodly sums the water in which his high-caste feet had been laved in order that a low-caste man might drink it and so progress a step in the upward climb toward salvation. This haughty Brahmin became an angel of mercy, and in the midst of a plague offered himself to do night nursing for the suffering and dying. And this surgical woman cries out, "O, I tell you it is Christian love of God and men, and nothing else, that is going to lift up this people and save this land." Worse than plague and cholera in India are the unspeakably shameful things done in the name of religion. The foulest and cruelest debauchery is made a religion. The worship in some of the temples could only be inspired by the dirtiest devils that ever crawled up over the edge of the world from the bottomless pit of the filthiest hell. The land is intensely, absorbingly religious, and its religion, however fine it may seem in India's holy books and in the palaver of its priests, is, in practice and effect, appallingly degrading, revolting, sickening; its treatment of girls and women is incredibly unnatural, base, beastly, fiendish. May mother England and all Christian nations be strongly and compassionately good to that poor pitiable land, until its redemption be accomplished! Only Christ, through the labors of his servants, can save it.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1911

Art. I.—DO WE NEED A SUPREME COURT?

In the early part of the year 1905 an article appeared in The Christian Advocate proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church providing for a Supreme Court—or permanent Judicial Conference. The subject arrested some attention. Bishop Merrill heartily indorsed the suggestion in The Northwestern Christian Advocate, and in a letter to the writer said, "When on the Constitution Commission I saw and felt the need, but did not dare press it, for fear of endangering the passage of the whole instrument."

While the formal presentation of the subject in the Church press was something new at that time, the idea itself was by no means new to those who were acquainted with the details of our historical development. From the early days of McKendree and Joshua Soule the subject has forced itself, on occasion, into the forefront of our thinking, and in recent years such distinguished brethren as the Hon. Judge Sibley, Dr. William F. Warren, Dr. Charles W. Smith—now Bishop—Robert T. Miller, LL.D., the Hon. Judge R. F. Raymond, Dr. W. W. Evans, and many others well known in the Methodism of our day, had expressed their opinions both in public and in private—in fact, the need was always felt—the idea was in the air. The writer had reached his conclusions by independent study, and while the thought was not entertained that the proposition would receive proper consideration, owing to the numerous and peculiar difficulties to be overcome, for twelve years or more, nevertheless it was thought at that time to be a matter which, because of its intrinsic importance, should be thoroughly examined even if it were never adopted. The best way to settle a case is to hear it.

Hence that article. Methodism is yet in the making. Its most glorious achievements, let us hope, are not all in the past, but, by the blessings of God, are yet in the future; and whatever can be done now to strengthen the Church organically for the stress and strain of the coming years—while men are yet living who are removed by one or two links from the fathers of the Church and are imbued with the spirit and traditions of Methodism—should be done, in order that changes which must inevitably come shall not be alien to all that has gone before. It was with no little gratification, therefore, to many that, on motion of the Hon. H. C. McWhorter, the General Conference of 1908 at Baltimore adopted the following resolution:

> *Whereas*, The General Conference acts as our Supreme Court, and
>
> *Whereas*, It is incongruous that the same assemblage should, as legislative body, pass judgment upon the constitutionality of its own work; and
>
> *Whereas*, The General Conference is too large to act as an Appellate Court, and is not wisely constituted for that purpose; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That a Commission of five persons, to consist of one Bishop, two ministers and two laymen, be appointed by the Board of Bishops to consider the entire question of our highest Judicial Tribunal and to report to the General Conference of 1912 a recommendation as to how such tribunal should be constituted, and what steps are necessary to place its constitutional powers beyond question. (Journal, p. 433.)

The question then is: Do we need a Final Court of Appeals? It is a great subject. It is one of those serious affairs which are not to be entered into unadvisedly, but discreetly and with an open mind. One may have enough knowledge of it to make him over-cautious and diffident in expressing his views lest so weighty a matter, if he is in favor of it, should suffer from his own inadequate and perhaps bungling representation. One also may know just enough about it to become very eloquent in opposition to it, making up in rhetorical generalities what he lacks in informing particulars. Indeed, the most sensible man, though fertile in expedients and powerful in argument, might well hesitate in an attempt to persuade so many thousands of others, with their infinite variety of opinions, likes and dislikes, to acquiesce in such a momentous change as this in our ecclesiastical economy. Conservative people always live in a comfortable

neighborhood, and it is the teaching of experience that it is never an easy task to overcome the inertia of established opinion.

However, by order of the General Conference, the subject is before the Church, and the hope of the writer—which hope is also his apology—is that this limited outline may induce some abler hand to do full justice to the theme; since my purpose is not to discuss the subject *in extenso,* nor any part of it in detail, but only to suggest the scope of it, for the question is too large and no one will think it possible that so great a matter can be justly treated in a brief exposition. What are the objections to the present plan? What is the remedy proposed? These are the main points which I desire to discuss.

First: *What are the objections to the present plan?*

The General Conference is at present composed of ministerial and lay delegates in equal numbers from all the Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences. For a deliberative body the number is very large. For 100,000,000 of people in the United States there are about 391 Representatives in Congress. On the first day of the General Conference at Baltimore, 1908, out of 787 delegates-elect for about 3,000,000 church members, 755 answered to their names. Of this number more than four hundred had never been in a General Conference before. The number of delegates in the next General Conference will be greater than in 1908, and in each succeeding Conference greater still than in the one previous. How difficult it now is to preserve order, and how much valuable time is lost in futile attempts by delegates in the rear of the Conference to obtain either order for the body or recognition for themselves, is a matter of common knowledge. The well-grounded fear is, unless the basis of representation is reduced, the number of delegates will be so large, the body become so unmanageable, that not only will wise and needful legislation be almost impossible, but the General Conference itself will be in danger of falling to pieces by reason of its own weight.

Numbers alone, however, are not the only menace to our institutions. The General Conference is composed of delegates of all races, nationalities and tongues, American, European, Asiatic, African; and these are of all kinds of training, social, religious,

political, commercial; and of all grades of education, qualities and degrees of ability, spiritual development, and knowledge of Methodist history, law and usages, which qualities and peculiarities play an important psychological, though unconscious, part in the determinations of the body. Homogeneity of race and oneness of language is no longer characteristic of the General Conference.

Then, again, by our elective system there are always a considerable number of delegates who know comparatively little or nothing of the legislative methods, of the needs of new legislation, or of the already established laws of the Church, and can be, therefore, at best, but slightly acquainted with the merits or demerits and bearings of manifold questions unexpectedly arising in the Conference, as well as of those coming up from an ever-expanding church, with 19,000 ministers and more than 3,000,000 of members. Nevertheless, to the judgment, to the intelligence, understanding, and perception of those who do not know, and will not, or cannot, inform themselves accurately and broadly, though they be but an insignificant minority, the vast and vital interests of the Church are committed every four years, as they are to the best equipped and most experienced in a body where the gravest questions, legislative or judicial, may be decided by a bare majority of one. It is not surprising, therefore, taking human nature as we find it, even under the restraints of divine grace, that sometimes the unexpected and undesirable happens, and that even constitutional limitations may be overridden by forceful leaders of superior knowledge, of parliamentary skill, and oratorical fervor. That all this is equally true of other large assemblies, whether religious or political, is readily admitted; nor to such a heterogeneous body composed as our General Conference is can any admissible objection be raised. Such a polyglot body is our justifiable pride and glory in the gospel. It is evidence, it is visible demonstration, that Methodism is not a spent force. The Methodist Church is a church of the people, and as members of the Church, the people, even to the humblest child of God among us, have the right to make rules and regulations for themselves in the highest assembly of the Church.

But the question is: Is such a body, combining in itself all legislative, executive, and judicial powers and functions, sufficiently competent to discharge the duties devolving upon it for the best interests of the Church? By competency of the General Conference we will not be understood as intending the preposterous allegation that a body which from the beginning has been composed of superior men, of eminent ministers, and, since 1872, of distinguished laymen, and which has governed the Church with unparalleled success for a hundred years, is lacking in mental or moral capacity. Not that. What we mean is, the General Conference has become so large, and must be so large, unless representation is reduced below any minimum yet proposed—but which reduction if made will produce discontent—that it is ill adapted, is too unwieldy for the proper discharge at one and the same time of its threefold function. To those who think that the General Conference is a training school for the Church, or that it affords a useful "vent" for those who, as Kipling would say, have a superfluity of personal feeling in their cosmos, increase of numbers may be no evil, but there are those who think of the General Conference in its relation to the kingdom of God; and that surging energies which "end in self" might well be exercised to better purpose in other fields.

Further: At each General Conference there is appointed a Judiciary Committee, to which are committed all cases of appeals and challenged actions of Annual Conferences, and to which may be referred interpretations of statutory laws and constitutional questions. But, observe, this committee is composed of members taken from among the delegates. On the floor of the Conference these same Committeemen debate and vote on questions which may be referred to their committee, and upon which they may afterward render a legal decision. On these decisions again they have the right to debate and vote when their report is presented to the Conference. Nor is this all. It will be noted that there is no set time, nor formal announcement of time made, when the Conference, closing its legislative labors, shall resolve itself into a judicial body and receive the reports of the Judiciary. On the contrary, when these reports may be received

depends quite often on the skill of the chairman of the committee to obtain a hearing before some other chairman; for there are other committees equally important, equally clamorous, and as equally desired to be heard.

In the resolution calling for a commission to consider this subject it is declared to be "incongruous that the same assemblage should, as a legislative body, pass judgment on the constitutionality of its own work." As citizens of this Republic, we all know that such incongruity is inconceivable in the State. From the days of Washington, who, in his Farewell Address, warned the American people against the combination of executive, legislative, and judicial functions in one and the same body, every eminent jurist and statesman who has had occasion to express himself has struck at the evils which lurk in such an aggregation of power. In The North American Review for January, 1911, Associate Justice Horace H. Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court, quotes Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws to the same effect, and he cites the constitutional enactments of several states before the formation of the Constitution of the United States (Virginia, in her Bill of Rights; Maryland, in her Bill of Rights, and Massachussetts, in her Bill of Rights), all to the effect that the legislative, executive and judicial powers of government ought to be forever distinct and separate from each other. Certainly, there is such an oceanic width of difference between the personal aims and ambitions of men who seek the honors and emoluments of office in the State and the Methodist preacher with his lay brother by his side in the General Conference, that there scarcely exists any analogy at all between the holding of such powers in the State and the holding of them in the Church; for in the State they may be the instruments of tyranny, whereas, in the Church, they are held for the supposed purpose of preventing tyranny. We shall not belittle the subject, therefore, nor misrepresent the cause, by indulging in cheap rhetoric concerning freedom, liberty, ecclestiastical tyranny. We do not forget what Samuel Johnson said about patriotism, and the loudest declamation against church authority is often but the veiled expression of disappointed hopes. The fathers of Methodism never dreamed

of a spiritual oligarchy. Their thoughts were not centered, as ours also are not, on fabricating an exquisitely articulated and elaborately organized ecclesiastical system for the concentration of power in their own hands, but on the far better work of evangelizing the continent and conserving the results of their arduous toils. Stable governments are not made. On the other hand, these fathers never dreamed of the complex Methodism of our day, with all of its widely extended interests upon which the sun never sets, as we do not, and cannot, of the yet greater and more glorious Methodism of the future. The Constitution, as they framed it, answered the simple needs of the time. The General Conference was small in numbers. The number present when the Constitution of 1808 was adopted did not exceed 129—a body not equal in size to some of the General Conference Committees of the present day. The membership of the Church did not run into the millions, nor were hundreds of millions of property under the control of the Church. It was not until 1820, twelve years after the adoption of the Constitution, when an unforeseen emergency arose, that the founders of our government discovered the incompetency of the General Conference to sit in judgment upon its own acts.

But it is incongruous that the General Conference should be the sole judge of its own acts; and that it should be prosecutor, judge and jury, lawmaker and law-interpreter, all in one.

Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in an able article in the Methodist Review (South), October, 1908, on the General Conference of 1808, writes:

> Bishop Simpson expressed himself to Bishop McTyeire, in 1881, as favoring in the Methodist Episcopal Discipline or Constitution something like what is called the veto power of the Bishops, and said that he would sleep more sweetly in his grave if they had such a check to hasty and unconstitutional legislation. The late Bishop Merrill, the ablest legal mind in the Methodist Episcopal Church, declared that the absence of a check of this sort was the most serious hindrance to closer relations between the two Churches. He wrote:
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> "The most serious difference between the bodies, the one which will be hardest to overcome, has respect not to the episcopacy or its power, but to the General Conference itself. With us the General Conference is supreme in that it is the judge of the constitutionality of its own acts.

We have no supreme court, no tribunal of any sort, aside from the General Conference, to which can be referred questions of the legality of the legislation by that body. This is the lame point in our system, and it is a serious defect. In state, national, or municipal affairs, such condition would be intolerable. The Southern Church has provided a check upon hasty or inconsiderate legislation, by requiring that when the constitutionality of a measure is questioned, the Bishops pass upon it, and submit it to the judgment of the members of the Annual Conferences, according to the plan for amending the Constitution. Without allowing the Bishops the right to veto General Conference action, they are empowered to suspend a challenged action till it can be passed upon by the Church in her constitution-making power and form. This may not be the best possible way of meeting the necessity of judicial interpretation of the legislation by the General Conference, but it is better than none, and, of course, much better than anything we have, as we have absolutely nothing. Some of the leading ministers of the Southern Church have remarked that they never could submit to belong to a Church governed by a body made up as is our General Conference, without some sort of judicial body to pass upon the constitutionality of its acts. It is not an easy thing to answer this objection, or to justify the position in this regard which we are forced to occupy. Of course, in the negotiations we could confess our weakness and accept their regulation in the absence of any better provision."[1]

Under such a system as ours it is very clear that the General Conference can do no legal wrong. From its decisions, whether right or wrong, there is no appeal. *Roma locuta est; causa finita est*—The Conference has spoken, and that is the end. It is infallible and final. "If it err, which is not a legal presumption, its unwholesome error is incurable except by the *vis medicatrix*—the medicinal virtue of its own judicial energies." If it does not always exercise its infallible and autocratic powers, it is because sensible men do not always do what is impolitic and unjust because they have the power to do both.

We are reminded here of a parallel. At the outbreak of the American Revolution Pitt contended that the British Parliament was not constitutionally competent to tax the American Colonies. But, says Macaulay, in his splendid essay on the Earl of Chatham, the opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was that the British Constitution had

[1] This statement of Bishop Merrill's appeared, I think, in The Northwestern Christian Advocate in 1905, indorsing the article referred to by the writer in The Christian Advocate on the need for a Supreme Court.

set no limits whatever to the legislative powers of the British King, Lords and Commons, over the whole British empire, and that Parliament could tax America, as it was legally competent to commit any other folly or wickedness. Between the General Conference and the English Parliament the analogy may not, on the surface, be very close, for the former has a written Constitution which the latter has not. But, since that Parliament may do what it pleases, and the General Conference has full power to do whatever it pleases under a "few slight restrictions," it comes at last to about the same thing in that both are the sole interpreters of their own enactments, and are, therefore, supreme. Is the British Parliament the model for church government?

In a speech during a debate on the Episcopal veto in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1870, Dr. Leroy M. Lee, nephew of Jesse Lee, brought out the same facts:

> The General Conference is a dependent and responsible body, dependent for its being and authority upon the original body of elders, and responsible to them for its fidelity in the use of the powers delegated to it. But without some provision of the Constitution, such as was aimed to be established in the proviso under consideration, there is no legitimate or authoritative mode, either of questioning the constitutionality of their acts or of admitting them to another tribunal for adjudication. And in the absence of suitable provision for this purpose the General Conference may exercise the powers, even if it does not claim the right, of determining the constitutionality of its own acts; and, in such an event, the General Conference absorbs all power into itself, its responsibility ceases, and it can "revoke, alter, change, or destroy" even the Constitution itself, at its own will and by its own act. Such power was not given to it, nor intended to be given. But all this power would have been given if in what was given was included the right to determine the constitutionality of its own acts.

Nevertheless, the acts of a General Conference may be tyrannical, subversive of church interests, unconstitutional, and impolitic, but of all these the General Conference itself is the sole judge. Whatever it enacts is valid legislation. Is an unconstitutional law or unwarranted interpretation valid? It certainly is. The moment the General Conference adjourns whatever has been done by the Conference is the law of the Church, even though it contravenes the Constitution. "An unconstitutional enact-

ment," says Judge Cooley (Prin. Const. Law, p. 24), "is sometimes void and sometimes not; and this will depend upon whether according to the theory of the government any tribunal or officer is empowered to judge of violations of the Constitution, and to keep the Legislature within the limits of a delegated authority by annulling whatever acts exceed it." But where is there such a "tribunal or officer" in Methodism? Will you ignore the acts of the General Conference by refusing to publish them, if that were possible? The validity of law does not depend upon its publication, which is for information, but upon its enactment and adoption by competent authority. The Bishops have no power of veto, as in the Methodist Church, South. They have not even the right to arrest an unconstitutional motion, but must put it to the vote of the Conference, which is the sole judge of what is constitutional. The Annual Conferences have no power; and if neither Bishops nor Annual Conferences have any authority in the premises, there is no correcting or annulling power, "tribunal or officer" in Methodism.

The fact is as stated: the General Conference cannot do an unlawful thing. "According to the theory of British Constitutional Law," continues Judge Cooley, "the Parliament possesses and wields supreme power, and if, therefore, its enactments conflict with the Constitution, they are nevertheless valid, and must operate as modifications or amendments of it. But where, as in America, the Legislature acts under a delegated authority, limited by the Constitution itself, and the judiciary is empowered to declare what the law is, an unconstitutional enactment must fall when it is subjected to the ordeal of the courts."

Here are checks upon unlawful legislation. But in the Church there is no check, there is no judiciary "empowered to declare what the law is" independent of the General Conference. The Judiciary Committee appointed at each Conference is the creature of the Conference; and, as the Conference is under no obligation to appoint such a committee, it may suspend it or discharge it at any time on a mere motion. If the report of the Judiciary Committee on a question of law does not please the General Conference, the Conference may reject the report, amend

it, refer, or table it, as it may any other report from any other committee, by a majority vote. The General Conference combines within itself every power not expressly forbidden, all legislative, executive, and judicial functions, and has exercised these powers from the beginning, and beyond it or outside of it there is no other. It is supreme.

It is quite true that, since every General Conference is the equal of every other, no act of a General Conference is forever binding. The General Conference is not a continuous body, as an Annual Conference is. A succeeding General Conference may rescind the obnoxious legislation of its predecessor, excepting contracts with other parties, as 1848 repudiated 1844, and this is our salvation. But in the meantime, for four long years, individuals, conferences, local churches, institutions, and manifold interests, may suffer the baneful results of unconstitutional enactment for which there is no remedy but in the courts, or in an immediate call of a new General Conference. But such a call requires a majority vote of all the Bishops and the advice of two thirds of all the Annual Conferences, a requirement easily defeated even by one conference, as in 1824-28 the wish of the Annual Conferences and of two General Conferences was defeated by the Philadelphia Conference. It will be of no avail to claim that the General Conference did not intend all the consequences of its acts. Law and reason presume that every rational being does intend the natural and probable consequences of his voluntary acts.

Now, it may be imagined that such observations as the above are purely legal abstractions, mere academic discussions, and are not likely to play any serious part in the practical working of the General Conference. That argument is as old as the days of Noah. But those that first made it lost confidence in it when the flood came. The writer has been a member of four successive General Conferences, including the Conference at Baltimore, 1908, and it is his conviction that it would be a difficult matter to find a representative body of equal numbers excelling our General Conference in general intelligence, breadth of world-view, honesty of purpose, and individual devotion to duty. But it is simply flying in the face of history to assert that the General Conference

does not override its constitutional limitations, and thereby bring distress and confusion to the Church and to individuals. The record of the General Conference is punctuated with such instances. For example: It is an established principle of law that a Legislature when in Committee of the Whole cannot enact any law. The reason is that such a body having been clothed with certain powers cannot transfer those powers to another body, which a committee is. But in 1880 the General Conference appointed a Committee on Boundaries and enacted that its decisions should be final. What trouble this unlawful act occasioned is well known to the Troy and Vermont Conferences. In 1884 the General Conference repealed that legislation and rightly decided that the Committee on Boundaries should report back to the Conference, which alone has the power of legislation.

Again, the Fifth Restrictive Rule declares that the General Conference shall not do away with the privileges of our ministers or preachers of trial by a committee, and of an appeal, etc. This is a Bill of Rights. Membership in an Annual Conference secures to every minister certain constitutional rights, of which he cannot be deprived without due process of law. But in the face of this plain rule imbedded in the Constitution, the General Conference of 1880, as did another Conference at an early date, enacted a law which declared that if an inefficient minister refused to locate, the Annual Conference might, without formal trial, locate him without his consent, by a two-thirds vote. This also was repealed later on the ground of its unconstitutionality.

Again, the General Conference of 1904 passed a law permitting the Annual Conferences to determine the number of districts there shall be in an Annual Conference. The Conference did not see that such a law encroached upon the constitutional rights of the Episcopacy, which alone has authority to "fix the appointments." A few delegates saw it, and the next day the Conference promptly repealed the act. And who does not know that again and again the General Conference has violated the Sixth Restrictive Rule by appropriating the proceeds of the Book Concern, under various happy phrasings, to the payment of General Conference expenses?

But above all, what irreparable injury has been done the

Church by the General Conference of 1844! At that Conference, in a speech which for literary merit, cogency of reasoning, and legal ability, must be justly regarded as among the greatest ever delivered in the forum of debate, Dr. Hamline placed the weightiest emphasis possible on the supremacy of the General Conference. We do not subscribe to all the doctrines of that powerful argument. "This Conference," he said, "is supreme." "It is legislative, judicial, and executive supremacy." "It is a Court of Appeals, beyond which no parties can travel for a cure of errors." "If it err, which is not a legal presumption, its unwholesome error is incurable except by the *vis medicatrix*—the medicinal virtue of its own judicial energies." "Our church constitution recognizes the Episcopacy as an abstraction, and leaves this body to work it in a concrete form in any hundred or more ways we may be able to invent. We may make one, five or twenty Bishops, and if we please, one for each Conference. We may refuse to elect any until all die or resign, and then, to maintain the Episcopacy, which we are bound to do, we must elect one at least." (See Journal, 1844.)

Under his eloquent, insistent reiterations, and beautiful sentences glittering with legal points, the sturdy ringing words of Bishop Soule, who helped to make the Constitution, became as a hollow echo; the supposedly granite-like restrictions of the Constitution gradually faded away into the diaphanous tracery of a once actual existence. The almost absolute supremacy of the General Conference was the high-over-all dominating note. The delegates were not blind. If the General Conference was all that Dr. Hamline affirmed it to be, then it could divide the Church without submitting the question to the Annual Conferences. Into that terrible blunder the Conference went, and out of it came that so-called "Plan of Separation" which unconstitutionally limited the territorial jurisdiction of the Church, its Episcopacy and its Ministry.

In view, then, of this brief outline, it does seem that there is real need for a permanent judiciary, for some "tribunal empowered to judge of violations of the Constitution" and to hear appeals in the interval of General Conferences. That this need has been

felt since the adoption of the Constitution in 1808 is history. On two separate and distinct occasions the General Conference itself has expressly declared that it is not competent to decide upon the constitutionality of its own acts. In 1820, on the matter of election of Presiding Elders, it was moved and carried that:

Whereas, A difference has arisen in the General Conference about the constitutionality of a certain resolution concerning the appointment of presiding elders; and

Whereas, There does not appear to be any proper tribunal to judge of and determine such a question; and

Whereas, It appears important to us that some course should be taken to determine this business; therefore,

Resolved, That we will advise, and do hereby advise the several Annual Conferences to pass such resolutions as will enable the next General Conference so to alter the Constitution that whenever a resolution or motion which goes to alter any part of our Discipline is passed by the General Conference it shall be examined by the superintendent or superintendents; and if they or a majority of them shall judge it unconstitutional, they shall within three days after its passage return it to the Conference, with their objections in writing. And whenever a resolution is so returned the Conference shall consider it, and if it pass by a majority of two thirds it shall be constitutional, notwithstanding the objections of the superintendents; and if it be not returned within three days it shall be considered as not objected to and become a law. (Journal, 1820, p. 238.)

In 1824 a similar resolution was offered, giving the veto power to the bishops (see Journal, p. 267). When we consider the eminent men in the Conferences agreeing to such declarations, men who made and others who helped to make the Constitution, and are renowned in the history of Methodism, it surely must give pause to any who think the General Conference is equal to every emergency, and also to any who may cry out that the loyal desire to do the very thing these fathers of Methodism wanted done, is an attempt to build up an ecclesiastical legalism. In 1820 Bishops McKendree, George and R. R. Roberts were the presidents of the Conference. Among the delegates from *New York Conference* were Daniel Ostrander, Nathan Bangs, Freeborn Garrettson, and Joshua Soule. From *New England* were George Pickering, Martin Ruter, Daniel Filmore, and Elijah Hedding. From *Ohio*, John Collins, James B. Finley. From *Tennessee*, James Alley, Jesse Cunningham, Peter Cartwright.

From *Baltimore,* John Emory, Stephen G. Roszel, Beverly Waugh. From *South Carolina,* Samuel Dunwody, William Capers, James O. Andrew. From the *Philadelphia Conference,* Ezekiel Cooper, Thomas Ware. Do we recognize these historic names? In the Conference of 1824 the same delegates appear, and in addition such superior men as Laban Clark, Wilbur Fisk, George Peck, Charles Elliott, Robert Paine, William Winans and Lovick Peirce. In a hundred and twenty and more years of Methodist history let us excel these names if we can! From the days of the fathers no argument has ever been presented justifying the possession and exercise of executive, judicial, and legislative powers by one and the same body.

But not only is it incongruous that such powers should be held by the same body, it is also grievous to contemplate the inability of such an unwieldy body to give calm and judicious consideration to delicate questions of law, appeals, and complaints which come before it for final settlement. That rank injustice is not often done is not owing to the perfection of the system, but to the intelligence and character of the delegates. The Judiciary Committee consists of those best qualified for its duties. But how easily the possibility of modifying or rejecting its decisions is entertained by the whole body was seen at the last General Conference. A case, on the merits of which we have nothing whatever to say, had been before the Judiciary for nearly three weeks. The committee, consisting of distinguished jurists, ministers, and judges of Supreme Courts, made its report. Immediately a delegate obtained the floor and appealed to the Conference against the report. He expected in five minutes, the time allowed, to overthrow or modify the verdict of eminent lawyers who for nearly three weeks had studied the case, by appealing to a Conference not a dozen members of which knew anything about the case, or had ever heard one word of the testimony. Now, that brother (for he was an able and honored man) may have been as perfectly right in his contention as he was certainly within his rights as a delegate, and the Committee may have been as perfectly wrong in their decision as possibly they were in bringing in a decision on such an important case just before adjourn-

ment, when everything was in confusion; but, however all this may be, or may not be, it all goes to demonstrate the imperative need for a tribunal whose decisions shall not be at the mercy of a mass meeting unable to hear what is said in the great body excited by oratory; a tribunal whose sole duty shall be to adjudicate cases sent up to General Conference without performing other duties as delegates on the floor of the Conference. For it is just as incongruous that members of a judiciary should debate questions on the floor of the General Conference upon which they may have afterward to give a legal decision as it is for the General Conference itself to do that same incompatible thing.

SECOND: *What then is the remedy?*

Several methods have been suggested at various times, such as: (1) two houses with concurrent authority; (2) a greatly reduced representation; (3) a conferring of veto power on the Board of Bishops. This last, as we have seen, was proposed as far back as 1820 and again in 1824, and is, with some modifications, the present law of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Affixed to their Restrictive Rules is the following: "Provided, that when any rule or regulation is adopted by the General Conference which, in the opinion of the bishops, is unconstitutional, the bishops may present to the Conference which passed such a rule or regulation their objections thereto, with their reasons, in writing; and if then the General Conference shall by a two-thirds vote adhere to its action on said rule or regulation, it shall then take the course prescribed for altering a Restrictive Rule; and, if passed upon affirmatively, the bishops shall announce that such rule or regulation takes effect from that time."

This seems to be a very simple safeguard to constitutional rights, and may be preferred by many to a Supreme Court. It provides an immediate check on hasty legislation, and shows conclusively that it is not at all necessary, either to the Church or to the General Conference, that the power to declare the validity of its own acts should be lodged in the General Conference.

But there are serious objections to it. While so far the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have taken no advantage of their right of veto for the aggrandizement of

their office, their veto having been used only once since the adoption of the plan, nevertheless the possession and use of such power does tend to nourish the growth of Episcopal claims. Against all encroachments of the General Conference on the rights and prerogatives, real or fancied, of the Episcopacy the veto of the bishops may reasonably be expected, as their support may be relied upon should additional power be proposed for the supposed efficiency of the office. No tears are ever shed over one's increase of power or extension of influence. Then, it compels a supposed unconstitutional act to receive twice over a majority vote of the General Conference, or rather a majority vote and a two-thirds vote, and afterwards to run the gauntlet of the Annual Conferences. This, certainly, is safeguarding the Constitution and would have delighted the heart of Lecky, the philosophical historian, who, in his "Democracy and Liberty," so excessively praises the Constitution of the United States at the expense of the British, because it is so difficult to change. But all this consumes time, and while it serves to ward off ecclesiastical agitators, and those soaring spirits whose hope for fame depends upon the accidents of politics, it also serves as an engine of obstruction against needful reforms and may be as detrimental to genuine progress as it is protective of constitutional rights.

The other two remedies mentioned need not detain us. Neither reduced representation, nor the bicameral system, that is, two houses, lay and clerical, touches the principle we are discussing—the incongruity of a delegated General Conference being the sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts. Two houses may be a check upon each other, thereby preventing hasty legislation, but it is quite conceivable that they may also be productive of disastrous divisions, and so, like a certain philosophical mule, which on a rainy day swam the river to get out of the wet, we would be only substituting a Noachian deluge for an April shower. A reduced representation, if small enough, would indeed enable the General Conference to calmly consider the character and consequences of its enactments and thereby reduce the dangers of impulsive legislation to a minimum, but, even if the Church should be satisfied with such reduction, that would not

touch the principle that it is, at the core of things, anomalous and seemingly unjust that the same body should be the one only and supreme judge of its own acts, from which there is no appeal till another General Conference convenes to do a similar thing four years later.

It seems, therefore, that the remedy which merits our most serious consideration is the one proposed; that is, the establishment of a permanent tribunal, a Final Court of Appeals, which shall stand between the Church and the General Conference as a useful help to both, as our Supreme Court does between the people and their Legislatures, and which shall be during the quadrennium a Final Court of Appeals.

Such a court should be constitutionally established, to give it that authority without which it would be shorn of its power and made practically useless. It should have definite duties assigned to it, and be governed by definite rules of procedure. Its members should be composed of bishops, ministers, and laymen. They should be elected by the General Conference, on nomination by a nominating committee, for a term of years. They should not be eligible to membership in the General Conference during their terms of office. The court should meet at the same time and place as the General Conference and remain in session till the Conference finally adjourns, and should thereafter meet as the court itself may determine for the transaction of business. It should report its decisions promptly to the General Conference. Its decisions should be final. Should the General Conference dissent from a decision on a constitutional question by a two-thirds majority, the question in dispute would naturally be submitted to the Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences, and if they, by a two-thirds majority of each order, should concur with the General Conference, that opinion should be the law of the Church; otherwise the decision of the court should stand.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the reasons which support the proposition for a Final Court of Appeals.

R. J. Cooke

Art. II.—APOLOGIA PRO PROFESSIONE SUA

At the present time there seems to be a wholesale denunciation of the inefficiency of our whole system of education, and especially of our colleges and universities. One thing, however, is usually forgotten by those who indulge habitually and with apparent pleasure in the agreeable pastime of criticism, and that is the fact that, after all, comparatively few men in all ages are real lovers of learning. The reason there are so many college students to-day who do not enjoy intellectual labor is that the proportion of those who go to college is far in excess of the proportion of natural lovers of learning. A generation or two ago those who went to college were apt to be the picked few who loved study and desired to prepare themselves for the so-called learned professions. The fact of a man's going to college was a quasi evidence of his love for learning. Now the conditions are changed. Multitudes of youth go to college because it is a necessary adjunct of a gentleman. This has led to a corresponding demand for teachers, and a far larger number of men enter the teaching profession than the natural proportion of born teachers can supply. Hence we have many who teach only to get a living, with the natural result that they fail, as Emerson said he did, and for the same reason. And this is true of all professions; there are as many mediocre physicians, lawyers, and ministers—that is, those who are not born for their work—as there are mediocre teachers. Here, as in so many other cases, Socrates strikes the right note when he says to the critic of teachers of his day:

> Dear Crito, do you not know that in every profession the inferior sort are numerous and good for nothing and the good are few and beyond all price? Do, then, be reasonable, and do not mind whether the teachers of philosophy are good or bad; but think only of philosophy herself. Try and examine her well and truly; if she be evil seek to turn away all men from her, and not your sons only; but if she be what I believe that she is, then follow her and serve her, you and your house, and be of good cheer.

There have always been two kinds of teachers, those who merely make a living out of it and those who love the work for

its own sake. It may be of use, to encourage the pessimists at least, to name over a few of the world's great teachers. In ancient times there were many poor, mechanical teachers, as we have seen, but there were also many who were loved and honored by their contemporaries and have exerted an untold influence ever since. There was Socrates, as we see him in the Dialogues of Plato, quiet, unassuming, modest, free from pedantry, and always seeing straight into the heart of any question. No man was ever more deeply loved by his pupils, young and old; even the wild Alcibiades declaring that whenever Socrates spoke he made him feel like a better man. The greatest of all tributes by a pupil to his teacher was when Plato made Socrates the hero of his noblest Dialogues. Plato himself was primarily a teacher, one whose doctrines have dominated the world. All Christian theology is couched in his language; philosophers like Kant, poets like Shelley and prose writers like Emerson are steeped in his teaching. As the latter says, "Plato stands between the truth and every man's mind." Similar tributes are paid to other great teachers of antiquity—Pythagoras, Epictetus, Epicurus, of whom Lucretius writes the noble lines in which, while he grants that it is a great thing to enhance the physical comforts of life, he asserts that it is still nobler to enlarge the moral and spiritual life. Greater is Epicurus than Ceres or Bacchus, who invented grain and wine, he says, for men can live without these, "but a happy life is not possible without a pure breast"; and greater than Hercules, who purged the forests of wild beasts, for it is a better thing to cleanse the heart of evil passions. "But unless the breast is cleared, what battles and dangers must find their way into us in our own despite!" Teaching, in the true sense, was rare in the Dark Ages, but with the Renaissance we see a number of famous teachers, such as Vittorino, whose first care was to make his pupil upright in character; Erasmus, professor, scholar, and critic; Melanchthon, the pedagogue of the Reformation. In more recent times there are many teachers who, like Guarino, have been made immortal by the gratitude of their students. Such is Schiller, in whose teaching at Leipzig learning came forth from

books and became a living thing in the conversation between an older man and his young friends, and who, as Professor Kühnemann says, "gave to his hearers to carry forth into life what is of more influence than technical scholarship—and what, as experience shows, is alone held in grateful remembrance—the memory of a great and pure personality, of a complete man." Other teachers of the same high type were Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Sir Richard Jebb of Oxford, "who was able to do large amounts of various kinds of work, teaching, investigation, lecturing, and writing, and all of it brilliant"; and Nettleship, whose tragic death on Mont Blanc adds a touch of romance to his name, and who, according to the tablet to his memory in his own college at Oxford, "Loved great things and thought little of himself; desiring neither fame nor influence, he won the devotion of men and was a power in their lives; and seeking no disciples he taught to many the greatness of the world and man's mind." A man of similar type was the late John Stuart Blackie, of whom a recent writer declared that "Incalculable was the benefit to these youth [of the University of Edinburgh], the coming-on ministers, journalists, and school-masters, and to society, about to be delivered into their hands, that Blackie should have thought of teaching them other things than Greek. He became a missionary of the gospel of sweetness and light to generations who crowded his classes. He taught them by precept and personal example. For such a man to impress just himself and his ideas was to give his pupils the benefit of the best education that could be given to the young Scotsmen under his charge." In our own land, to mention only a few of those who are no longer living, who does not know the names of Mark Hopkins, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edward Tyrrel Channing,[1] and, more recently, Professor Sumner of Yale, and Nathaniel Shaler of Harvard, "a teacher whose sympathies embraced all human interest, an unforgettable, many-sided, inspiring man." If we wish to learn the ideals and methods of the best teaching we cannot do better than study such men.

In the first place, they loved study and teaching. They

[1] Among Channing's pupils were Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Motley, H. Dana, Thoreau, E. E. Hale, Higginson, and C. E. Norton. Harvard then only had one hundred and sixty students.

were not hirelings, paid to become enthusiastic *aux heures des leçons,* but men born with the instinct to see what life means and to help others to see the same. We hear frequently nowadays that the best men do not go into teaching because the pay is so small. This is unjust. The true teacher, like the poet, is born, not made, and, like the minister, he must receive a call. "What!" says Epictetus; "you have swallowed a few precepts of Philosophy and you wish to teach? Is it by caprice or by chance that a man opens a school? To do this you must be of mature age; must have led a certain life, and be called to this by God. Without this you are only an impious impostor." The youth who deliberately weighs the comparative financial rewards of teaching, business and the various professions is not fit to lead young men along the paths of education. The born teacher will teach because he cannot help it; nor will he complain of the inequality between his remuneration and that of others engaged in business. He will say, in the words of Horace:

> Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
> Argentum, vestes gaetule murice tinctas,
> Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.[1]

Indeed, Foscolo attributes much of the failure in teaching to the fact that the teachers are paid: "He who is paid to teach rarely or never sacrifices himself to the truth and to his own sacred instincts," and Emerson, in similar language, declared: "No amount of pay has ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, or a good workman. Examine the work of your spiritual teachers, and you will find the statistical law respecting them, the less pay, the better work." Of course there is an exaggeration in these statements, and yet they contain a large amount of truth. The rewards of the teacher are something different from money. If that be his object, let him go elsewhere:

> Si l'or seul a pour vous d'invincibles appas,
> Fuyez ces lieux qu'arrose le Permesse;
> Ce n'est pas sur ses bords qu'habite la richesse.[2]

[1] Gems, marble statues, ivory, Tuscan statuettes, paintings, silver, coverings and tapestry dyed with Gaetulian purple—many there are who do not possess these things; there is one man who does not care to have them.

[2] Boileau. If money alone has unconquerable attractions for you, fly from this place, watered by the Permesse; 'tis not on its banks that fortune dwells.

It is true that teachers are wretchedly paid, but they may have, if they will, what money can never buy: "true-heartedness and graciousness and undisturbed trust, and the sight of others' peace and the ministry of their pain. These and the blue sky above them and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath, and the mysteries and presences innumerable of living beings, these may yet be their riches, untormented and divine, serviceable for the life that now is, nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

Another characteristic quality of these great teachers is the genuine feeling of affection they have had for the youth under their charge. We read in Plato of the gentle, pleasant, approving manner with which Socrates listened to Cebes and Simmias; and we have seen how in the case of Schiller and his students it was not the formal giving of a course of lectures, but the discussion of an older man with his young friends. This whole spirit is summed up by Michelet in the words—"pour moi, l'enseignement c'est l'amitié." Still another lesson to be learned from these men is that in teaching the greatest thing of all is personality. Well says Edward Everett Hale, speaking of Professor Channing, "It is personal presence which moves the world; and it was sitting by that good man's side and having him tell you the living truths about the stuff that helped you to do better next time." So too Professor Kühnemann says of Schiller, "In spite of all he had struck the note which makes the great university teacher; for he only is such who sees his own work from the highest point of view, and who directs his pupils toward the highest ideals." No man can be a true teacher unless he possesses that nameless quality which for want of a better name we call personality. "That which we are," says Emerson, "we shall teach; not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Character teaches over our heads. The infallible index of true progress is found in the tone the man takes. If he have not found his home in God, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build—shall I say?—of all his opinions will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his center, the Deity will shine through him." It will be seen, then, that the highest need of all teachers is to de-

velop a high personality. And here we must answer a criticism that is often made against teachers as a class. They are said to live too far away from the stream of life. A critic in a popular magazine, a couple of years ago, gave as the reason for the narrowness so characteristic of teachers the fact that they did not mingle with other men. Here again the criticism is not new, and it has never been better presented than by Callicles, the typical man of the world, who thinks Socrates is in a bad business, tells him to leave such trivial things, to get common sense, and to walk in the ways of the healthy and wise, and then goes on to say: "Philosophy is all right for a young man; it is a part of education. But if I see him continue to study philosophy in later life, and not leaving off, I think he ought to be beaten. For such an one, even though he have good natural parts, becomes effeminate. He flies from the busy center and the market-place, in which, as the poet says, men become distinguished; he creeps into a corner for the rest of his life, and talks in a whisper to three or four admiring youths; but never speaks out like a free man in a satisfying manner." And yet is it only in a certain kind of "reine Entfremdung von den Meurchen," as Goethe calls it, that high personality can be found; and the teacher, like the true Christian, must be in the world but not of the world. Centuries ago Plato insisted on the fact that a philosopher could not do his best work if he mingled in the business of life: "For he whose mind is fixed upon true being has no time to look down upon the affairs of men, or to be filled with jealousy or enmity in the struggle to get them"; and Socrates answers the cynical words of Callicles, quoted above, as follows: "Now, I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth and to live as well as I can, and, when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power I exhort all other men to do the same. And I exhort you to take a part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict."

The same doctrine has been repeated down the ages by the wisest of men. Petrarch, the Columbus of modern civilization,

declares that he could never become a good lawyer, since nature made him a lover of solitude. So Nietzsche declares the general deficiency of our culture and education to be that nobody learns, nobody strives after, nobody teaches how to endure solitude; and Schopenhauer says "a chief lesson of youth should be to learn to enjoy solitude, a source of peace and happiness. He should learn to be at home and at ease with himself." You will say that this befits only mystics and dreamers, and is opposed to the ideals of the practical world. But the highest teachers have been touched with the mystical, and have been dreamers, unless, indeed, we believe that education must be entirely practical. The writer of the book does not underestimate the value of energy, pluck, shrewdness, and self-confidence, which are so essential to success in these days of gigantic corporations and vast financial and industrial enterprise, but there is impulse enough for these things at work in most men's hearts, and the whole business and social atmosphere is charged with stimulus in this direction. Those employed in college teaching need to be steady to their conviction before the world and before the student body. We know that the true glory of a nation is not in the vast extent of its territory, in its ever-widening commerce, in its influence in the world diplomacy, or in the size of its individual or collective wealth, but rather in the character of its people, in the presence of a pure religion, moral restraints, enlightened public opinion, refinement of social life, and a highly developed spirit of culture manifesting itself in the creation and enjoyment of noble works of literature and art. But, more than all that, the American education of to-day should strive to penetrate the public life with some of the larger, sweeter elements of the soul. Undoubtedly there is much exaggeration in discussing the rage for money in America to-day. Yet it is true that the desire for wealth is at least as eager as it ever has been. John Burroughs says, "I look on this craze for wealth that possesses nearly all classes in our time as one of the most lamentable spectacles the world has ever seen," and Professor Peabody declares that never was there a generation less contented than ours with itself, less satisfied and tranquil in spirit; and he attributes this state of

mind chiefly to the increase of wealth. What the world needs to-day is not greater wealth, not more commercial prosperity or influence in world politics, but the lifting of the eyes of the people from the material things of life to the higher things. And where else shall the leaders be found in this progress out of the cave into the light, if not in our schools and colleges? And how can this progress be made unless by the gradual acquisition of a new faculty of sight and the elevation of the soul to the contemplation of the highest ideal of being? Money is good, power has its charms, and the plaudits of the unthinking multitude are pleasant to the ear, but those who devote their lives to intellectual rather than to business pursuits love to believe with Emerson that the "scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellence of his country, the happiest of men." But if our teachers and scholars are indeed to be the instruments in this uplifting of the nation they must themselves be filled with the same highly developed spiritual personality. For unless they have it in their hearts they never can teach it. "The great distinction between teachers," says Emerson, "is that one class speaks from within, or from experience as parties and possessors of the fact, and the other class from without, as spectators merely, or perhaps acquainted with the fact on the evidence of a third person. It is no use to preach to me from without. I can do that easily myself." The great trouble in mingling in the market-place, law-courts or halls of Congress is that we are so apt to lose the very things which mark the great teacher, preacher, and poet. "It is an awful truth," says Wordsworth, "that there is not, neither can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen of twenty of those persons who live or who wish to live in the broad light of the world; among those who either are or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one; because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God." So, too, Schiller, to whom life was "an unending opportunity for penetrating into the essence of things," and to whom "striving for inner harmony, for oneness with self and the world, was the supreme task of man," has summed up the only way in

which the true teacher can develop that personality which is the *sine qua non* of his success: "The man who wants to be himself, who strives for inner harmony, must live as a stranger to his surroundings, a stranger to his time; he must remove himself from the belittling ambitions of the multitude, scorn all participation in the quest for outward success; fill himself with what the best and wisest of all ages have dreamed and accomplished; he must dwell in the idea of the beautiful." Not that the teacher should live in solitude all the time, or should keep coldly aloof from the affairs of men; he should be in the world, but not of it; sympathizing, helping, sharing with others the light of truth that can come only from study and meditation. Nor should he ever be like that light-house keeper spoken of by Marcus Aurelius, who distributed to the cabins of the poor round about him the oil which was needed to nourish the light that led the sailor safely home. And the admonition of the great pagan stoic is as much needed to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago: "However small your lamp may be, never give away the oil that feeds, but the flame that crowns it."

The above reflections have been suggested by a study of the life and methods of some of the world's greatest teachers. Yes, you will say, but these were men of highest genius, and the vast majority of teachers in school and college to-day are men of mediocre intellect and life. And yet is it not the only wise thing to hold up as our ideal the highest examples of the teaching profession? We may not hope to equal them, but we can feel as Dryden did in his famous lines on the picture of Shakespeare sent him by Sir Godfrey Kneller:

> With reverence look on his majestic face,
> Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

We may study the lives or methods of these men, strive to understand their aims in life, and follow in their footsteps as far as we can. Instead of theorizing or making new plans or systems, or discussing methods and indulging in harsh criticism, let each one of us look into his own heart and see whether we really love learning, really love men, really enjoy teaching, so that we would rather do that than anything else. Let us try to realize what the true

aim of education is; not, in the words of Lord Bacon, "To enter on learning from mere natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite, or to entertain our minds with variety or delight, or for lucre and profession, but sincerely to give a true account of our reason to the benefit and use of men." And thus, perhaps, in our own sphere, and within our own limits, we may get some glimpse of the greatness of the world and the mind of man, and be to some extent to our students what Vergil tells Dante Beatrice will be to him when he shall see her in the Earthly Paradise, "un lume tra il vero e l'intelletto."[1] Seen under this aspect, what higher profession can there be than to interpret knowledge and truth to the minds of the young? "The noblest ministry of nature," says Emerson, "is to stand as an apparition of God." So, too, we may say that the noblest ministry of the human mind is to stand as a mirror reflecting to all men the infinite truth, beauty, and goodness which are so lavishly scattered over God's universe, if men only had eyes to see them.

In the light of all this, what is teaching? A dingy trade, as an English writer has called it? Yes, it is to those who welcome every opportunity of escaping from what they call the drudgery of the class room in order to devote themselves to the work of original investigation. Undoubtedly one of the causes which have brought disrepute to the teacher's profession in late years is the extraordinary importance attached to so-called "original work." The whole tendency of our universities and graduate schools has been to emphasize the practical benefit of publishing some piece of investigation, for this counts for a great deal when a man is seeking for a position in teaching. There is a good deal of truth in Hegel's words, commenting on the method of Pythagoras in condemning his pupils to silence for five years. "In a sense this duty of silence is the essential condition of all culture and learning. True culture must begin with resolute self-effacement, with a purely receptive attitude." Not that a man can be the best teacher without creative work. To refer to our own standard of good teachers, we see in every case that they were not only great teachers but philosophers, poets, writers, scientific investigators;

[1] A light between the truth and the intellect.

but the mere mechanical compiling of uncorrelated facts, which makes up much so-called investigation, produces neither the true scholar nor the true teacher. Is teaching, then, not a dingy trade, but a beautiful art, as Professor Palmer calls it? Yes, it is this; and to succeed in it demands all our powers to carry to a successful end the task we have in hand. The art must vary constantly, according to the size of our classes, the different personal elements, the time of the year, and the institution in which we teach. The aim must be to open the eyes of youth to the meaning of life and the world; and, as we have already seen, no man can do this whose own eyes are not already opened. "The conclusion of the whole matter," says Plato, in his Phædrus, "is this: That until a man knows the truth, and the manner of adapting the truth to the nature of other men, he cannot be a good orator."

And yet, while it is an ennobling thing to regard teaching as a beautiful art, it is not the highest point of view in which to regard it. Every year multitudes of young men enter our colleges and universities for various purposes; some—and they are the largest part—come because their parents send them or because it has become the proper thing to be a "college man"; a few, as of old, come because of a passionate love for learning and the scholar's life; and to-day there is no lack of young men like the one spoken of by Johnson:

> When first the college rolls receive his name
> The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
> Resistless burns the fever of renown,
> Brought from the strong contagion of the gown.

How shall we regard these young men, most of whom are utter strangers to us? As chumps, as burdens, as hindrances to that "delightful leisure" of the scholar which so many hours of classroom interfere with? or, still more, with contempt and hostility? "Who's that, Jim?" said an English villager to a friend. "It's a stranger." "Then hit him with a brick." This sentiment, which lies at the bottom of so much hazing, is latent to a certain degree in the mind of many a teacher who regards teaching as a dingy trade. Over against this spirit let us take a line of Dante, as an illustration of the only true teacher. In that beautiful

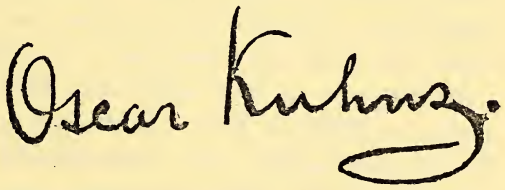
scene in the Paradiso, where the spirits in the Heaven of Mercury, seeing Dante approach under the escort of Beatrice, come streaming toward him, they cry out in the gladness of their welcome, "Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori."[1] The word love, to many people, connotes mere sentimentality; yet no man is worthy the name of teacher in the highest sense who does not feel something of this in his heart, who does not look on his profession as a constant means of increasing his love of learning by means of which he may acquire that insight into the meaning of life, that knowledge of the great Universe of Nature and the heart of man which gradually will give him that sense of harmony in all things which is the reward of earnest study. How grateful a man ought to be that he can spend his life cultivating love for that which is eternal and infinite, that intellectual love which for Schopenhauer was no mortal maiden, but the august vision of truth; that love which, in the words of Spinoza, "feeds the soul with unmingled joy, a joy untainted by any sorrow." No man can be happy unless he has a congenial occupation. "Blessed is the man," says Carlyle, "who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness." For the true teacher expression is just as natural as it is with the poet, prophet, and seer, with whom he is so closely related. As Aristotle says, the proof of a man's knowledge is the ability to teach. And instead of its being a contemptible thing to awaken the dormant powers of youth, turning the eye of his soul toward the light, in point of fact, if the teacher is sincere, and has the necessary gift, no work is more dignified or more satisfying.[2] "For to know and declare the truth in matters of high interest which a man loves, among men who love him, is a safe thing, and gives confidence." The spirit of such a man is like that of the poor peasant of Zermatt, who, filled with love for his native valley and the mountain world about it dominated by the Matterhorn, built a rude hut on the Theodule Glacier and all summer long welcomed the wayfaring traveler and pointed out the glories of sunrise and sunset on the snow-covered mountains he loved so well. "Gentlemen," he was wont to say, "I am working for humanity."

[1] Lo, one who shall increase our loves.

[2] President Angell, when eighty years old, declared that "Teaching is man's noblest profession; I believe it leads all other works."

There is need of many kinds of men in the world, in the various forms of business and professional life, in the world of politics, as well as in the church and schools and colleges. The old contest as to the relative value of the active and the contemplative life is still unsettled, and those who are engaged in the rougher battles of the workaday world are doubtless sincere in their scorn for the life of the scholar and teacher. Yet these latter are not troubled thereby, feeling, as they do, with Wordsworth, that,

> Happier still
> The man whom furthermore a hope attends
> That meditation and research may guide
> His privacy to principles and powers,
> Discovered or invented, or set forth
> Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth
> In lucid order; so that, when his course
> Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
> He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
> His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
> Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
> That shall survive his name and memory.



Art. III.—WHAT IS MAN?

In a philosophical journal of recent date the charge was made against Christianity that it lacked a decent definition of man. If this be so, we may still answer amiably that definition is often comparatively inconsequential, providing only the reality to be explained is itself existent. Electricity continues to escape the net of words in which men vainly attempt to catch it, and in which they would make known its secret, while it continually submits to perform works of increasing delicacy and power. Yet it is not to be forgotten that, while the fact of Christianity is no more to be denied than the fact of electricity, its reasonableness, of which we often speak, must be stated in such terms of thought as involve definition. Of necessity, then, we are challenged to define those realities that combine in religion. As a matter of fact, however, man has been abundantly defined within the Christian centuries and before them. Socrates had much sport out of some characterizations of human life. But in Christian history formal verbal explanations have been serious, full of destiny, and, though formulated in a partialness that has been error, they have actually come to dominate facts themselves and to obscure them. Surely no knowledge is as important as self knowledge. Man's worth and future lie in his essential nature rather than in any fact external to himself, even though that fact is God. Humanity's skepticism toward God has been the skepticism dreaded by the religious, but the primary and more fatal doubt is that regarding the individual's own life. This misgiving transforms a temple of God into a "Doubting Castle," a point of far outlook into a dungeon, the standard of all worth into a valueless thing. *Every resource of truth ought to be brought into requisition in order to awaken and preserve in man a legitimate sense of what he is.* For it is by that self estimation, and by that alone, that the range of his conscious demands is to be determined. It is by that alone that his answer to external appeals of every kind is to be governed. According to that his interpretations have warmth and worth or their contraries. The sufficiency or the inadequacy

of Nature, for him, depends upon what he is. Religion and God cannot be thrust upon him if he is not so built for them that they become necessary for the completeness of his life. It is true that man has been styled the child of God, but with such vagueness that the babe has been rescued by a tortuous logic, and the adult has not been thoroughly impressed. And, too, the definition is in a term more difficult of understanding than the one whose interpretation was sought. For an indefinite period the church has dealt with the expounded and theological man, one built and trimmed according to the exigencies of a reasoned system. Certain assumptions of the divine procedure being accepted, it became quite necessary that certain things must be true of man. It was but a paper necessity, and the product was an abstraction. Carlyle was charged with having insulted the syllogism. Well done, Carlyle, if it were in the interest of truth! Now the fundamental assumption of Christianity is that the teachings of Jesus were truth; the very standard of truth. What, then, is his simple, unadorned, emphatic teaching concerning little children? It is sun clear—too clear and simple to possess the authority of well-rounded argument. So, for centuries, Latin theology has ridden roughshod over the word of Jesus. It would be wiser to accept the truth and insult the syllogism. Doing so, our definition of the very beginning of life will be "decent," and we will no longer stand before Christian parents who bring for baptism their sweet babe, born in a love of the quality of God, and say, "Forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin." Our words will be spoken of this member of the kingdom of heaven rather than of a theological baby. And under Christian auspices there ought to go out into our human kind such a conception of man as approximates reality, for to "know thyself" is still the most important, as it is the most fruitful, of all information.

In beginning this quest we early discover that the human complex has long furnished a riddle in comparison with which that of the Sphinx was a bit of childish simplicity. And searching in the twentieth century we are like old Diogenes. It is daylight, but we are about with our lanterns. And with this combination the light is none too bright. We find that man belongs

to every realm of being. And it is the very largeness of his relationship that robs our solution of a desirable simplicity. Chemistry affirms that it has labeled certain constitutive elements of his being. In physiology we are on the trail of nerve filaments. Biology carries back the silken thread of life and makes it fast to a primordial cell. In psychology we open a secret door by which we almost gain admission to the familiar haunts of the soul. Philosophy, at least by its implications, aids us still further and we are brought right up to the diaphanous veil behind which is man. From every level indicated definitions of man have been thrust upon the world, and upon almost every level multitudes have been content to illustrate the possible varieties of human life. Humanity is on the heights, and in the quagmire, and in such proportion as to affect, in a decided degree, the judgment of the average man respecting its essential character. Coleridge called the ark of Noah a fine symbol of the common man, for in it there was so much beast and so little man. Amiel shared the same conception when he wrote that most of us are but candidates for humanity, and in our personal efforts at estimation we too frequently find ourselves in the predicament of the early painter who ventured to add King Solomon to the throng that was sharing the powerful impulse of the resurrection. He saved himself by putting into the king's face the puzzled look of a man who was uncertain whether he belonged up or down! Stevenson clearly perceived the difficulty when the editors of the Britannica returned his manuscript on Byron with the criticism that, while the sensuous element in both poetry and poet had received full recognition and careful analysis, the real genius of Byron had not had adequate recognition and appreciation. This led the essayist to remark upon the comparative ease with which the feet of clay were described and the supreme difficulty in properly portraying the head of gold.

Since man became man the time has not been when it was a laborious task to define the weakness of the race. Its appetites and its follies, its foibles and its humdrum round, its failures and its kinship with the dust, have been exploited in comedy and satire. There are many aspects of life that are the mean booty

of the cynic. At the same time Dante and Shakespeare are not equal to a description of the head of gold. And, naturally, there is the place of our greatest concern, where are the essential elements. Enmeshed as man is in his great scheme of things, participating in both dust and thought, in flesh and hope, in passion and duty, it is a necessity of our task that we really characterize him; find the things that differentiate him, not those he holds in common with other orders of life. We are not now on the quest of the beast, but of that which constitutes the manness of man. We must have distinctions here, if there are any, not likenesses. Yet, with all our care, our lines between man and beast frequently become so blurred and dimmed that we are apt to issue in a dualism that is expensive to morals. We have become accustomed to a high theoretical and a low practical estimate of man, as is evidenced on the one hand by a pleasurable idealism, and on the other by an easy acquiescence in human dereliction on the ground that it is "human nature." Responsibility for this perplexing, unwise, and untrue attitude may lie in our own shallow consciousness, based upon our undiscriminating experience. Or it may seem to be authorized by the doctrine of evolution, with its frightful history of human progress and its generous, though not highly moral, interpretation of the wrong of the race. Or it may have been fostered by a theology which, to speak mildly, has not always been wise. David fell into deep sin. The hour of his recovery came, and in the white light of its revealing he not only piously placed his own past under condemnation, but he also, in ungenerous explanation of his guilt, involved his mother, saying, "and in sin did my mother conceive me." Christendom has theologically universalized this charge against sacred and sacrificing motherhood. It has done so religiously, if that were possible. But within the Book the emotional verdict of the psalmist is antagonized by Ezekiel the prophet. And Victor Hugo, under what appears like inspiration, also expressed exactly opposite, contradictory sentiments in a chapter of that section of his masterpiece captioned "The White Night."

But, whatever the source of our vague ideas, the church owes it to herself and to humanity to speak upon this subject with the

authority of fact and truth. And so important is the issue involved that the decree of the scientist and the dictum of the theologian must be carefully scrutinized. Nor is any oppression of numbers, and vast average of experience, to either determine or alter our clear insight into those distinctions of fact that compel the ultimate classification of man. The race ought to rejoice greatly in a convincing, objective standard that has been lifted up here and there in those personalities that reveal the distinctive quality and glory of manness, and that thereby approximately fix our own grade relative to the requirements of the law of human life. There are semi-invisible strawberries, there are full-grown hazel bushes three inches in height, there are old oaks a yard tall, on the winter side of the Davidson glacier, but they are not types representative of these growths. Neither is the brutish man, nor yet the average man, though he be numbered by hundreds of millions, the type man, the embodiment of the really human idea. The law of averages does not obtain here. The truth we seek is not so reached. Irrespective of numbers, it is in the world with an authority all its own. The most clear, classic, illuminating, and powerful expression of the idea is in Him upon whom a superficial veneer of admiration has been lavished and who has also received unmeasurable love and obedience. Then the savage, he who belongs to the childhood of the race, is not a man, save potentially, any more than is the child who, in undevelopment, seems but a bundle of animal wants and nervous reactions. The truth in type, in ideal, must be held in mind at all hazards. The Aristotelian "doctrine of ends" precludes the possibility of our reaching a final definition from the man who is in process. So we must maintain, with an insistence that recognizes our sense of the jeopardy of our highest values, that Abraham Lincoln is nearer than Oscar Wilde to the true idea and type of man. The Journal Intime is a classic piece of introspective literature, and in his deepest meditative mood its author puts forth this proposition: "Great men are the true men, the men in whom Nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary—they are in the true order." Our definition, then, is not theoretical, it is not academic. It is given after the event with its illumination. True human

life has stated itself in fact before we picture it in speech. The life that has climbed into its own has simplified itself, rendered itself more easily intelligible, by a beautiful process of elimination which, in this case, is emphasis upon essentials. Life is found in some kinds of loss. It is won in other kinds of surrender. No joy parallels the joy of its sacrifices. To truest life the utmost refinement of sensation in delight or torture is ineffective in appeal. That which constitutes the whole of existence in the ranks below us becomes in man merely accessory, subordinate, readily dispensed with when in competition with truth and right. The lamented laureate described with fine touch the four great zones of sculpture in the mighty hall that Merlin built, portraying there the historic and as yet incomplete rising of human life:

> And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
> And in the second men are slaying beasts,
> And in the third are warriors, perfect men,
> And in the fourth are men with growing wings.

Silent, mystic symbol! Telling in unbreathing forms the struggles of the race and the hope of God!

Nietzsche's recoil from Christianity was not primarily on the ground of speculation, nor even of that ethical system which he swore to fight unto death. In the actual product of the church he saw the most widespread of all vices: the vice of negativeness, the vice of being nothing at all. Men did not think. They did not feel. They did not live with strength and depth. He knew well that there had been times when heathenism had beaten the church in the character of its human output, at least in conspicuous qualities. In its very definition of man there had been a tendency to invigorate the spirit, to fill it with a high sense of honor, and to create in it the feeling of greatness and worth. Aristotle lacked the philosophic sweep of Plato, those high ranges of thought so seldom approached, but his conception of man was such that he could write engagingly and powerfully upon "The High-Minded Man." Under this caption he described the spirit and method of life of the man whose lofty self-esteem was the mainspring and motive of all his conduct. He scorned littleness. He looked down upon many things, such as flattery and fashion. He con-

ducted himself so as to claim and deserve much. His sense of his own greatness was the standard according to which he measured evil, misfortune and littleness. Of course it may easily be proved that the modern world is an impossible place for the high-minded man of Aristotle, but it is not an inhospitable place for the man whose noble self-respect keeps him aloof from the things that stain and that demean him. Man cannot be dehumanized under any label, be it that of a scientific naturalism or of a theological total depravity, and at the same time logically entertain under that stigma such a degree of self-respect as conduces to the highest character and the noblest conduct. With the elimination conspicuous in Amiel's "true men" it is evident that man's distinguishing marks are upon the upper rather than the lower side of his being. His archetype is not beneath, but above him. That which differentiates him from Nature unites him with the unseen, which may be God. His notorious characteristics that rise from his ignorance and sin are, however forcefully they may impress us, not necessities to his being. He is not to be permanently named from them. They may, with all their malignity, be but temporary. Though they have despoiled man of priceless opportunities, and both the disposition and power to use them, yet they may be driven as aliens from the throne that rightfully belongs to another. Man is not fundamentally a sinner as he is fundamentally a child of God. But there have been all too many Christian centuries in which it has been conceived that for God's glory it was both right and necessary that man should be without self-respect; should call himself a worm, and should reduce the thought of himself almost to its lowest and meanest terms. God being glorified in the abasement of the work of his hands! With the feeling that the idea of man for which the church stands is that he is hereditarily, constitutionally, and personally a sinner there is, to say the least, little reputation for a man to sustain. But the prodigal such as Jesus and Swan painted, respectively with words and colors, had beneath his rags and wretchedness something to which he came; and though he was a sinner that something was sublime and it urged him home, where were peace and love and duty. A sense of inner superiority to his condition

and to his conditions was upon him. And a conviction of worth, of value to be conserved, lies at the root of all return, of all religion.

It is necessary, too, in this day of general speculation to view man, briefly, in his significance for that larger thought of the world that is called philosophy. His meaningfulness to himself and to his friends and to his God is entirely another matter. Now we inquire if man, in his essential nature, furnishes to the problem philosophy undertakes to solve any factor of sufficient importance to affect the final solution. And it is to be judged that never before has man been so important an objective element in the thought that weaves itself into the philosophy of the world, interpreting both the universe and its God. Early Greek philosophy had for its sole problem the universe external to man. Kant affected profoundly the whole philosophic movement, and that chiefly in his successful attempt to shift and transfer the center of gravity from the world to man. And it is more than likely that the final battles of thought will have human personality for their center. To-day Professor Eucken, of Jena, the man who is leading the philosophy of Europe and increasingly so of America, is building as complete a system as we have on the basis of the spiritual quality and power of human life. The philosopher, strange to say, is like the rebellious Nietzsche, he is like Amiel: he finds no solution of the world problem in the brutish man or in the average man. In them he finds no contribution to the solution. While Eucken appreciates intensely what it means for thought that man is a person, man must at the same time be such a person as to reveal to us a process new to nature; in fact, a new world in the midst of Nature. To quote from the introduction of one of his recent volumes: "The spiritual life of man is no mere possession to be enjoyed by him. His average existence usually forms a turbid medley in which nature is strong and spirituality weak. Hence the object to be aimed at is first to build up in opposition to this average life a realm of genuine spirituality, by means of united work, and then to raise humanity up to it. This transforms the whole of our existence into a problem and a task." Ordinary human life, with its spiritual poverty and in-

dolence, without high ideals, without aggressive spiritual power, is without significance to philosophy. The political and economic dictum of Lincoln, that no nation can exist half slave and half free, has for Eucken a truth for the real man, that no significant spiritual life can exist half selfish and half spiritual. The Achilles heel of this thought system, if it has a vulnerable place, is in the author's insistent contention that man as a spiritual being actually founds a new order in nature, an order antagonized by nature, an order in which the eternal is worked out by man on the field of time. The true man lives in the infinite of right and truth and is conscious of freedom from the tyranny of the passing moment and of circumstances. And the dominion man establishes is not the finest efflorescence of nature, it rather draws nature into its own service. Enmeshed in the constitution of things, apparently completely under its laws, the true man brings into being a kingdom that cometh not with observation, and that cometh at all only by the penetrating, the overcoming, and the appropriating of resisting nature. And all the while the sense life, as a part of nature, looks out upon the spiritual life as its enemy. It might possibly be better said that nature is not criticized for what it is, but for what it is not. And more than incidentally, indeed vitally, the freedom exercised by such quality of life has introduced into existence an order of reality that no philosophy can overlook. As a fragment of nature, and subject only to mechanical causality, personality is about as interesting as a changing kaleidoscope is entertaining to a child. Say what men may for or against materialism, the only rock that brings it to wreckage is the true man. It is not speculation. It is not profound reasoning. It is the fact of the moral man. The sense world has a tremendous advantage in that it is so vast, and so stubborn, so simple, so patent, so obstreperously imperious, that a non-sensuous life seems impossible in the might and swirl of things. But in the real man a non-sensuous life has been developed and in that fact is the deathblow of materialism.

But the supreme interpretive function of human life is understood only when it is perceived that the interpretation of the ultimate reality we call God is had through him. Man is the

finest product of the mystery out of which all things have come. Some of its quality is in him. And it is that quality in him that often complains bitterly against the abundance of mechanism in the world, its coldness, heartlessness, its utter unconcern. Spencer's "infinite and eternal energy" is surpassed by the fineness of mother love, hence it is not all-inclusive. John Fiske—and his name is mentioned with esteem and admiration—some years ago undertook a decidedly precarious journey "Through Nature to God." Many, and an ever-increasing number, have been startled and shocked to find a similar journey ending elsewhere. More miss the King than find him in so seeking. Romanes took that path, but it grew altogether dark. He described his quest, which was originally a pilgrimage and closed as a tragedy, and few sentences are as heart-breaking. They still wail their way into the soul of every reader. God at last being denied he accepted for himself and for mankind the terrific oracle anciently delivered to Œdipus—"Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art." Beautiful, richly freighted and much quoted are those lines of Tennyson in which certain aspects of nature are deemed sufficient to fully reveal God. Run over them again:

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

He could not do it. No man could do it from that level. When the flower was the level and medium of his information he could only know that God that is adequate for the flower. But there are higher ranges in nature's field, as there are lower ones. Arnold looked forth from the higher level when he descried clearly a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." No flower ever breathed so full a truth. The spirit and method of these days are wiser. The newer thought goes "Through Human Nature to God." Our leap to a comprehension of God is not from the low level of force altogether, but from the highest one we know, the perfect man. We do not construe God from the ether,

from the engine, from the beast of prey, but from the perfect man. So our journey is less than from any other point. While writing his profound theological works Jonathan Edwards avoided society, in order that, free from the distractions of human life, he might in pure thought better compass the character of God. A human soul distract him from the truth of God! It may be that the presence of a sweet-souled child, twice related to the Prince of Peace, would have so fashioned his thought as to enable his theology to survive the wreckage it suffered through its lack of humanness, and so of God. The laureate wrote more wisely:

> If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
> Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
> There, brooding by the central altar, thou
> May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice.

Before the Roman mind had determined for unborn generations their ideas of God and man, dividing them by impassable chasms, Clement of Alexandria had reached a position toward which Christendom has been recently coming. He contended that when Christ assumed humanity he did not take something in its nature foreign to the divine principle. He rather by his incarnation revealed the kinship of the human with the divine, and the perfected human was therefore declared to be identical with that which is most divine. Christ did not exist in two distinct natures formally united and combined by some bond external to either of them, but there was one nature only of the God-man, and in his sacred person the human and the divine were no longer to be distinguished even in thought.

Verily this task is but begun. But it appears that the real man is man at his best. As such he compels a spiritual philosophy. And more than aught else, perfected, he reveals the very God.

Arthur N. Stalker

Art. IV.—THE LURE OF BOOKS

The Book-Lover was sitting in a comfortable chair by the side of the library fire. The young man sat in the chair which had come to be called "his chair"—he had occupied it so often while they talked together of books, of men and things. The softly shaded lamp cast a quiet glow over the many shelves of books, and the fire crackled and blazed in the open fireplace as if the flames were chatting together on some spicy subject, and now and then a line of fire glowed for an instant, lighting the whole room like the flashing light of a sudden thought. The Book-Lover had been unusually silent this evening. It was a silence which created expectation, and the young man sat eagerly waiting. He had learned that his friend had several kinds of silence. There was the silence which was like the period at the close of a sentence. The talk of the evening had come to an end, and soon the young man would look for his hat and pass out of the door. There was a strange, brooding silence, when the Book-Lover was passing into distant regions of meditation and needed to be alone. This his friend had learned to detect, and he would slip quickly away, leaving the old man with the silent splendor of his thoughts. There was the silence of a deep and sympathetic companionship which sometimes fell between the two and drew them very close together. Then there was a pregnant silence which was about to break into speech. In its quiet, the air sometimes seemed full of thoughts crowding to be born. So it was to-night, and the young man waited with a certain flash of anticipation in his eye for the Book-Lover to begin to speak. There was a little challenging sputter of blaze in the fireplace which seemed to make an opening in the silence, and, so encouraged, the old man looked up at his friend and began:

"I suppose that if Gilbert Chesterton were talking about the lure of books he would begin by saying that books are fascinating when they are not books. I used to be irritated by Chesterton. His endless paradoxes seemed so much like systematically turning every truth and every old opinion inside out. It did not seem respectful, and sometimes it seemed mechanical. But I have found

so much to provoke thought in his saucy, impertinent epigrams that I have stopped being tantalized. You are willing to have a paradox make faces at you if there is a real idea behind it. Anyhow, if Chesterton were to say that a book really takes hold of you only when it is not a book, he would be quite right. Just a book—pages with endless black marks, binding with gold marks on the outside—how tiresome and uninteresting it would be. And there are a great many people to whom a book is just a book and nothing more. I remember once seeing a fellow whom nobody had suspected of being sensitive standing, as he thought, alone in a library. He had just been listening to a brilliant conversation about books, with many a quick verbal thrust and turn of speech. He had been without early advantages, and, while he had a good head for affairs, he had never learned to care for books, so the conversation was all Greek to him. He stood in the library when the others had left; a dark scowl came over his face; he looked menacingly at the rows of well-filled shelves. Then he closed his lips hard and shook his fist at the books while his eyes blazed with anger. It all gave me a sense of impotent wrathful ignorance which I have never forgotten. A book may be not only dull; it may be a positive torture. Was it not Lord Macaulay who told of a condemned felon offered life and liberty if he would read a certain book? The man learned what the book was and cheerfully went to the gallows. I have felt a degree of sympathy with that man after attempting to peruse some books. But such a man as Lord Acton, who read during more than half of his waking hours, suggests a very different attitude toward books, and it is just when they cease to be books, and become something else, that a man can give them hours and hours without consciousness of the greatness of the gift. When by some strange magic a book is transformed and becomes a portal, a door to whose lock one possesses the key, and whose knob one may turn—a door through which one may enter into new knowledge, new feeling, new appreciation of the meaning of men and things—then he begins to feel the lure of books. The first thing about books is just that they take us out of ourselves. In the old days of minstrelsy, I suppose one of the things which made the minstrel a welcome figure as he strode into the hall was his ability to make

men forget all about their own dull, monotonous lives. The hardness of the days was lost in the thought of the life of which he sung, while over all there fell the glow of beauty and romance. He had the philosopher's stone, which turned all things to gold.

"In truth a book is the real philosopher's stone. Life has been without charm and without color. There is the touch of a book, and suddenly it becomes of priceless value. Mrs. Wharton tells somewhere of a husband who listened at every door in his wife's life, and never heard a sound within. Many a man has passed through the empty rooms of his own life, with a full realization of the tragedy of its emptiness. A book has come like a great deliverer. Even where one's own life has meaning and interest there comes at last the longing for something larger. Most men could not be contented indefinitely, like Walt Whitman, to sing the song of themselves. A man's life is like a little island a few miles from the great mainland of the world's life. The little island may have hills and valleys and beautiful tiny streams; it may have groves of trees which cast a pleasant shade, and the waters may whisper gently along its shores, but at last a man knows all about it. Over and over he has stood on every hill. He has walked along the banks of every stream. Many a time he has looked longingly across the stretch of waters to the mainland. Now the call of the continent is too strong to be resisted. He embarks in a boat which will carry him away from the island of his own life, out to the life of the world. It is a great experience, this journey into the continent of books. A man is taken into realms of the greatest variety and richness. And the wealth of appeal, so varied and so beautiful, is another feature of the lure of books. Through his reading a man comes to the cities of the mind. It is extremely bewildering at first. He hears the million voices of the intellectual life. There is the din and roar of the traffic in ideas, the incessant jostle of the commerce of the mind. A man watches it as a fascinated spectator. He walks through the streets, with their strange sights and sounds, and with all the hum and movement about him he begins to feel that he is really alive. In the evening he climbs to some eminence above his city of the mind,

and as the multitudinous bright lights shine out in all the streets he watches the little human figures moving amid the shining ways. It is all full of a wonderful charm. He, too, would walk those streets where night is made like day. He, too, would live in that wonderful glow. Some authors are themselves like cities. Shakespeare is an intellectual metropolis. Going through his plays you find wide and beautiful avenues; you find noble buildings of state; you find the busy activity of all sorts of men. The panorama of life unfolds before you as you walk through the city of his works. The two things about Shakespeare which stand out in my mind are these: first he loses himself completely in his characters. When you have read play after play you do not feel that you know much about Shakespeare, but you do know Hamlet, with his doubting, hesitating mind. You do know Lady Macbeth, with her imperial strength and her conscienceless ambition. You do know Lear, and you have gone with him out into the night where furious winds were but a small echo of the storm in the old king's heart. Knowing Lear you have known a human tempest. This power to live in the people he is portraying, with the sharpest sense of each separate individuality, has enabled Shakespeare to build his city of the mind. Then the work of the great Elizabethan is fundamentally sound in all moral things. It is not that, like the Negro preacher in Ruth McEnery Stuart's story, he wears a coat embroidered with texts. He does not announce morals, but he has studied life profoundly. He tells you what he has seen, and he has found life moral. He has found that righteousness builds up character and that vice disintegrates a life. These things are a part of the very warp and woof of his writing. Unconsciously to himself, the man who reads Shakespeare much finds his views of moral things characterized by wholesomeness and sanity. Many another voice does our traveler hear in the cities of the mind, and the play of light and color as he watches many a scene is a fascinating and ever-changing experience; but at last he becomes conscious of a great need. He has heard so many voices that he has really mastered none. He has welcomed so many passing ideas to his mind that he is dizzy at the thought of their number. Among these ideas he has a multitude of pleas-

ant acquaintances, but no tried friends. As full of enjoyment and stimulus as he has found his days in the cities of the mind, he longs for the wide-lying country, where there is room for thought to grow and develop into full proportions and full robustness.

"The matter of getting into the literary countryside is not so easy, however, as it might seem. So many ideas are jostling each other in a man's mind that he is at a loss to find a way to that large mental quiet where thoughts may germinate and grow. He needs to find some author who will steady and calm his mind. Then it is that Charles Lamb knocks at his door. There is something which promises rest in the slight, blackly clad figure, and the very stutter of this quiet, observing man gives a kind of playful mirth which lessens the mental strain of life. The Essays of Elia have many merits. They never hurry. They seem to say, 'Give now to dogs and apes. Man has forever!' and as they move slowly along one finds an atmosphere of charm created all about him. Men and things are observed with infinite patience and quaint penetration. Tender, timid thoughts, frightened away by the rush and roar of life, come forth from their hiding, and at last the whole strain of a multitude of rival thoughts clamoring in the mind is forgotten. The reader has come to mental quiet. He has found the countryside of the mind. Now it is that he finds some author of light and power with whom to live until he has made the whole message his own. He is not to be disturbed by many voices. He will listen to one voice until he understands it. It may be that Carlyle enters the quiet of his life. Much room is needed by the Seer of Chelsea. Carlyle has always reminded me of a volcano. When one watches the eruption of this literary Vesuvius, if there be smoke and ashes there are also wonderful flashes of light, and there is much real heat. A man must bring more than his brains to the reading of Carlyle. He must bring the whole struggling, battling outreach of his own life; his experience as a man who has seen the majesty of the moral *must* and has tried to live in the light of that vision. Then the rugged, masterful speech of the great prophet will ring its mighty meaning into his very heart. To make Carlyle a companion is like winning the

friendship of Mount Sinai. Or it may be Ruskin, whose eager sincerity and passion for a beauty which is righteousness and a righteousness which is beauty, comes to the countryside of the mind to dwell there until the reader of his books has followed him through one noble enthusiasm after another, and has caught the contagion of one of the rarest, finest lives of the nineteenth century. To come to know a great author, through days and months, to listen to his voice until at last his secret has been whispered to one's ears, is one of life's great intellectual experiences.

"But after a time a man becomes restless in his country home. The summer is passing and he longs for the social life of the world of books. So ere long he leaves the quiet companionship of some one great author to meet again the many and to hear their quick, brilliant voices. Some books he finds like palaces of thought and feeling. They are full of lofty chambers with rich hangings, and there one meets men and women who have come forth from the past to be contemporaries of all who love good books. The Idyls of the King is a man's baptism into chivalry, and as he reads over the stately words with their noble music, and pictures Arthur's halls, and Arthur's battles, and Arthur's knights, the eternal ideals of brave and gentle manhood and pure and radiant womanhood throb in his blood. The Ring and the Book is an epoch in his life. Sometimes he thinks it is Italian life he is studying there. Then he begins to feel that it is human life, whose light and shadow, whose aspirations and struggles and brutal wickedness he is gazing upon as he watches those men and women of seventeenth-century Italy pass before him. It is not so much a book as the reflection of a whole social system, with all sorts of people, and the revelation of how they express themselves under its sanctions. The man of the world, the profound philosopher, the hero of chivalrous enthusiasms, the light woman, the woman of right feeling but bewildered life, the gossip, the loves and hates, the hopes and fears, the life and death of two hundred years ago in Italy—all are here, and more than the rest the pure white flower of Pompilia's life, leaving a gentle fragrance with the reader for all the years to come. One cannot think long of such a woman as Pompilia without becoming a better man.

"The literary world has the most wonderful kind of receptions. The guests one meets there are chosen from all ages. Many of them have been dead for more than a thousand years, but here they come, Chaucer jostling Matthew Arnold and James Russell Lowell quite at home in the presence of Homer and Virgil. One finds a certain reserve in many of the guests he meets at these receptions in the world of books. Many of the authors do not make up to him quickly or easily, but if he remains near them, listening to their great words, now and then one of them will catch a revealing flash in his eye, and, detecting his power of appreciation, will carry him off for a good long talk. And often this will ripen to an intimacy which the years cannot break. It may be Tennyson, in his shy way, will see that he has found a man who can think his thoughts and feel his emotions, and the two will go off to pass together through the mighty human struggle of In Memoriam. Many men lived through the nineteenth century, many felt the tug of its problems and the shattering power of its doubts, but it was left for Tennyson to make the struggle and the doubt vocal; to put the very pang of the age's intellectual struggle into immortal poetry, where, through long and devious ways of strain and struggle, one passes to peace and faith at last. It may be Browning who, having found a sympathetic reader, will wander off with him for a ramble where all the thoughts and feelings of men seem laid under tribute by that strong, robust singer who in a wonderful way was a citizen of two worlds; a quick and eager man of the social life of this world and a genuine citizen of that other world whose light was never seen on sea or land. Tennyson was a typical child of his age. He thought its thoughts; he struggled with its doubts. He was a very incarnation of much that was most characteristic in the life of the nineteenth century. Browning understood his time, but it never bound him with chains. He brushed aside many of its problems as petty, moving along with his great stride. One breathes a loftier air than that characteristic of the period as he goes through Browning's poems. From above his age he called to it. Tennyson was a brother to every man of the century who felt its typical currents. Browning was a master who knew this life as part of a larger whole. His full, robust, ranging

voice has a masterful and sweeping quality which Tennyson's does not know. Tennyson set the hopes and fears of the age to music. Browning taught it greater hopes and revealed the foolishness of its fears.

"Going in and out of the palaces of thought and feeling, the reader at length becomes conscious of a new longing. Great things he has found in the richly brocaded songs of Tennyson; wonderful sights he has seen on the French tapestries of Browning's verse, but he longs for something more simple and direct. He longs to hear the eternal sung through simple human words. After the palace he would come to some simple home of the mind where there is 'plain living and high thinking' and at whose simple board there is a direct penetrating contact with the reality of things. So it is he comes to Wordsworth. In Wordsworth's poetry there is evidence enough of the every-day labor and drudgery of a poet who does his own work. In Tennyson the servant has performed all the hard and grinding and unlovely tasks and only the result of the toil, its fine flower, is brought before the reader. But somehow the very homeliness of the atmosphere in Wordsworth's poetry appeals to you. It is so simple, and so real, that when there flashes out a line of haunting music and noble beauty you feel that it belongs not only to poetry but to life itself. There are some secrets which only direct and homely poets like Wordsworth can whisper in our ears. Others write beautiful poetry which seems the echo of an ideal world. Wordsworth best makes us feel that hard and sordid lives may be ringed all about by glowing beauty. Into the commonplace he lets the light of the Eternal shine."

The Book-Lover sat silent for a while. The eyes of his listener were shining quietly, though he uttered not a word. The young man remembered how, at first, listening to his friend when he was in a mood like that of to-night had seemed like a feat of mental gymnastics. At such times the old man's fancy was so opulent, his mind played so lightly and easily with many themes, that one had a sense of being on a literary twentieth-century express. But they had spent so many hours together that the young man's mind had attained the power to follow his friend's most

fanciful and rapid flights with as much ease and naturalness as the old man himself showed in all his speech.

After waiting a while the Book-Lover continued:

"Some men get confused by their reading. There are so many ways to look at a thing, there are so many contradictory opinions expressed, that at last they are lost in a forest of books. And some men from wide reading get nothing higher than the art of intellectual posing. They know the way the thing can be presented from various contradictory angles. Books have taught them that. And they change, Proteus-like, as suits their purpose. Life is a mental masquerade for them, and they are very skillful in changing costumes and in adjusting the mask. But the last great thing about the lure of books to a true man, leading a growing life, is that after they have taken him out of himself, after they have made him familiar with a rich and varied life, they have another service to perform: they reveal him to himself. Many men have found themselves in books. Some things they have read have revealed a subtile kinship with dawning meanings in their lives. Following this line of appeal, and responding to it, many a man has discovered the type of his mind and his own best emphasis in the intellectual life. A great history has touched again and again upon political problems which have made plain to a man that in attempting to deal with such problems he will best use his life. A penetrating piece of philosophic speculation has startled many a student into the consciousness that the study of philosophy should be the work of his life. A volume of keenly observant scientific essays, with brilliant powers of classification and generalization, has opened the door through which a man has often passed to a life of scientific study. There are secret meanings written in a man's life which tell what is his work, and again and again it is a book which helps him to decipher the difficult inscription. It is a great day in a man's life when, after all his forgetting himself among many authors, a vital, living book brings him back to himself and reveals to him the meaning of his own life. The personal test is the final one for the individual man. The book to which he does not respond at all, after giving it an adequate opportunity to speak to him,

is not the book for him now. He may grow into it at some later time. The book which irresistibly calls a man, providing it is a noble book and, best of all, if it has a window open toward Jerusalem, is the book a man must read, and master, and make his own.

"So when a man of books sits in his library he is not alone. All around are the shelves, filled with hundreds of volumes, and a multitude of eager hands seem to reach out from them to grasp his own. A multitude of voices call to him. The room is full of the stir of countless ideas. It is alive with the life of the ages. A man goes out from his library to serve the world as effectively as he may. Armed with the best thoughts from his books, his mind disciplined by long study, he goes forth to work for the men of his own day, giving toil and the full measure of devotion to the tasks of his own time. And when it is all over, when his day of work and struggle and battle is done, he is happy if we may say of him what Longfellow said of Agassiz——"

The old man paused. Then he repeated slowly, as if each word were something precious,

> "They found him dead among his books,
> And the peace of God was in his looks."

It was very late now. This was one of the nights when the young man had said scarcely a word. He reached for his hat. He grasped his friend's hand silently; then he passed out under the stars. The door which closed behind him seemed more than the door of a house—it seemed the portal of a man's mind where he had gazed upon the treasures gathered through years of reading and thought. He gazed up at the stars and was glad to be alive.

Lynn Harold Hough

Art. V.—FRESH WATER FROM AN OLD WELL

For several months now I have been drinking frequently from an old and almost forgotten well; and that which has both surprised and delighted me is the purity and startling freshness of the water. I am sure that expert analysis would show it to be healthful, for it was so found almost two centuries ago, and I have found it so myself. To abandon all figure of speech and come to literal facts, I have been reading William Law's Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life. The devotional literature of our time had not been entirely satisfying. Whether it is too devotional or not devotional enough is a fair question, but the fact remains that it did not meet the final need, and so I turned to this man of the eighteenth century, whose utterances made such an impact upon the Wesleys. I turned to the very book of which Samuel Johnson said that it first led him to "thinking in earnest of religion after he became capable of rational inquiry," and the reward has been so rich and full that utterance became a moral duty.

The first thing which especially impressed me was this man's anticipation of what many consider strictly modern teaching. I mean that many things which we are saying now, and considering really new as to accent at least, were said almost two hundred years ago, and often said most clearly and forcefully. Of course, that is one of the delicious surprises that greet every student of biography and literature. A man or a group of men or a whole generation proclaims a brand-new interpretation of truth, and everybody rejoices in this new light as over against the darkness which enveloped the fathers. And then some irresponsible student pulls down a dust-covered volume from the shelf and finds one of those despised fathers giving that same interpretation in approximately the very same words, and somebody remembers the old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," and knows that its accuracy has had one more historical verification. All that is true, and I had known it, and yet I had not known it so well that the sayings of William Law did not come as a sort of spiritual surprise. For instance, the pulpit of our time has echoed and reëchoed the cry

that there is no real distinction between the sacred and the secular. We have abused the fathers for seeking to separate the two. We have insisted, with the enthusiasm born of a supposed discovery, that a Christian is not one who does certain things at a certain time and in a certain place, but one who does all things from a certain motive and in a certain spirit. So we have learned to sing, finding new harmonies in the old Saint Agnes:

> Yet these are not the only walls
> Wherein thou mayst be sought;
> On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
> In truth and patience wrought.

And yet we come to this old book of Law's, written so many years ago, and find him speaking of "the holiness of common life," and find him writing these puissant words:

> As a good Christian should consider every place as holy, because God is there, so he should look upon every part of his life as a matter of holiness because it is to be offered unto God.

As a sort of corollary to the other, we are constantly teaching the equal sacredness of all tasks when performed to the glory of God. As Hiram Golf put it, "Preaching is no holier than cobbling, when both are done for God," or, as the poet phrased it,

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine,

and most of us have looked upon this as a part of the new light, or at least the new accent. But the deadly parallel could almost be worked on some of us by putting over against our statements these words of Law's:

> The profession of a clergyman is an holy profession because it is a ministration in holy things. . . . But worldly business is to be made holy unto the Lord by being done in a service to him, and in conformity to his divine will.

Again, the Divine Immanence is a truth felt to be really modern in emphasis. We know that the Old Testament is filled with it, and we all find it illumined in the sayings of Jesus. But Carlyle's absentee God is supposed to have reigned a full thousand years—so long a time that the Immanent God is to us a new and holy dis-

covery. But here are lips which long ago were crying mightily that same glorious word:

> Every place is equally full of his presence. . . . The Providence of God is not more concerned in the government of night and day and the variety of seasons than in the common course of events that seem most to depend upon the mere wills of men. . . . There is nothing that so powerfully governs the heart, that so strongly excites us to wise and reasonable action, as a true sense of God's presence.

In such words does he insist upon the sublime truth that "In him we live and move and have our being." And yet again, we are saying much in these great days of the relation of religion and health. We are berating the old psychology and the old theology for being so blind and artificial. We are announcing this as a new epoch in religion, in which the vital interdependence of body and spirit is the very clarion call and key note, and probably a great deal of what we are saying is both new and true. But I turn to A Serious Call and read,

> The soul and body are so united that they have each of them power over one another in their actions. Certain thoughts and sentiments in the soul produce such and such motions and actions in the body; and, on the other hand, certain motions and actions of the body have the same power of raising such and such sentiments in the soul.

Now it is easy to anticipate the answers which can be made to all this: "The words are the same, but the meaning is different," "An age of science has endowed the Immanence of God and the relation of body and spirit with new and fuller meaning," and, "We teach these things more effectively if not more clearly." All this is said and vastly more may be said, and I deny none of it. But the fact remains, and should remain, that the fathers were not so spiritually blind as we sometimes think; that their eyes beheld these delectable lands; that their lips proclaimed these glorious truths, and many of us have been only imagining ourselves to be discoverers and pioneers.

Another quality in this religious teacher is his fine discrimination. Verily, he "saw through the surface of things into things," and so justly earned the title of a "spiritual man." I cannot help thinking that this must have been one of the elements which enabled him to make such an impression upon the logical mind of

Wesley. If Webster attained his power of clear statement by giving attention to definition, then William Law surely walked the same careful road, for he arrived at the same happy terminal. Here he is beginning his book with the splendid sentence, "Devotion is neither private nor public prayer; but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given or devoted to God." Here, again, he is differentiating in a matter which has been at once our church's glory and peril. The question is not whether gospel perfection can be fully attained, but whether you come as near to it as a sincere intention and careful diligence can carry you. Here he is once more reiterating an old truth, but in such an incisive way that it cuts clear to the heart: "Christians had nothing to fear from the heathen world but the loss of their lives; but the world become a friend makes it difficult for them to save their religion." Yet again we find him furnishing to the religious teachers of our day a splendid example in reserve and spiritual caution: "I will not take it upon me to say, that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved; but this much must be said, that she has no grounds from Scripture to think she is in the way of salvation." And yet again we find him going to the very heart of our religion and interpreting Paul's climactical chapter in terms which the most benighted can understand: "By love," he says, "I do not mean any natural tenderness which is more or less in people according to their constitutions; but I mean a larger principle of the soul, founded in reason and piety, which makes us tender, kind, and benevolent to all our fellow-creatures, as creatures of God, and for his sake."

Those are by no means all. They are but a few out of many. With the same delicate, deft hand he touches humility, self-denial, stewardship, piety, unworldliness, and a score more of the elements which go to make up the real Christian life, and when he has finished every one is richer, fuller, holier, and more alluring than before.

One other quality in this great teacher is worthy our attention and study. I do not mean his close reasoning; although that is most noticeable and impressive. I mean his power to proverbialize a principle, to sum up a whole matter in a sentence. It would

be misleading to call this the mere power of condensation, for it is that and more. It is the ability to grasp a great principle in its naked simplicity and then to state it in the fewest possible terms. "The greatest sinner that every one knows is himself" flashes before the reader's eyes like hand-writing on the wall, and instinctively he falls on his knees, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Nothing hurts us, nothing betrays us, but the ill-use of that liberty with which God has intrusted us." Thus we read, and our minds go back to Bishop Bienvenu, back to Calvary itself, and our deep-seated complacency has departed. "All the world preaches to an attentive mind." "It is not Christian love till it is the love of all." "There is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him." A host of sentences such as these, concise and all-comprehensive, shine upon us out of these old pages like stars in the night. And then, as brilliant as Sirius major himself gleaming in the southern sky, lies that last splendid sentence, the "conclusion of the whole matter": "All worldly attainments, whether of greatness, wisdom, or bravery, are all empty sounds; and there is nothing wise, or great, or noble, in our human spirit, but rightly to know and heartily worship and adore the great God. That is the support and life of all spirits, whether in heaven or on earth."

Verily, the Serious Call is a great book. I don't wonder that it stirred Johnson, and that its author was a help to the Wesleys. And I cannot help feeling that in these days of the superficial and the social, when what we do receives far greater emphasis than the more important matter of what we are, when spiritual culture is in imminent peril of becoming a lost art, and the very formalism which cursed the eighteenth century threatens to become a curse in this twentieth—I cannot help feeling, I say, that many, from both pew and pulpit, might drink profitably from this same old well; for the truth and life which are there would become in them "a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life."

Andrew Gillies

Art. VI.—THE PREACHER AS A TEACHER

There is one aspect of the work of the Christian minister which is not receiving to-day the attention which it deserves. There is a popular demand for the preacher-evangelist, for the pastor-preacher, for the preacher as an administrator, for the preacher-reformer, and the preacher-healer. But, in the popular mind, the teaching function of the preacher is not in the foreground. The task which I have set for myself in this paper is to set forth some of the claims of religion-teaching by the minister.

Now, there are four popular conceptions concerning teaching religion: the mystic teaching that religion is a divine prodigy, the dogmatist teaching religion as truth, the revivalist trying to excite religion as feeling, and the ecclesiastic trying to enforce religion as law. It will be seen at once that the difference in these various methods of teaching religion grows out of the difference in men's conception of what religion is. The conception of religion which we as Methodists have held from the beginning is the experience of the life of Christ in the life of a man. In the simplest terms and in the profoundest sense it is Christ living in me. The teaching of the Christian religion, then, is bringing the life of Christ into the life of man. It proposes, by means of truth taught, by means of emotions awakened, by means of direction in duty-doing, to bring men to Christ. In other words, the teaching of religion, which I conceive to be the chief function of the minister, is making truth a mirror through which men see Christ, arousing the feelings of the soul in the presence of Christ, teaching men to do the things which Christ commands, so that truth and feeling and duty all spring from, and return to, the living, personal Christ. Now it is when we come to regard doctrine and emotion and conduct as having no value in themselves, and valuable only as they become the means through which we come to know Christ, that the minister will discover the dignity and the importance of his work as a truth-teacher, as an evangelist, and as a priest. Interpreting religion, then, not as a spiritual prodigy, not as dogma, not as ritual, nor as conduct, but as life

in, and by, and for Christ, sustained and guided ever by the truth of Christ, the supreme task of the Christian Church is teaching religion. For the sake of definiteness, I am to deal chiefly with the minister as a teacher of Christian truth.

The first warrant for the teaching ministry of the church is in the New Testament. In the Gospels and Epistles we are always in sight of the teaching-preacher. Such was Jesus. When the multitudes came he taught them. The oft-reiterated preamble with which the Evangelists introduce his matchless words is, "And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying." The first popular impression which they record is that he taught the people "as one having authority." Nicodemus voiced the conviction of the serious minded in his salutation, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." It was the teachings of Jesus that first gripped the minds of the people. And who were his converts? The name he gives them is suggestive of the dominant characteristic of his ministry. They were "disciples"—learners. And his parting charge as he leaves his followers is, "Go teach all nations." Again, the history of the Christian Church will not let us forget the value of a teaching evangelism. The addresses of Stephen and Paul and Peter in the Acts of the Apostles were not mere exhortations to men to repent; they were instructions in the truth of Christ. They preached Christ and the resurrection. They reasoned with men, of temperance, righteousness, and judgment. Whole epistles of Paul are meaningless if they be regarded simply as religious exhortations. These strong, reasoned arguments setting forth Christ as the Resurrection and the Life became the missionary watch-words of the early church. Further, the great epochs in the later history of the church followed the method of Christ and the early church in the prominence which was given to the teaching ministry. The mighty spiritual dynamic of the Reformation was the truths of Christ which became luminous and irresistible in the hands of Luther and Melanchthon. The secret of the influence of Calvin was not his scheme of statecraft, but the moral vitality and vigor of his teaching. The resistless moral passion of the whole Puritan movement, both in New England and in America, sprang out of the great truths which were taught by

the Puritan preachers. The great religious awakening in New England under Jonathan Edwards was the product of his powerful though somber preaching of the majestic doctrine of the sovereignty of God. Every popular preacher whose influence has been permanent has been a teacher of some vital Christian truth: John Wesley, of the conscious reality of the experience of the things of God; Phillips Brooks, of the dignity of the Christian life; Henry Ward Beecher, of the love of God. There has never been an era in the history of the Christian church, great in its evangelistic enthusiasm, in its missionary spirit, in its reform movements, or in its philanthropic and humanitarian enterprise, which has not been produced by the clear and strong preaching of some one of the great creative truths of Christianity.

The power of a teaching ministry is shown also in the Puritan movement. The Puritan preachers were teachers of the youth, authoritative interpreters of religious truths. They sometimes committed the blunder of enforcing their ideas by the penal code, as in the Massachusetts Theocracy, but the task they set for themselves, year after year, was the religious instruction of the community. Whatever of contempt we may heap upon the two- and three-hour sermons, whose length was only exceeded by their dry wearisomeness, they were dignified and thoughtful presentations of religious truth to intelligence, and not to mere sentiment or passion. But the twentieth century has no place for Romanish dogmatism or for Puritan. Nor is it satisfied with preaching of the oratorical type which conceives of the sermon as a literary masterpiece which is an end in itself. While great pulpit orators like Bossuet, Massillon, Liddon, Spurgeon, Simpson, and Beecher, by the wideness of their vision and the brightness of their genius, rendered a priceless service to Christendom, that is not the type of religious instruction which meets present-day needs. The pulpit is not a platform for the display of oratorical pyrotechnics in the name of religion: it is an opportunity to grapple with human lives; it offers "thirty minutes to wake the dead in." It is a desk from which the man trained in clear, concise thinking so brings to men the product of his thinking upon the great fundamentals of Chris-

tian faith as to instruct their minds, to arouse their convictions, and to move their wills to holy action. There is no honor which is so fervently to be desired by the minister of Christ to-day as to receive this salutation: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." The spirit of the times demands a recognition of the teaching function of the preacher. A great tidal wave of interest in education is sweeping over the land. Public institutions and government departments are, in their aim, educational. Libraries and museums are no longer places for popular diversion, but for instruction. The Young Men's Christian Association, which began as a purely evangelistic movement, has gradually developed a valuable popular educational system. The foreign missionary is no longer attempting merely to baptize converts and to organize churches, but endeavoring also to instruct and train men in the truths and practices of Christianity. There is one feature of the times in which we live which makes the teaching function of the church still more important; namely, the complete separation of Church and State in our country. Practically all religious instruction has been dropped from our public schools. The early American colleges, except Roman Catholic institutions, made religious education a duty. For one hundred and fifty years in New England the doctrines of the church were a part of the curricula of the schools. In Connecticut, since 1833, religious education in the public schools has been abandoned. No definite form of Christian instruction is now given in the public schools of the nation. In many of these schools the simplest forms of religious exercise, such as the reading of the Scriptures and the offering of prayer, are prohibited. This is the result, not of the irreligiousness of our people, as it might at first seem, but is a compromise which has been made on account of the heterogeneous religious make-up of our population, which includes Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants. At any rate, Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants agree that there is to be no religious instruction by the State. The result in the Protestant population is a very general neglect of religious instruction. Here is our peril. The State has forbidden religious teaching of our youth, and the church has made no adequate provision for their religious train-

ing. The result is, there are millions of our youth to-day who have practically no religious education, and this, if I mistake not, is the gravest national problem which we face. In France every Thursday is set apart as a holiday for the religious instruction of youth; in Germany provision is made for Christian instruction in the curricula of the schools and colleges; but in America, reverence for God, obedience to conscience and recognition of God in history and nature, the place of Christ in civilization, the value of the Bible both for literature and for life, the relation of Christianity to other world-religions are nowhere taught with any thoroughness. It scarcely needs to be said that the teaching of these things is far more vital to the character of our citizenship and to the future permanence of the nation than are any of our scientific studies and patriotic exercises.

But there is still another consideration which emphasizes the imperative importance of the teaching function of the Christian ministry, namely, the need of religious instruction for the stability and strength of Christian discipleship. To make converts to Christ and to enroll them in the membership of the church is of but little consequence unless they are also taught in the truth and duties of the Christian life. If the Christian disciple is to be both stable and strong, he must be taught what the following of Christ involves in the manifold relations of life. Furthermore, the uninstructed religious mind of the present day is fertile soil for the numberless religious fads which our day has produced—theosophy, new thought, Christian Sciencism, and various mixtures of superstition, pagan thought, and Christian teaching. There was never a time when the apostolic exhortation, "Be able to give a reason for the hope that is within thee," was more pertinent than at the present. The separation of Church and State, resulting largely in the neglect of religious instruction by both Church and State, the neglect of religious training of the youth in the home, and the reaction from the labored doctrinal preaching of a generation ago have produced a state of religious illiteracy which is nothing less than alarming. Now this ideal of the ministry does not depreciate the inspirational and evangelistic aspect of the preacher's work. He is to encourage and inspire, but how? Not by appeal-

ing primarily to emotion, nor by physical fervor, but "by manifestation of the truth," by the setting forth of the glowing ideas and ideals of Christianity until these shine like a great light in the lives of men. Men are to be won, they are to be reformed, they are to be brought out of the wildest surges of poverty and vice and despair, and be twice-born. But to make this work of rescue the only work of the Christian Church is to depart from the apostolic idea of the ministry, which was eminently a teaching ministry, and also to neglect a wide and fruitful field of Christian service. I am not pleading for pulpit pedantry, for scholastic essays, for literary diversions, for academic discussions, nor for theological diatribes; but for such a presentation of Christ and the resurrection as will make the new life ideal, luminous, and germinant.

But what is the minister to teach? The doctrines of Christianity as interpreted by his own church. Yes; but he is to be more than a mere pedagogue in the catechism. Doctrine is vital, but he must be more than a mere phonograph in dogma. He is to be the teacher of his times, but not a pulpit dabbler in sociology, politics, and higher criticism. He is to be a teacher of the spiritual views and ideals of life; he is to show men how to look at life from the Christian viewpoint. He is to lead them up to some clear mount of vision whence they can see through the mists of materialism and the perplexities of human sorrow, "the light that never was on land or sea." The supreme task of the teacher-preacher is to give men an abiding and permanent sense of moral and spiritual values, and show them the infinite worth-whileness of life. The preacher's function is the creation and the maintenance of Christian ideals. He must show men what these ideals are, and what they demand in thought and conduct. For example, How shall men conceive of God? How shall they think of Christianity? How shall they think of Christ—as Jesus of Nazareth or as the strong Son of God, Immortal Love? How shall they think of society? How shall they think of life—as probation or education, or both? What shall be their attitude toward public affairs, toward modern culture, toward the reforms of the day? What does the Christian spirit require of a man in busi-

ness? What is the Christian view of the duties of citizenship? What is the Christian attitude toward commerce, toward warfare, toward philonthropy, toward the backward races? In short, what is the Christian ideal of life for our day? To answer that question so as to command the intellects and rouse the consciences of our time is "the inexhaustible and fascinating task of the Christian minister."[1]

Shortly after Mr. James Bryce came to this country as Ambassador from Great Britain he said in a public address, "Who are your poets? That is the question for you. Who are writing your songs and stirring your hearts—or isn't your heart being stirred? Each generation and each land should have its own poets—men of lofty thought, who shall dream and sing for it, who shall gather up its tendencies and formulate its ideals, and voice its spirit, proclaiming its duties and awakening its enthusiasm." With but few changes this is a fine characterization of the minister's mission. To "dream" and "stir" and "formulate" and "voice" and "proclaim" and "awaken"—these are the marks of the preacher of Christ.

Phillips Brooks was marvelously right when he said, "The redemption of our sermons, as of our characters, from insignificance into dignity and worth must come not from fantastic novelties which they invent for themselves, but from their bearing simple and glorious witness to their Lord." Through the truth as God gives you to see the truth, and through your life held up ever in loving consecration, "men will see their Master and Saviour who is forever new." To teach religion so as to make men see and apply in their lives the ideals of Christ—that is the preacher's inexhaustible and fascinating task.

[1] The Educational Ideal in the Ministry. Faunce.

George R. Grose

Art. VII.—WHY I AM NOT A PREMILLENNIALIST

There are two theories of Christian eschatology. The first is that the present dispensation of the Holy Spirit will continue till all nations shall be evangelized, "the fullness of the Gentiles be come in," drowning out the unbelief of the Jews till "all Israel shall be saved." After this period of gospel triumph Christ will wind up the probationary history of the human race by the simultaneous resurrection of the good and the bad and the general judgment, assigning them to their eternal destinies. The second theory is that the purpose of Christ's second coming is to set up for the first time his kingdom on the earth, reigning in person on the throne of David in Jerusalem for a thousand years, attended by a bodyguard of angels and by the risen and glorified saints, the most eminent of whom Christ, the Imperator, will appoint as governors of the various countries of the globe, ruling over mortals who are eating and drinking, sowing and reaping, marrying and bearing children; meanwhile thousands are converted in a day, the Jews first, as suddenly as Saul of Tarsus, and all rushing to the Holy City, and thence into all the world, preaching the true Messiah. This theory is called premillennialism, which, for the sake of brevity, we may often call chiliasm, a Greek term preferred by the Reformers. We propose to show that this scheme, having elements at once fascinating the carnal mind and attracting a certain class of truly spiritual people who "love his appearing," is at variance with the Holy Scriptures, proceeding upon crude, arbitrary, and false principles of interpretation, and dodging their absurd, yet legitimate, results; a system lacking coherence, making no provision for some of the most important future events in the history of our race, and painfully imperiling some of the most precious Christian doctrines.

1. The whole system is based on a foundation wholly insufficient—a single text of Scripture; a fact which justifies very grave suspicion, especially when that solitary text, Rev. 20. 1-8, is in the book the most figurative, the most misunderstood, in the whole range of literature; so that it is an established maxim that

"the Apocalypse either finds its interpreter mad or makes him so." There is no hint of the second advent of Christ till the general judgment in verse 11. The angel who imprisons Satan is not Christ, who is never thus called. The saints who reign with him are not said to reign with him on the earth. Every spiritual victory is through unification with Christ. He is not said to reign with the saints, but, rather, the saints with him, in heaven, by faith. Thus says Wesley (who is falsely claimed as a chiliast), copying Bengel, whom he styled "that great light of the Christian world." Both insist that the martyrs "live and reign, not on the earth, but with Christ." "Live" does not necessarily imply a bodily resurrection, as we will show further on.

2. Chiliasm is grounded on the erroneous assumption that the kingdom of Christ will not be established till the King visibly descends from heaven; that John was mistaken when in the wilderness he preached, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand"; and that when Jesus said to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world," he was thinking of the throne of David in Jerusalem, on which, after nineteen hundred years, he would sit in visible regal splendor a thousand years, literally the Lord of the whole earth; and that the Jews were thus seemingly justified in rejecting the Messianic kingdom—which the chiliasts tell us was not a real kingdom but only a preparation for it, "as a means to an end," and that the prophecies relating to that kingdom are yet to be fulfilled. They forget Peter's emphatic conclusion, "THEREFORE let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made this same Jesus, whom ye crucified, both LORD and CHRIST." This obviously cuts up chiliasm by the roots. Nay, it places the premillennialists and the unbelieving Jews in the same class, both holding the same error, which they set themselves to overthrow; asserting that Christ's victory over death was not the beginning of his spiritual kingdom, as that grand old formula of worship indicates, the *Te Deum Laudamus,* called a hymn, a prayer, and a creed: "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."[1] This kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit is administered by Christ,

[1] See Acts 2. 29–36.

enthroned above, through the Paraclete sent down from the Father through his intercession. He now has "the key of the house of David"—the key is the symbol of power. He is now on the throne of David "to order his kingdom in righteousness." The government is now upon his shoulder. "He is the Prince of life" now. We have not space to quote the many texts which express or imply the present Kingship of our adorable Saviour.

3. The general resurrection gives the chiliasts much trouble in several particulars. They claim that the millennium will far exceed the present dispensation in the numbers of converts, who are to be multiplied in a wholesale kind of way. But what will be done with them? The Scriptures abundantly prove that the church will be complete at the second coming of its Head. The church is his bride, which he will present to himself as his own at his coming.[1] These texts demonstrate the completeness of the church at Christ's coming. Those who demur quote the highly figurative portions of the Old Testament prophecy and their cognate, the Apocalypse. But that is a vain recourse, since it is an old maxim in theology that "doctrines are not to be built upon prophetic or symbolic scripture." So embarrassed have been some modern chiliasts by this difficulty, arising from the absolute completeness of the church at the second advent precluding conversions thereafter, that they have invented two kinds of Christians: an A Number 1 brand, the Bride of Christ, and an A Number 2 sort, who sustain a less intimate and honorable relation. This is the absurdity to which our chiliastic friends are driven, rather than admit that there is not the shadow of a New Testament proof that one sinner will be converted after the second coming of Christ. To take this horn of the dilemma is to abandon their entire theory.

4. But the simultaneous resurrection of all the dead at Christ's future coming affords no place for the subsequent millennium. To relieve this perplexity, two resurrections are invented —that of the righteous, when the judge descends, and that of the wicked, a thousand years afterward, for which the chiliasts quote Rev. 20. 11-15, their only proof. That this refers to the wicked

[1] 1 Cor. 15. 23; Eph. 5. 25; 1 Thess. 1. 10; 3. 13.

only, they cite the first clause of verse 5, "But the rest of the dead lived not until the thousand years should be finished." This is not in the Sinaitic, the oldest Greek MS., nor in the Syriac version. In the other MSS. and versions this short sentence has eight variations. This interpolation is injected between "this" and the antecedent to which it refers, interrupting the current of the style. To prove that only the wicked are here raised it is said that the sea gives up only the wicked dead, and the book of life is a blank book, a very unusual register in a court of justice in need of positive testimony. That the dead—the good and the bad—arise together is proven by many scriptures. "And many [an Orientalism for "all"] that sleep in the dust shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." This is paralleled in John 5. 28, "The hour cometh when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth, they that have done good . . . and they that have done evil," etc. Here is unquestionable simultaneousness. If we hesitate to say that the expression, "I saw the dead, small and great, standing before the throne," does not imply the entire human race raised from the dead together, then what Augustine says of it is true: "If we deem this obscure, we ought not to seek or find anything clear in the Holy Scriptures." The contemporaneous resurrection of "both the just and unjust" is asserted by Paul in Acts 24. 15, and in the Areopagus he declares that "God has appointed a day in which he will judge the world," *τὴν οἰκουμένην*, the inhabited earth. In order to find a place for the millennium after the second coming of Christ and the Judgment Day it is said that that event will occupy a thousand years, one day with the Lord, who will judge, or rule, the whole day and at its close will raise and judge the wicked. This implies two different meanings to this verb, as "governing" is a social term, while "judging" is individual; the two things cannot be included in one idea—the control of masses of men at the present time and a judicial inquiry into the past acts of an individual soul. If you take the former, you have no Judgment Day; if the latter, you have no blissful millennium. The only text which is quoted in proof of the resurrection of the saints before the thousand years is this

figurative scripture in which "lived" is regarded as a literal resurrection, "I saw the souls of them that had been beheaded for the testimony of Jesus, . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. This is the first resurrection." We cannot interpret this resurrection as other than metaphorical, for the following reasons: (1) Only souls were seen. "Lived" does not necessarily indicate physical life; it sometimes means blissful life, well-being, as when Christ says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." These souls were first under the altar crying, in distress, for vengeance, wholly unlike Jesus on the cross and Stephen when stoned praying, "Father, forgive them." The figurative view relieves this scene. They are praying for the downfall of persecuting paganism and the triumph of the cause for which they were slain during ten merciless imperial persecutions, from Nero to Diocletian. Then when Constantine declared Christianity the official religion of the empire, A. D. 325, the prayer of these martyred souls was answered and they were happy, indeed, they *lived;* they arose from underneath the altar and sat upon the throne. This is the first resurrection of these souls not yet enswathed in their glorified bodies. This exegesis alleviates the cry for vengeance which is not against persons, but against a cruel system of idolatry then banished forever. Moreover, it shows the difficulty of the chiliasts to account for the resurrection of the many myriads of millions who became saints during the millennium, since by their theory only the wicked would be raised at its close. When will these saints be raised? The chiliast has no answer. Yet a still greater perplexity is the question, How can the millennial saints escape the second death, seeing that they have no part in the first resurrection? If it is literal, they must be excluded from salvation. This is the only alternative. The phrase "second resurrection" is not found in God's Word, for the good reason that there is but one literal resurrection. Moreover, the chiliasts have no end to generations on the earth. Some say they will continue an eternal succession.

Difficulties thicken as we apply literalism to the study of the words "and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." If this means that their happy souls with Christ will

rejoice over the long period of prosperity enjoyed by the church on the earth before a period of spiritual decline, there is no difficulty. But to say that risen and glorified saints are to live and reign with Christ for a period of only a thousand years is totally unlike the language of Scripture in every other place, which assures us that we are to be forever with the Lord. This difficulty is relieved by that figure of speech which applies resurrection to a revived cause, as did Ezekiel in his vision, and Paul to the final conversion of the Jews as "life from the dead."

5. We are told by the chiliasts that the saving of souls is to go on upon the earth after the Redeemer's second appearing. If this be true, all the means of grace will continue. The scaffolding of a building is kept up till the edifice is completed; but if it is removed, we rightly infer that the work is finished. In awakening sinners what is the most effectual motive? The coming of Christ, "revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, . . . who shall punish with everlasting destruction . . . them that obey not the gospel." "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night." "The Son of man cometh when ye think not." "As it was in the days of Noah, . . . even thus shall it be when the Son of man shall be revealed." The futurity of the coming of Christ is everywhere urged as a motive to repent. This motive can be of no avail after this solemn and decisive event is past. In the training of disciples and the development of Christian character the same motive is urged: "Occupy till I come." "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." "The Lord . . . shall give the crown . . . to all them that love his appearing." Such incentives to holiness abound. Faith rests upon the first coming of our Saviour and hope looks forward to the second, the crisis and consummation of the state of grace. He says, "My reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." No such motives to purity will exist after Christ's advent. Thus one half of the Bible will be as useless to sinners as a last year's almanac, and the other half be as worthless to saints. It is "a light shining in darkness *until* the day dawn," and not beyond.

6. The ordinance of baptism, which, though not saving, is a

channel of grace to the penitent believer, does not extend beyond the end of the world, or age. "Go ye and disciple all nations, baptizing them, teaching them, . . . and, lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world." This will leave no outward public sign of renouncing the devil and all his works and of allegiance to King Jesus. Baptism breaks the caste of the Hindu and levels the proud Brahmin down to the sweeper. The Scriptures give no hint of a substitute for this initiatory, sealing ordinance in the millennium after Christ shall come. Nor is there any substitute for "teaching" after that decisive event. This includes preaching as well as Bible classes and Sunday schools. The Lord's Supper, a very precious channel of grace, will share the fate of baptism, and disappear at the descent of its Founder, "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death *till he come.*" The word "till" does not necessarily exclude this ordinance beyond the coming, but it certainly indicates that Jesus had no idea of a church on the earth after his advent. He was not a chiliast. He did not derange the symmetry of his gospel and subvert the whole economy of evangelical motives and nullify his own ordinances a thousand years before they ceased to be effective in building up and beautifying human character as the premillennialists do by dislocating and eviscerating every text relating to the coming of our Lord. Afterward these ordinances will be out of date as well as the grace with which they are identified. Hence the millennium cannot be a Christian era, the institutes of the gospel having become obsolete. Says Mr. Brooks, whom I have heard, "The Holy Scriptures would, for the most part, be rendered inapplicable to the then existing circumstances of men in the flesh, and there would be need of some further revelation from God." Just so. This distinguished chiliast admits that the Bible would be a back number, or, to use his own words, "a dead letter, as much unsuited to the condition of mankind as they would be were they addressed to the angels of God"! Yet they will be valuable "as a memorial, like the pot of manna laid up in the ark." Hence our Bibles will still have some slight value. It is better to keep them than to sell them to the ragman for a penny a pound. Yet Dr. McNeile warns us that some parts of

the New Testament may "become obsolete, not to say false," citing the strait gate and narrow way, "Be not conformed to this world," "Come out from among them and be ye separate," "The devil goeth about," etc., as erroneous in the millennium. He kindly informs us respecting the issue of this new New Testament, "This communication we expect at the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is to be hoped that some who are inclined to this millennial scheme may, in view of its legitimate inferences, discover that it is utterly void of any scriptural basis. This will be seen still more clearly in our treatment of the next difficulty.

7. The cessation of Christ's intercessions at his second coming will terminate all the offices of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of men. As the Paraclete was sent down to do the work of Christ when he returned to his Father, he will withdraw when Christ returns to the earth in his glorified humanity. How can sinners repent of their sins, be born again, have assurance of sonship, and be sanctified, after the divine Reprover of sin, the Author of the new birth, the Witness of adoption, and the Sanctifier, has withdrawn from the earth? Chiliasts admit this withdrawal. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of blessed memory, has a chapter entitled, "The Ascent of the Holy Spirit," of which the Scriptures say nothing, but they teach that his dispensation is the last on the earth. The connection between Christ's continued work of the Spirit and, for saving purposes, the continual intercession of Christ is shown in John 7. 38, 39; 14. 16, 26, 36, and 16. 7, 14; Acts 2. 33; Titus 3. 5, 6. As the church will be complete when Christ comes, as we have shown, so the means of grace and the agencies of salvation will then terminate.

8. We cannot adopt chiliasm because of the confusion and inconsistency respecting the kingdom of Christ manifest in the sayings of its advocates. Some of them teach it is not a growth, but a sudden miraculous creation; that the Christian Church has nothing to do with it; that Jesus will bring it from a far country; that, unlike the church, it will not be "a mixture of the good and the bad." But the parables of Christ teach that the kingdom is a growth like the mustard plant, an assimilating principle like leaven, a moral mixture, good and bad fish in the net, drawn to

the shore, and tares growing with the wheat till the harvest at the end of the world, which is synonymous with the second advent. The pessimistic doctrine is also taught that the church will wax worse and worse till Christ comes, and the chiliasts prove it, as they think, by the assertion that leaven is a corrupting principle, forbidden by the ceremonial law. But Christ distinctly declares that the kingdom of God is like leaven, like a field sown with both wheat and tares, like a dragnet with good and bad fish, and that this mixture ends when the world ends at the coming of Christ to separate the wicked from the just and to wind up the history of mankind on the earth. The same doctrine is implied in the great commission and in all the great creeds of the church: the Apostolic, so called; Athanasian, Nicene, and the creeds which grew out of the Reformation, a doctrine utterly inconsistent with this error which has plagued every era of the church. But it has always been rejected by the sober exegetes and theologians in the various Christian councils.

9. In order to wedge in the millennium between the coming of Christ and the end of probation, the Day of Judgment as well as the general resurrection must be broken into fragments and be strung along a thousand years. The Plymouth Brethren—of whom Dr. Carroll reports four sorts—deny that the *persons* of the saints will ever be judged, Christ having been judged and punished for them on the cross; but their *works* will be judged at the coming of Christ, to determine their rewards, in the form of offices which Christ will then distribute according to merit. Saint Paul may be king of England and emperor of India, and, to humble the Pope, Saint Peter may be king of Italy, the sham vanishing in confusion when faced by the genuine. The Greek word for "judgment" has two meanings: its proper signification of judgment and the condemnatory side of judgment, as in John 5. 24 and 3. 19, where the Revision is not so discriminating as the King James Version. But neither the denial of the judgment of a part of mankind nor the postponement of another part a thousand years can be harmonized with the Scriptures. See Matt. 10. 32, 33, supplemented by Mark 8. 38; thus proving that Christ's confessing of his confessors, denying of his deniers, will

be "when he comes in the glory of the Father with the holy angels." In Rev 21. 7, 8, the overcomer and the coward are simultaneously judged. In Matt. 16. 24-27 the loser of his life for Christ's sake and the savior of it are thus judged when the Son of man shall come, and *then* he shall reward every man according to his works. In Matt. 7. 21-23 we have the admission and the exclusion both at once, "in that day." In 25. 10 the virgins are judged in the same night, the foolish and the wise; verses 31-46, the most awful and solemn words in the whole range of literature, are too plain to be disfigured by any explanation. In 13. 30, 38-43, the tares and the wheat; in Acts 17. 31, an appointed day to judge the world; in Rom. 2. 5-16, "the day of wrath" to some, and of "glory" to others; 2 Cor. 5. 9-11, "all appear" and receive according to their deeds, "whether . . . good or bad"; see also 1 Cor. 4. 5 and 3. 12-15; Col. 1. 28; Heb. 13. 17; 1 Thess. 2. 19, 20. In Rom. 14. 10, 12, all stand before the judgment seat; see also 2 Pet. 3. 7, 10, 12.

10. Finally, we raise the question, What would be the effect of preaching to sinners that the coming of Christ as a visible person, clothed with overwhelming majesty, not to judge and condemn the impenitent, but to set up a glorious earthly kingdom and to invite all men into it after having sentenced Satan to State prison for a term a thousand years long? Would it not furnish a motive to defer repentance because it would be easier when the world should be held in awe by the power and glory of the divine King who has suddenly set up his throne in Jerusalem, claiming universal dominion, and the devil's business of tempting men to sin is suspended, so that two of the three great enemies to the Christian life are out of the way, leaving only the flesh to be vanquished? We think it would have this effect. Probation would not be ended, but extended under circumstances apparently more favorable to commencing the spiritual life. No doctrine, Joseph Cook used to say, which weakens the motives to immediate repentance can be inspired by the Spirit of truth. This doctrine would be especially obstructive of the conversion of the Jews, some of whom from their contact with American Christians are beginning to lay aside their hostility to the Nazarene and to claim

him as a noble son of Abraham. Our city missionaries find one, now and then, who from a study of the New Testament is convinced that Jesus is the true Messiah, but from "fear of the Jews," from dread of expulsion from the synagogue and of having his name erased by his father from his family register, shrinks from the public confession of Christ. Would not premillennialism be obstructive of this confession? Would he not think it best to wait till Christ shall be enthroned in Jerusalem and the Jews are hastening as fast as the crowded steamers will carry them to do him homage and hail him as their Messiah? We think he would take his chances of living till that event, when he can avoid persecution by going with the crowd into the kingdom. Such a conversion to Christ would not be a change of heart, but, rather, a change of politics. No man can exercise saving faith in a visible, glorified, triumphant, and world-ruling Messiah while retaining the spirit of hostility to the crucified Saviour. It would be the same as to say to him, "We believe in you because you have now come to our terms—making your advent as an all-conquering Deliverer, as you should have come at first." Says Mr. Brooks, "There will be the open vision of Christ; the saints will continually have access to him." Can faith and sight coexist? Are they not everywhere in the Scriptures contrasted?

Having spoken in negative terms throughout this article, let me use positive terms. I believe the millennium is the present state of grace developed more widely and fully than in the early stages of the gospel, that its beginning and end will follow the law of all other great periods of church history, being uncertain and gradual, so excluding slothfulness and security and keeping the church full of missionary activity, but yet in the fitting attitude of expectancy, while nation after nation, like Ethiopia, "shall stretch out their hands unto God."

Daniel Steele.

Art. VIII.—THE LITERARY STYLE OF BORDEN P. BOWNE

Borden P. Bowne and his style are one. The two cannot be dissociated. The saying, "The style is the man," is certainly true of the style and the man under discussion. Robert Louis Stevenson toiled long and laboriously in his younger days to create a literary style, but it was impossible for him to create anything other than himself. His life and his writings and his style blend into unity. This is true of any great personality who puts thought to paper.

We do not know to what extent Professor Bowne undertook to create a literary style. We are quite sure that he gave heed to simplicity, and accuracy in word choice, to clearness, compactness, and unity in sentence building, and hence always aimed to say what he wanted to say—no more, no less—and to say it so that the discerning could grasp and appreciate. "Philosophy is not everybody's affair" was a conviction to which he often gave expression in the class room and otherwise, but in so doing he was simply calling attention to a commonplace, namely, human limitation. As all men are limited in some degree or direction, so some men are limited in their grasp on things philosophical—and philosophy is not their affair, as building a house, or running an engine, or preaching a sermon might not be their affair. To such Professor Bowne's writings may seem difficult. But that is because of their limitation, and not Dr. Bowne's. His philosophy is as clear and as luminous and as impressive, but also as ordinary, as the dawn when the sun rises above the mountain tops. So was his life, and so his style. Day always began when one came into his presence. There was the light and also the sunshine, there were the breath of fresh air and the possibility of the day's work and the enthusiasm that accompanies early rising. And when Professor Bowne spoke or wrote, his philosophy and his life came into evidence just as surely as the rising sun. But, as one has to bestir himself early to greet the rising sun, so did one also have to come into close communion with Dr. Bowne's

work to grasp his philosophy and appreciate his life. To some, of course, he was more clear and more intimate than to others, but to all who came into an understanding nearness his philosophy and his life and his style were one. Here is an illustration, one of many that could be used. He is speaking of the unnatural way in which men look upon philosophy and religion, and especially at the personality and activity of God: "If some days," he writes, "were ushered in with a mighty bang, and other days came with the quiet of the dawn, we might conceivably have an astronomical school of bangers and nonbangers; and they might so confine their attention to the bang as to forget that the only point of any real importance is to have the day come, with or without a bang. Compared with this the bang question is insignificant. We have these schools in religious experience, emphasizing the bang or the nonbang, and overlooking the only matter of importance—the dawn of the spiritual day." Here is a characteristic piece of Bowne's philosophy and life and style. We can readily see the interrelation. His philosophy never came with a bang. It was not a noise that might come with a running wheel, but, rather, it was the running of the wheel. And if perchance the wheel in running might make a noise, he would immediately pour in the oil and stop the friction. So his style never permitted of a rattle or squeak. The important thing with him was that the wheel run easily and move as rapidly to the goal as necessary. So also in his life. There was nothing showy or puffy about him. He was the direct evidence of naturalness; the real gentleman.

In his philosophy and religion he was calling attention continually to the presence and the constancy of God. Imbued with that fact, he expresses it as delightfully and as freely as the pure water babbling along over the smooth stones of a mountain brook:

> The things we planned years ago we have forgotten, others have lost all value for us, and we suppose it must be so with God. Of a faithful purpose moving across the ages and forever keeping tryst with foreseen need we have no conception.

The last sentence is so charming in simplicity and spontaneity that we are apt to miss its grandeur and force. Every

word carries the weight of the sentence as the stones or girders carry the weight of a bridge, and we have not only beauty, but strength and reassurance. And let us not run lightly over the figure. Dr. Bowne's sentences are as bridges that carry us safely over rivers and chasms which otherwise we could not cross. The style and the man are so unified that even in quotation the character of both is seen. With him there can be no rabble of arbitrary and capricious wills behind nature. There must be "a supreme rational will which forever founds and administers the order of the world." So he quotes:

> Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
> Back of the flour the mill;
> Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower
> And the sun and the Father's will.

Here is an insight into the soul of Bowne. The strength and naturalness of his faith are evidenced. He is big enough to abandon the technical phraseology of philosophy in reference to God and take up the term of all terms most real in life:

> The *Father's*[1] will is not back of these things at some awful distance of time and space, but is their present living source; and they in turn are but the form in which that will expresses and realizes itself. For in him we live and move and have our being.

Or take another of his quotations:

> Such is the Christian revelation, . . . a revelation of God, of his righteousness, his love, his gracious purpose, his gracious work. As such it is
>
> "The fountain light of all our day,
> A master light of all our seeing."

When Dr. Bowne quoted these lines, as he frequently did, his students felt the inwardness of his life coming to expression. The Christian revelation was continually a fountain light of his day and a master light of all his seeing. His quotation from "In Memoriam" was a constant occurrence in the class room, and never failed to bring a period of deep reflection to his hearers.

In such sentences as the following Dr. Bowne's style is admirably seen to be a ready helpmeet for his faith:

> The song of the angels may have been an hallucination of the shepherds; but it is the only time, before or since, that shepherds were so

[1] The italicizing in the quotations of this article is, of course, the author's.

divinely hallucinated. Saint Paul may have had a fit on his way to Damascus, but it is the only known fit that had such mighty consequences. The vision of the Risen One may have been an illusion, but when we see that it is the greatest event in all history we begin to wonder whether illusions can be so potent. In that case, things that are not are mightier than things that are.

Bowne's method of approach to any question is from the large end. The details take care of themselves. He understands the miracles of Jesus because he comprehends Jesus, and he comprehends Jesus because he knows God. His belief, therefore, in such unparalleled events as the annunciation, the resurrection of Jesus and the conversion of Paul is as simple as his argument in their favor is conclusive, because both belief and argument are the natural result of his faith. He used the word "fit" in reference to Paul because it is the word of the scoffer. But when he says, "It is the only known fit that had such mighty consequences," the phrase "mighty consequences," by its quiet dignity, silences the scoffing as the turbulence of a room of schoolboys is dispelled by the entrance of a forceful teacher. To Dr. Bowne Jesus was the Risen One. When he says: "The vision of the Risen One may have been an illusion," etc., the word "illusion" with all it connotes, becomes impossible. What it suggests can no more have force in the presence of the Risen One than darkness can remain when light comes.

Just as his life was strikingly balanced, a fact his friends soon learned, so were his sentences and paragraphs balanced. It is a continual delight in Bowne's writing to find such sentences as the following (only a very few of the many that could be instanced), where the parts are perfectly balanced. Even taken out of all connection they hold their charm: "Doctrines to be believed and duties to be done." "Neither particularly new nor especially profitable." "Many have hoped and more have feared." His sentences also are full of alliteration, but it is never forced. One cannot imagine him striving after such effects. The cheap combinations which speakers sometimes strain after to announce their subjects were to him an abomination. As to so-called fine writing—again an effect which Bowne never premeditated—one does not have to turn over his pages far before coming to most

pleasingly phrased passages. His definition, for example, of the Christian revelation is not only a clear and comprehensive definition, it is also as fine a piece of style as one finds in literature:

> The Christian revelation is essentially a revelation of God. It teaches us what God is and what he means. It is, primarily and fundamentally, a revelation of the righteousness and grace of God. It tells us how God feels toward us; what he has made for us; what he has done and is doing for us; how we are to think of life and its meaning, of death and destiny, of our mutual relations also, and the spirit in which we are to live.

Again:

> . . . . Back of the mystery and uncertainty of our own lives, back of the apparent aimlessness of much history, and back of the woe and horror of much more, it [the Christian revelation] reveals God, the Almighty Friend and Lover of men, the chief of burden-bearers, and the Leader of all in self-sacrifice. Over the seething chaos there broods a Spirit divine; and from everlasting to everlasting there stretches a broad bow of promise and of light.

The awfulness of sin and the necessity of a Saviour are vividly painted in the following:

> Long, long regret must haunt many a forgiven soul; and there are sins against love and trust so dark and base that only the light of Him of the pierced hand and the bleeding side persuades us they ever can be forgiven.

Of another kind, but characteristic of Bowne, is this:

> The child finds the Sabbath irksome, and says so. The man finds it irksome, and says nothing about it. The child finds the religious exercise distasteful, and would like to run out into the back yard and play. The man finds it distasteful, and retires into the back yard of worldly thoughts, which are quite as far from spirituality as the child's games, but which do not make such a show in the outward appearance.

The preface to his The Immanence of God is a remarkable piece of epitome as well as delightful phraseology:

> The undivineness of the natural and the unnaturalness of the divine is the great heresy of popular thought respecting religion. The error roots in a deistic and mechanical philosophy, and, in turn, produces a large part of the misunderstandings that haunt religious and irreligious thought alike. To assist in the banishment of this error by showing a more excellent way is the aim of this little book.

Bowne had a variety of words and phrases which he used so frequently that they became a real part of his style. Thus the word "miss" took on a new meaning when he used it: "Scholars

have often lost all sense of perspective and of relative values, and often *missed* the good news of God altogether in disputes about dates, authorship, and swarms of insignificant details." "We need to guard ourselves against a worship of the letter which shall cause us to *miss* the spirit." The words "loose," "gear," "connect," always seem more meaningful when Bowne uses them. No student wanted to do "loose" or slipshod work after he had heard Bowne use the word "loose." "Our life . . . is *geared* throughtout with the world of natural law and uniform sequence." "Religion is still largely conceived as a specialty or as a detached movement, which has no *gearing* with life as a whole." "Ethics has largely been one-sided and abstract, and failed to *connect* with the great concrete life of the real human world." The word "hint" he uses with singular effectiveness. Although he frequently repeats it, we do not feel he might have chosen some other word. Speaking of other religions, he says:

> There is no hint of the Father in heaven in the Christian sense, no hint of a divine deliverer, no hint of an ever-present Spirit leading souls to righteousness and perfecting them in goodness, no hint of life eternal in which the faithful shall glorify and enjoy him forever.

There is a fullness in the word "abide" that strikes us as he uses it: "abiding power," "abiding truth," "abiding significance." "Experiences show that life can abide across many changes of conception." The things that "abide" impressed Bowne mightily. He could not rest in his philosophy until he found the "abiding cause" of life and experience. He used many other combinations that were striking. For example, he had a way of saying "great beyond all comparison" which made one appreciate the "greatness" at once:

> If the Hindu mind could be swept clean of all its religious conceptions, and their place taken by the ideas of the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, it would be for India a blessing great beyond all comparison.

Progress with him was not only a "moving on" but a "moving on and up." When he spoke of "sundry misconceptions" "which we now proceed to consider," or a "pair of scruples," concerning which "a word must be said," the class knew that something was

going to happen; that the "mountain of chaff" was to be blown away and the ground prepared for a permanent structure of thought. Another phrase which came spontaneously from Bowne's thought always brought a real sense of relief, namely, in discussing the trustworthiness of our faculties he would say: "But when, instead of theorizing about our faculties, we use them, *we get on very comfortably.* The problem which is insoluble in theory solves itself in practice." Bowne learned in his philosophy as well as in his life how "to get on very comfortably." "We have indeed to plod on along the dusty road of daily routine, yet not without a growing sense that we are not alone, and that the Spirit of Christ is with us in the way." It was natural for Professor Bowne to talk about the "idols of the sense tribe," and about "the law of rigor and vigor," or "rigor and vigor youths." He spoke frequently about the world not being "a sinking ship or an insolvent concern."

In his written discussions Dr. Bowne relied upon a clear statement of his principles to carry conviction as well as understanding. To his students in the class room, however, it was an intellectual treat to have him illustrate his thought in a familiar way, or to make the high-sounding phrases of some philosopher ridiculous. "It is necessary to sterilize our phraseology. For example, the conception of a 'pseudo-spherical circle' may be just far enough beyond us to make the language impressive." "Call a complex molecule an organic molecule and then we begin to speak of protoplasm, and cells, and heredity, and climb up the verbal stairs into the promised land of life." "As a rule, there is not enough man in the pessimist to believe in anything great and reverent." "The flexibility of the facial muscles is one thing; the rational working of thought another." In the book he wrote, "A hundred men in coöperation might do something which singly they could not accomplish at all." In his lecture he added, "One hundred men could move a ship, for example, but not one of the men could move one hundredth of it." Speaking about the "godlessness of the Constitution," he added, "in the same sense that the multiplication table is godless, that is, the name of God is not mentioned in it." Speaking of "aca-

demic discussion" as "barren of any valuable result," he added, "We merely made motions and fancied we were doing something." He annotated his sentence, "As to our seeing all things to be different if our eyes were opened, this also is an unclear notion," by saying: "There never was a thoroughfare here. But people came up to it and thought there was, and whirled around and got dizzy and saw things." One of his paragraphs begins, "And now there seems to be no escape from an excursion into metaphysics." In the lecture he added, "But we shall have a round-trip ticket." In the text he speaks of evolution substituting "for the experience of the individual the experience of the race, and even the experience of all our prehuman and subhuman ancestors." In the lecture he added, in measured tones, "From the first feeblest stirrings of some jelly." He wrote, "Nothing could be more absurd than to require the great majority of human beings to think for themselves in any field whatever." He added, verbally, "The more they think like other people the safer they will be." And again, "Reasoning without anything to reason about is like setting the mill to going without anything in the hopper, and the consequent clatter, clatter, clatter." Referring to the "treacherousness" of statistics, he said, "First lies, then qualified lies, then statistics." Statistics in themselves, no more than mere words from the dictionary, could ever mean anything to Bowne. Talking about belief in God, he said, "A belief in God is often only a half-belief because the belief does not count for anything in the life of the person." Speaking about a flow of language, but a dryness of ideas, he said, "The illiterate have a larger vocabulary than stock of ideas." Mentioning the term "natural selection," at one time, he observed, "Rather a destruction, this dying off of those that cannot exist." "Such reasoning"—from heredity, natural selection, the experience of the race—he dubbed "scarecrow reasoning." He stopped for a moment as he was discussing "fatalistic theories" and said with emphasis, "These things are mental outlaws." In the text he says, "Even materialists are given to calling themselves monists." With that peculiar twinkle of the eye and firmness of voice he added in the lecture, "Although without a commentary, not much information is given." He says,

"The contents of a sense object are expressed in a series of sense qualities." He added in the lecture, "An orange is a bundle of smell, taste, form, color, content." Criticizing the phrase of another, he said, "It is a contribution to the dictionary, but not to thought." Running another such phrase to its logical cover, he remarked: "To think of negatives is to think of nothing, and to think of nothing is not to think at all." "Quoting copiously," he said, was to inflict upon one "the indignity of the inverted comma," which he declared to be "a device of the lower order of intelligence." He explained the following phrase, "According to a popular and showy cosmic formula," by adding, "Mr. Spencer's, of course." Again, "Nature . . . that great idol of to-day." "Everybody says 'monism,' no matter what he thinks." "When there is no common ground for dispute they might just as well declare the meeting closed, and save the gas." "Many a thing which may be difficult in theory is found perfectly simple in practice. Plato expounded the abstract impossibility of motion; and Diogenes refuted him by walking up and down before him." When Professor Bowne had finished his lectures on Theism one fall he said to the class: "The formal examination in Theism is next Tuesday morning; the practical examination will go on through life. May you be successful in both."

Incidentally, we might set over against the materialistic notion of evolution Professor Bowne's theistic conception thereof. The former runs in its usual phrasing as follows: "The integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, which primarily constitute evolution, is attended by a continuous change from indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity of structure and function, through successive differentiations and integrations." Bowne says: "Unless we suppose God to have made this world in the dark, we must allow that he foreknew, and intended to have, just this developing human world with its necessity for struggling out of the animal into the spiritual, out of the mechanical into the free, out of the selfish into the loving, out of the earthly into the divine." "This is a world of growth from irresponsible ignorance and weakness toward responsible power and insight; it is a world of development

from submoral and subrational beginnings toward moral and rational endings." "Men are to pass from the unconsciousness of nature and the ignorance of childhood to the conscious recognition and acceptance of the divine will, and they are to go on with God in deepening sympathy and growing fellowship forever."

It has been said of Dr. Bowne that "he was fearlessly trenchant and sometimes needlessly caustic in his forms of expression."[1] We take exception to the second clause of this sentence. With all the testimony before him, the unbiased judge, we believe, must render his decision against this charge. Dr. Bowne was not at any time "*needlessly* caustic in his form of expression." He never used a corrosive acid to remove a dust spot. To change the figure, he never used a piledriver to hit a pinhead. In fact, his very attitude was ever against needless force of any kind. He was a master workman with his blows. Like the expert carpenter, he could drive ten-penny as well as finishing nails with the same hammer. And he never left any marks of his tool. But on occasion he took hold of the sledge, when spikes or bolts were to be driven, and his blows were sure and resistless. At other times he used the wedge or crowbar to pull apart that which had been wrongly or bunglingly put together or which had served its purpose and needed to be replaced. There were times also when he spread the powder and laid the fuse and applied the match to blast away the obstinate obstruction. But those who looked on, knowing what he was doing, would no more think of criticizing his method or objecting to his use of the force than the knowing would criticize the skilled contractor in his work on a building from foundation to roof and inside finish. To use another figure, he put his sharp point into many an empty sphere, and the onlookers were delighted to see the collapse. But the delight came not from the collapse in itself but because of the inflation, to which Bowne rigorously called attention and which inevitably led to the collapse. "A hogshead of soap bubble, punctured," he said, "sinks into a teaspoonful of soap, and that was all there was ever in it." Now the man who had the "hogshead

[1] Hartford Seminary Record, 2d quarter, 1910.

of soap bubble" before meeting Bowne, and only "a teaspoonful of soap" thereafter, might feel aggrieved, and be tempted to say Bowne was *"needlessly"* severe, but the fair-minded—who had no interest in "a hogshead of soap bubble"—must have seen how generous and gentle Bowne was in granting to the "soap bubble" owner at least a "teaspoonful of soap." When we look at the facts—Dr. Bowne frequently said to his students: "Get the facts. It will help very much"—we find there was good reason for the wit and sarcasm. "The sharpness of the Bowne wit," says Francis J. McConnell, "is well known, but perhaps not all know the real principle which inspired many of the sharpest sallies—that principle being simply this, that it is impossible to treat with respect that which is not inherently respectable. . . . If we are tempted to think that the Bowne keenness of wit was a detriment to him, let us remember that Bowne came upon the stage when the materialists were having everything their own way, lording it over the thought realm with high pretension and supreme contempt for all that disagreed with them. The Goliaths of that day were as nigh unto cursing as was the original Goliath when this philosophic stripling appeared against them. If we cannot point to any one giant overthrown by the philosophic David, we can at least recall that the dodging among the Philistines was both lively and general." The turns and phrasings of Professor Bowne which to some seem "caustic" or "needlessly" sharp are the very life of his style. The imagination of his hearer or reader was at once quickened, and, like Elijah's servant, where before he looked only upon barren hills now he saw them filled with horses and chariots. Take such expressions as these: "dementalized textarians," "speculative aberrations," "blinding and withering superstitions," "mountain of chaff," "defiling touch of the advertising harpy," "abstract verbalism," "shadow of our own ignorance," "thoughtless optimism," "verbal intimidation," "intellectual indecency," "perennial barrenness," "exegesis of misunderstood metaphors," "belated mind," "metaphysical hyphen," "intimidated by the dictionary," "moral hocus-pocus," "internal inconsistency," "profound mental and moral illiteracy," "a mind debauched by theology," "play-

ing hide and seek with intelligence and conscience," "moral deliquescence," "sacerdotal paroxysm," "etymological analysis of a metaphor," "Calvinistic nightmare," "considerable smack of malignity," "men of mediocre intellect and submediocre character, but having a certain managing quality and a considerable regard for the loaves and fishes, become unpleasantly prominent," "professional ark-savers," "megaphonic utterance, and with all the air of finality," "barren inspection of spiritual states," "churning up artificial emotions," "both views were bald, and they were especially bald inside"—said of "bald naturalism" and "bald" supernaturalism. A rare quality of wit, and withering withal, is shown in this sentence from his article on "Philosophy of Christian Science." Speaking of the inability to produce the order of experience at will or dismiss it at pleasure, he says: "If anyone is in doubt on this point, let him make the experiment. Let him consider whether he could stand out of doors in scanty clothing through a January blizzard, whether he could safely swallow strychnine in large doses, handle a live wire, put his head in the fire, *sit comfortably on a cake of ice,* renounce food, and so forth." Imagining a man trying to sit comfortably on a cake of ice certainly reduces Christian Science to an absurdity. The flash, as well as the cut, of the Bowne wit is seen when, of the man who was awarded the senior wranglership at Cambridge, over the real winner, a woman, simply because he was a man and happened to be second in the contest, he says that he was "next, though not adjacent." Bowne uses sarcasm when he refers to an ecclesiastical pretender in things of the intellect as a "master in Israel," but the effectiveness with which he disposes of the pretension justifies his method. Only those can be hurt by such sentences as the following who come under the class criticized:

> Thus, on the one hand, we shall escape those nonethical conversions which are the product of neuropathology or social contagion; and, on the other, we shall no longer confuse honest inquirers by sending them to grope in the *labyrinths of obscure emotional psychology* which has been taken for religion.

Again:

> Questions of scholarship can be settled only by scholarship. Questions of fact can be settled only by evidence. The very notion of deciding them

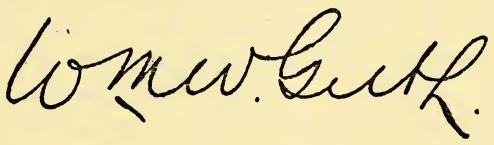
by authority is absurd. How many papal bulls, or how big an ecclesiastical club, or how large a majority of ignorant votes would be needed to overturn the Copernican astronomy? Ignorance, in high or low places, is entitled to no opinion on these matters. Authority only makes itself ridiculous when it assumes to dictate. Majorities are equally absurd, unless they rest on the facts and the evidence.

Professor Bowne's knowledge of the Bible and his aptness in quoting it were marvelous. "He literally steeped himself in the thought and expression of the Scriptures, so that he knew them as few men have ever known them." His paraphrases of Scripture, which run through his pages as the silken thread through an English bank note, are the constant pleasure and surprise of his readers. He often put to flight "the army of the aliens" or scattered the "works of darkness"—to use favorite expressions of his—by a well-turned phrase suggestive of biblical language. When the materialists were declaring that matter and things are all we can know he makes them quite ridiculous as he follows their declaration to its logical conclusion with the words: "Matter we know and things we know; but God and spirit—what and where are they?" And when he has disposed of them he says, "We come down not to a world of lumps, nor to any impersonal principle, but to a living will which worketh hitherto and worketh forevermore." Of Hegel he once said, "While many a man may be looked upon as safer, among the many sons of philosophers there are none greater than he." Speaking of "the good news of God," he says, "This only can break the spells and disperse the illusions because of which the people sit in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." Speaking of the double-faced substance which brings us only to a "verbal" monism, he added, "We gave an order for a real monism and they brought us a mock-monism." Criticizing the idea that memory primarily had anything to do with thought, he said, "In the beginning was thought, not memory." Discussing miracles and prophecy, he shows how we begin with a scholastic method and seek to establish the truth of revelation by abstract considerations. "Now this is inverted in every way," he says, "and we need to bring forth fruits meet for repentance." Speaking of the "wild work" of "some" of the biblical critics, he says, "The

polychrome edition of the Bible, for instance, its minute partition of the text, and even of texts, shows a faith beyond anything in Israel." If we recall that, when David escaped to the cave of Adullam, "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him," we see the picturesqueness of Bowne's language when he says: "And thus the progressive camp tends to become a sort of cave of Adullam." Again: "Damning the abstract sinner is an easy matter, and seems to be meet and right and a bounden duty, but it looks different when it is our own flesh and blood." "The still small voice of intelligence will at last be heard; and the gates of Popes and bishops and General Assemblies and General Conferences shall not prevail against it." "It is nothing less than pathetic to find persons harping away on an absolute knowledge on the idea that the ark can be saved. They only do mischief and imperil the ark, which, if it be the real ark, must be able to stand alone." "The church certainly has other interests than those of intellect, and our nominal leaders are by no means sinners above all men that dwell at Jerusalem. But they are seldom intellectual leaders, and they are required by their position to decide on questions beyond them. And this is an evil thing under the sun." "Obedience, then, is the only test of discipleship recognized by the Master. . . . Though we should speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not obedience, we should be but sounding brass and clanging cymbals. And though we spoke in the social meeting, and were eloquent in public prayer, and bore testimony to wonderful outpourings and upliftings and spiritual manifestations far beyond those of common Christians, and had not obedience, it should profit us nothing. And though we had a wonderful conversion, and became quite unconscious through the exceeding abundance of the outpouring, and had not obedience, we should be nothing." "One might say that, so long as anything was preferred to the divine glory, one had not fully submitted to the will of God; was keeping back a part of the price, therefore, like Ananias; or, like Achan, had a wedge of gold and a Babylonish garment concealed in one's tent." Professor Bowne often found expressions for his highest

satisfaction as well as deepest sorrow in words of Scripture. He attended the exercises at the inaugural as president of a college of one of his students "in whom he was well pleased." One of the guests, curious to know what Dr. Bowne thought of the inaugural address, asked him. The quick, kindly flashing eyes of the teacher lighted his whole being as he said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." "When the news once came to him that a favorite pupil had died in the West, after a long, long struggle which left a wife and children penniless, he sat for a while looking out upon Somerset Street before the old college building, and finally cried out, 'Call me not Naomi; call me Mara, for the Almighty has dealt very bitterly with me.'"

The style of Professor Bowne, we repeat, was the natural expression of himself. Because his life was marked by a largeness of view and a catholicity of sympathy it was but a giving of himself when he spoke or when he wrote.



Art. IX.—THE PASSING OF THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

The world is full of stir—social, political, scientific, selfish—and shall the Saviour's household be given to slumber? This question, asked many years ago by Charles Haddon Spurgeon, may, in many instances, be appropriately asked to-day by churches that do have or that do not have Sunday evening preaching services. It is a fact that many churches of our own and of other denominations have done away entirely with this very important service. Various reasons are given for so doing, chief among which are that it is impossible in these days for a minister to prepare two sermons or discourses a week that will command the attention and respect of intelligent and well-educated people; that a second preaching service taxes unduly the strength of those who, for one reason or another, feel obliged to attend the morning service and also the Sunday school; that church members do not want such a service and will not support it by their presence. Instead of attempting to answer these questions separately, it will be more in keeping with the purpose of the paper if at this point the question be raised: Is a Methodist church warranted in discontinuing the Sunday night service?

Many churches, especially those in the cities, hold their Sunday schools in the morning, either immediately preceding or directly following the hour of morning worship. If the Sunday school convenes before the morning preaching service, it is necessary for the family to rise as early on the Sabbath as on any other day of the week. Whether there be one or several children in the family, it means for the mother, even though she have competent help in the kitchen, strenuous efforts to have the family ready for Sunday school in order that they may reach the church before the "tardy" notice is hung up. In the event of the parents accompanying the children to the Sunday school the difficulty is increased. Then comes the church service, which, as a rule, does not adjourn before twelve o'clock, or even later. This means a late dinner, the middle of the afternoon being reached in many

families before the meal is finally over. The same conditions prevail where the Sunday school convenes immediately after the church service. If an afternoon rest is indulged in, there remain little more than the evening hours, which afford the only opportunity many fathers have for spending any time with their families. We may deplore, but we cannot deny, the fact that this is the case with many families throughout American Methodism. In addition to these considerations let it be remembered that the homes of many of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church are well supplied with the best current literature, both secular and religious, and that Sunday evening affords an excellent opportunity for reading and conversation. It also affords an opportunity to rest before entering upon a strenuous and nerve-racking week of business that is just ahead. Does the Sunday evening service, therefore, meet a real need for persons whose conditions or circumstances in life are similar to those above mentioned? I frankly admit that it does not. There is, however, another side to the question. Every church has among its members many persons whose business renders it impossible for them to retire early on Saturday night. Recently, speaking to a member of my own church, who is a regular attendant upon the evening preaching services, but who is never present in the morning, I said, "Is it impossible for you to be present at the Sunday morning service? I see you frequently in the evening service, but seldom, if ever, in the morning." To this he replied, "I am, unless ill, always present at the evening service, but I am never present in the morning." He then proceeded to state his reason. He is unable to close his business before eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and often it is eleven-thirty or twelve o'clock before the last customer leaves. The store must then be put to rights and everything made ready for business Monday morning. It is, consequently, very late when he reaches his home. Tired, and well-nigh exhausted, he retires feeling that he is justified in sleeping until ten or eleven o'clock Sunday morning, and who will say he is not? This is not an extreme case. It can be duplicated in the membership of many other churches, especially those of the cities. Many mothers and house-wives offer just as reasonable excuses

for not attending the morning services, and wage-earning women are quite frequently absent from the morning service for the same reason. If it were not for this evening service many young people instead of being found in the church would be in the theater or some other place of amusement. Then there are many members of our churches who are not regular attendants upon any of the church services, or, if they do attend at all, it is probably once a month, or once in six months, or perhaps once a year. If there were no other reason, it would pay the church to hold a preaching service on Sunday evening for the benefit of such persons. The chief reason for the maintenance of the Sunday evening service is that it affords the best opportunity of the week for the minister to reach the non-church-going and unconverted people of the community. Every minister who preaches to even fairly large Sunday evening congregations is heard by more unconverted people in one such service than in two Sunday morning services.

It is the writer's privilege to serve at the present time one of the suburban churches of the city of Cincinnati. It has a large membership, and they are generally very loyal to the best interests of the church. The Sunday morning services are attended almost entirely by the members of the church, while at least one third of those who attend the evening services are not members of any church, and in most instances make no profession of faith in Christ. As compared with the morning, the evening congregations are usually as large and sometimes larger. I regard this as my greatest opportunity of the week; a fitting climax to all that has preceded. It is the time "I go a fishing."

But how is the minister to secure a hearing on Sunday night?

This is the critical point. Many preachers are too quick in beating a retreat. The surrender is made before the battle is on. They say it is simply impossible to maintain an evening service. The people do not want it—and that ends it. We should not lose sight of the truth that nothing is impossible until it is too hard for God to do. I recognize the fact that if the Sunday evening service is to be a success it will require work—*hard work*. It matters not who the minister is or what church he is serving, whether it be the country church, the church in the smaller city,

the church in the heart of a metropolis or the suburban church, he will discover, if he has not already done so, that in these days it is no small task to maintain for any great length of time enthusiastic interest in the evening service. He who succeeds in this will find it to be at the expense of brain sweat and heart agony. But what of it?

Be strong.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift!

Three things suggest themselves as a possible solution of this problem. I realize that even these may exist under certain conditions and still the Sunday night service not be what we could desire. But whenever there is an enthusiastic and largely attended Sunday night service three things will be present:

First, the minister must believe in the importance of the service. He cannot afford to regard it as of secondary importance to the morning service. If he does not believe in its importance, the sermon will show it. The people will be quick to detect the pastor's indifference, and the more thoughtful of his congregation will observe that the sermon lacks thoroughness of preparation and earnestness in delivery. As a result, the indifference of the people will be many fold more pronounced than the preacher's, and ere long large numbers of church members, even those who are so situated as to be able to attend the evening service as well as the morning, will be conspicuous for their absence. As a rule, in church work, people do not give much thought or attention to the things in which the pastor is not heartily interested. Many an evening preaching service has died out entirely or has struggled for existence because the pastor did not realize its importance. No church can hope for a large and enthusiastic evening service whose pastor does not heartily believe in it. He is the key to the situation. Once convinced that the evening service is of vital importance, the pastor will take new interest in the preparation of his sermons. The choir will be requested to render as carefully prepared music for the evening as for the morning. The preacher's enthusiasm will inspirit the people, and soon the service will attract rather than repel.

After being convinced of the importance of this service, the next step is to give the people something to which they may look forward. To that end the preacher must choose his theme with greatest care and then call it by such a name or give to it such a title as will in itself compel attention. It is at this point that many ministers fail to interest people in the subjects they announce. Not infrequently do we see in the church notices which appear in the daily press subjects that cause disgust rather than inspire interest and respect. Sometimes ministers, in their efforts not to be commonplace in the selection of their themes and subjects, go too far the other way. The result is that many of the more devout church members are grieved, while even the unconverted and worldly turn away in disgust. The subject of the sermon must show strength, must be dignified, and must relate practically to the life of to-day. It is a good thing to announce, at least a week in advance, the subject of the sermon. I know that some will differ from me regarding this point. There are those who never announce any subject. They believe the people should be trained to attend church for worship, and not simply to hear a sermon. There is much that can be said in favor of this. We are, however, living in days of tremendous stir. Few preachers can command attention to any great extent simply by announcing that there will be preaching services at a certain hour. In order to have a hearing on Sunday night, or to draw audiences that will be to him an inspiration, the minister *must* command the attention of the people. One of the most successful means for maintaining constant and increasing interest in this service is for the pastor to deliver from two to three series of sermons throughout the year. At other times let him speak upon such subjects as he believes will be of the greatest interest to the community. Special mention should be made of such sermons, or series of sermons, from one to two weeks in advance, and whenever possible some line of thought should be suggested from the pulpit which will be given special emphasis in a single sermon or a series of discourses. This will usually command the attention of the people and will give them something to which they may look forward. A wise use of printer's ink may be a mighty

factor in helping to maintain the Sunday evening service. A card of invitation thoughtfully prepared and artistically printed, announcing the subjects of sermons, has been the means of interesting more than one soul in personal work and of inviting large numbers of people who would otherwise receive no invitation to any church. If this plan of invitation should be used it is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of preparing with painstaking care the matter that is to be printed upon the card. An invitation of this kind carelessly worded and poorly printed hinders rather than aids the work. All such means or methods will be futile, however, unless the minister believes tremendously in the importance of the Sunday night service.

Second. The minister must believe in the gospel he preaches.

Prof. Shailer Mathews raises the question, "How shall we preach this gospel of the risen Christ?" and answers it as follows: "Above all else, positively; with a contagious conviction. A man will neither fear nor love a God under investigation. With the passion of a moral physician who *knows* that sin is a deadly curse —not a term of the schoolman. And, up to the utmost limit of our convictions, with an emphasis upon both its experiential and its historical elements." It would be very difficult to improve upon the learned professor's answer to the question. However, unless the minister have an unwavering belief in the gospel he attempts to preach, it will be impossible for him to meet the requirements of the answer. A firm belief is of supreme importance. He who gives his people to understand that the Bible is merely a collection of folk-lore, myths, and legends need not look for a large measure of success in the Christian ministry. Attacks upon the doctrine of the Virgin birth and the resurrection of our Lord are being renewed in the light of modern science. Instead of being uncompromising defenders of the faith, and saying with the apostle Paul, "I am set for the defense of the gospel," there are those who make bold to deny the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ, and with Professor Lake regard as myths, pure and simple, the accounts contained in the Gospels of the resurrection of Christ's body from the grave. In the same manner they regard the Virgin birth of our Lord.

One of the most prominent questions before the Church to-day, according to Professor James Orr, is "The admissibility of the supernatural in the form of miracle." This question, from the standpoint of modern scientific thought, is worrying many Christian ministers. It has shaken the faith of large numbers of preachers and as a consequence their preaching is anything but positive. Then there are those who are placing unnecessary, in some instances extreme, emphasis upon "the psychology of conversions." Such ministers are filling "the minds of the unconverted with the notion that at any time they may proceed along the lines of Psychology or New Thought to all that is necessary." They hasten to know what some professor of physical or mental science has to say about conversion and religious experience and then thrust *his* views upon congregations that are hungry for the gospel. Such men's preaching lacks the essential, positive note, and raises in the minds of the hearers the question, "What is the preacher's attitude toward the Bible as the Word of God? Does *he* believe in the gospel he preaches?" Bishop Boyd Vincent, of Cincinnati, was entirely correct when he said, "Modern theologians who sneer at the old religion, and substitute for the old gospel a system of comfortable ethical self-culture, are emptying churches to-day." The minister who would maintain constant interest in the Sunday night service must preach the Word of God with positiveness, and "with the passion of a moral physician who *knows* that sin is a deadly curse—not a term of the schoolman."

In a recent conversation with a gentleman connected with a great business house he said: "At least three things are necessary to make a man a successful salesman: he must believe in the house he represents, in the goods he sells, and he himself must be an honest man." Surely nothing less is required of the Christian minister. He must believe the gospel he preaches and preach the gospel he believes. People will gladly hear such a preacher.

Third. The minister must make the Sunday night service preëminently evangelistic. In this connection let it be understood that the Sunday night service is an integral part of the regular work of the church. It should never be regarded as a

service set apart by itself. It should be the climax of the week's work. There should be a spirit of invitation present in every service; by which I mean that the stranger should not only be informed that he is welcome, but he should very plainly and cordially be given to understand that his presence is earnestly desired. People will come to hear the man who preaches the gospel without frills. The average person who attends the Sunday night service does not care to hear a discourse on John Ruskin's message to the twentieth century. He does not desire to hear a lecture on this poet or that musician. It is not for the purpose of being entertained or amused that he is to be found in the church. For entertainment he can go to the theater. This average person is hungry—hungry for the Bread of Life. He will hear with gladness of heart the message of Jesus Christ to a sin-ruined world and he will be satisfied with nothing else. Alas! for the minister or the ministry that gives a stone to the hungry soul that asks for bread. People want the gospel—they yearn for the Christ of the ages. The Sunday night service should be a time when the unsaved can most easily find Christ as their divine Saviour from sin. The best method for casting the net should be studied and employed. The invitation to accept Christ should not be given in the same way night after night. It is well to vary it. Use the altar, the inquiry room, and the after meeting. Use any sane method that will bring men to the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not that the man who was "borne of four" was let down through a hole in the roof. It might just as well have been a hole in the wall. The business of the "four" was to get the poor fellow to the feet of the Saviour. The preacher's aim should be to bring about a spiritual crisis in the lives of the unconverted. This is especially true of the Sunday evening service. A sermon occasionally on some subject of vital concern to the community or to the nation may be perfectly in order, and not out of harmony with the plan of continuous evangelism. After such a sermon an invitation to accept Christ would be plainly unwise, but if the minister would maintain a constant and increasing interest in the Sunday night service, he must, as a rule, conduct it in the spirit of aggressive evangelism, employ-

ing such methods as will reach the unsaved. An investigation of the plans and methods employed by ministers who are having the largest measure of success relative to the Sunday night service will show, with very few exceptions, that such ministers believe in the importance of the service, that they have unswerving faith in the gospel they preach, and that they are sounding the note of aggressive evangelism constantly. The Saturday Evening Post a few years ago contained an article from the pen of Senator Albert J. Beveridge, entitled "The Young Man and the Pulpit." In it the Senator referred to a conversation which he had one day with a friend who was a journalist of ripe years, highly educated and widely experienced, and acquainted with men and life. The friend had just returned from church, and upon approaching the Senator said: "I have just come from church and I am tired and disappointed. I went to hear a sermon and I listened to a lecture. I went to worship and I was merely entertained. The preacher was a brilliant man, and his address was an intellectual treat, but I did not go to church to hear a professional lecturer. When I want merely to be entertained I will go to the theater. But I do not like to hear a preacher principally try to be either orator or play-actor. I am pleased if he is both: but before everything else I want him to bear to *me* the Master's message. I want the minister to preach Christ, and him crucified."

This I have found to be the opinion of the world. The world is hungry for the message of our Divine Lord and Saviour. It does not want to be argued with or at, but it does want to believe. Ministers should not be "Priests of Ice," vainly endeavoring to warm the souls of men, but rather flaming heralds of the divine truth. To that end the minister must rely upon the Holy Spirit to inspire his mind with truth and to inflame his will with courage. His heart must beat in sympathy with the restless, weary world. He must believe, with his whole being, that the gospel he preaches "is the power of God unto salvation." The Sunday evening service should by no means pass.

A. W. Leonard

Art. X.—THE CHRISTIAN SERMON

Worship is not merely something said or something symbolized. The essence of true worship is a deed, a central act, which does something in the spirit world; a real achievement effecting changes in personal states and relations. What is this central deed, this something done, which makes worship a reality? Just where shall we locate the power and the action which make worship truly sacramental, and not merely sacerdotal and pious? The deed which is the central reality of the true sacrament is also the central reality of true worship. The Roman Church claims that the true sacrament is an act of the church which, as the sole mediator of salvation, actually effects a change in the substance of the material elements used in the sacrament, and through the use of these changed elements effects a change in the believer. Thus the Mass is regarded as the most essential act of worship. We have here a true idea of worship, in that the essence of it is something done, and not something said or shown.

Protestantism claims that the true sacrament is the direct action of the crucified and atoning Saviour upon the believer, an action mediated, not by the church upon the material elements, but by the Holy Spirit directly upon and in the soul of the believer. "The sacrament is not corporeal, but personal and moral." The "body of Christ" is not any "substance," however refined or ethereal. The "body of Christ" which we eat and drink is the person of Christ, the whole person of Christ, gathered into one saving and atoning act, that is, in his cross, which was not merely the death of his body, but an infinite and eternal deed of his personality; a deed actually accomplishing redemption. Here the essence of the sacrament is a deed, not of the church but of Christ; mediated, not by the material elements but by the Holy Spirit; a deed not corporeal, and therefore symbolic, but a deed personal and moral, and therefore real. Protestantism can hold the field against Romanism only as it makes its worship more sacramental than the Mass so that worshipers will come away from the house of worship "with a sense of something *done* in the

spirit world, rather than of something *said* in this present world."

The true center of worship, then, lies in that action through which the Holy Spirit reënacts and continues the saving deed of Christ on his redeeming cross. Since the human race lives here in this world under the condition of time, and is reproducing and continuing itself in time, the saving act of Christ, offered in the eternal spirit, must also be continually prolonged and reproduced in time, so that it may in a sense be contemporaneous with each succeeding generation of men. The provision which Christ made through the Holy Spirit whereby the saving grace of the cross was to be mediated to the coming generations, was the provision of a testifying body of believers—that is, of a preaching church, which by the word of its testimony to Jesus Christ and him crucified, was to bring each succeeding generation under the power of that redeeming deed. Paul says: "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the gentiles." "The self-same act by which Paul was saved made him a preacher." Just as God gave to every living thing the power of producing seed after its own kind, so salvation is made self-propagating, and each saved man becomes by means of his testimony a father of believers. Thus testimony, or preaching, is the one true and real sacrament, reënacting the Deed of Life.

Hence we can define a sermon from the standpoint of the two actors in it, Christ and the believer. From the standpoint of Christ the sermon is a deed of the Holy Spirit whereby he continues and makes effective to each succeeding generation in time the grace and power of Christ's atoning deed. Briefly, "a sermon is the cross in action. No true preaching of the cross can be other than a part of the action of the cross." By means of preaching the Holy Spirit reproduces in us those changes that were wrought in the first disciples by the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and pentecost. It is this action that makes the sermon a gospel and the gospel the power of God unto salvation. From the standpoint of the believer the sermon is a confession of faith. Since it is a reproduction of the action of the atonement, it must, like that atonement, be an offering to God, even though it be addressed

to men. In its testimony, and especially in the sermon, the church confesses to God the action of a victorious Saviour who has redeemed them by gaining in them and over them a victory through his death. As the church preaches the gospel the gospel reënacts itself in the church. This action of the cross, accepted and confessed, is the true essence of worship. It is this note of testimony in song and prayer which makes them acceptable worship, and not merely a pious exercise.

Some conclusions:

1. While dissertations upon moral, religious, and historical subjects for purposes of instruction may be necessary, we should carefully distinguish them from the true Christian sermon, which is creative rather than educational. The command "to loose him and let him go," is of value only after the word of power, "Lazarus, come forth." We have many enlightened corpses who need to hear the word of power, or their "loosening" will be in vain. 2. Protestantism stands or falls with its sermons. Unless the sermon is made more sacramental than the Mass it must give way to the Mass. Those who make little of the sermon, and demand that it shall be short and "practical," are preparing for and giving aid to the triumph of Romanism. 3. Increased emphasis upon ritual and increased attention to the music have not increased church attendance. The "word of power" is the one thing men cannot get elsewhere. 4. Men neglect church services for two reasons. Either the "Word" is not preached, and they see no reason for attending, or the "Word" is preached, and they are not willing to submit themselves to the action of the cross. 5. The power and authority of a Christian sermon lie in the message and the divine action, and not in the ability and personality of the preacher. The great element of a sermon is spontaneity of power, and that power is not in the man and his methods, but in the cross and its message. 6. The hearing of a true Christian sermon is a great event, fraught with great possibilities for blessing or judgment.

Edward N. Cantwell

Art. XI.—THE JEWS OF MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE. A CONTRAST

What a man does is often determined in great measure by what man has done. Forerunners who make paths straight are not uncommon. Before the production of Shakespeare's plays there was at least one great dramatist—Christopher Marlowe. In the short space of not more than five years of literary activity Marlowe wrote four great plays: Tamburlaine, Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, and Edward the Second. The last three give him a place among the greater poets of the time. His Edward the Second made straight the way for Shakespeare's Richard the Second, and is regarded as the piece which gave "dramatic history" its permanent form. From Barabas in The Jew of Malta Shakespeare not only got his inspiration for Shylock, and even his model, but the probabilities are that he wrote with a full knowledge of The Jew of Malta and very likely with the play in hand. If this was so, we ought to expect Shylock to be better than Barabas. By this we do not mean to infer that if Marlowe had written after Shakespeare he would have produced a more perfect Jew than Shylock, but, rather, to point out the distinct advantage of the greater dramatist. Indeed, we believe it to have been a point of genius in Shakespeare to take wholesale from the works of others and to improve what he had taken beyond all comparison with the original.

The greatness of the Barabas of Marlowe ends with the second act, or at most with the second scene of Act iii, when he witnesses the deaths of Lodowick and Mathias with so much satisfaction; after that he is rather a burlesque than anything else. The Merchant of Venice is strong to the end. He is nowhere stronger than in the last act, at the trial. Here is a difference between Shylock's and Barabas's attitude at the loss of their fortunes. The former is much more like the crafty Jewish trader caught at his game, for he seeks to save what he can; but the latter in a most foolish way loses all when he might have saved half. Marlowe really weakens his drama here, for he has

to credit the Jew with an amount of hidden treasure that is altogether too much for one to have who has just been deprived of his entire fortune. The person of Barabas is drawn most effectively when he loses his property. Here we find the strongest lines of his part; such as:

BAR. Why, I esteem the injury far less
To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the cause of their misery. *Act* 1, *Scene* ii.
BAR. Aye, policy! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great Primus Motor!
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pain,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

The cursing agony of a man could hardly be displayed better, especially as he falls to his knees and beats the ground with his hands. The part is wonderfully well drawn, and makes the first act the strongest of the play. And yet, when we compare him with Shylock under like circumstances, we are not sure but he is outdone; for what could more clearly show the terrible blow of losing all than—

SHY. I pray you give me leave to go hence;
I am not well.

A moment ago he had refused thrice his bond—naught but the flesh of Antonio; now he has lost all. From arrogance of a sure hold to loss of all in so short a time is enough to make anyone sick.

There can be no contrast between Barabas as a villain and Shylock, because Shylock is not a villain, in the conventional use of the term, while Barabas is just that. With the plots which he carried out in the play for the destruction of his enemies, and with what he told his slave Ithamore (in Act ii, Scene 2) he had done previously, we must put down money-making as his avocation and murder as his vocation. That there is such a fascination of horror in the cool plotting of both Barabas and Ithamore as exceeds some of the works of Edgar Allan Poe none can deny; but

there is such a catering to the "blood and thunder" that it shows a clear call for the applause of the rabble.

The scene in Act iv of The Jew of Malta, where Pilia extorts money from Barabas, may have suggested the agony of Shylock over his daughter's theft in The Merchant of Venice, Act iii, Scene 1. But, even if this is so, the work of Marlowe, while amusing—especially in the asides—does not compare for a moment with the scene in Shakespeare. Tubal is in conversation with Shylock:

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort; The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear; would that she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them? Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search; why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

SHY. What, what, what ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God. Is 't true, is 't true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

And so on to the end of the scene. The fineness of character-drawing as illustrated by this scene is entirely above the art of Marlowe. Indeed, for a description of Jewish miserliness this character is considered unmatched in all English literature except by Sir Walter's Scott's Isaac of York in Ivanhoe. Shylock and Isaac, perhaps on an equal plane of excellence, are most worthy sons of Jacob, and the supreme representatives of the kind. Barabas is by no means to be despised, but he is below comparison with these two. There is a slight resemblance between the disowning of the daughters by each of the Jews. It seems likely that Marlowe may have suggested the idea to Shakespeare. Barabas is angry be-

cause his daughter has become a Christian nun and deserted him for the convent. The whole affair is touched with humor because previously Barabas had persuaded her to feign herself a nun in order to get for him money hidden in his old home, which had been given over for a nunnery when his possessions were confiscated. To wreak his vengeance on her, Barabas poisons the whole convent of nuns, and to cover up his crime finds it necessary to strangle a priest. Shylock, on the other hand, while he is angry that his daughter has eloped with a Christian, is very much more so because she has taken his money. He would not care that she were dead, if so be the jewels were in her ear and the ducats in her coffin. His money comes first. This seems eminently in keeping with the miserly character of the man and with the end toward which the whole plot tends. Shakespeare stuck to the development of his plot, Marlowe gets away from it.

In the outcome of the plays The Merchant of Venice is much more satisfactory. In The Jew of Malta there is no hero unless it is Barabas, and not only is he an unsatisfactory hero, but his downfall is so sudden and unexpected that it comes with a fearful shock. This suddenness of defeat would be quite acceptable if we had some one in whom we are interested to benefit by it, but no one is helped except an obscure governor and a Turkish prince, for neither of whom do we care one jot. The carelessness and weakness of the last part of the work is hard to understand when we consider the strength of the first two acts. Shylock comes to grief just as certainly and with more climax than Barabas, but we are interested in Antonio, and are so solicitous for him that the sudden downfall of the Jew is welcome, as is the reimbursement of Antonio for his losses on the seas from the property of Shylock. The knightly conduct of Antonio and his kindness to the enemy is pleasant after the cruelty of the merchant, and the satisfactory ending of the play in Portia's home makes everybody happy. The climax is worked to better advantage because of Shylock's admiration of Portia as a righteous judge and the quotation of his own words concerning her by Gratiano with every new penalty to which the Jew is sentenced. These similar yet different endings of the plays make a tragedy of The Jew of Malta and a comedy

of The Merchant of Venice. It is very likely that Marlowe started out with the intention of writing a comedy, but having no hero except Barabas, and desiring to bring him to justice, he was forced into the tragedy. Shakespeare with his Antonio is saved from such a fate. The final judgment of the court (with little regard for law, we fear, but with satisfaction to the reader), which not only frees Antonio but gives him a substantial fortune, brings our hero through with flying colors of the comedy.

Marlowe made a mistake in killing off two men early in the third act, for it was unnecessary, and after he got his hand in he did not know where to stop. From that point the whole thing becomes melodramatic. The Jew of Shakespeare is far superior as a character. He is simply a Jewish trader seeking revenge by lawful means, however cruel and vindictive they were. Shylock is real—he still lives and is occasionally seen. Barabas is not so. We have never met him, though we have seen some of his traits in men. Shakespeare knew human nature better than Marlowe and so he depicts for us a type. Marlowe started with a crafty trader and quickly had a villain. Shakespeare started with a crafty, vindictive Jew and held him to the end.

John E. Charlton

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

DR. LITTLE ON JOHN MILTON[1]

The work some praise,
And some the architect.

THESE are Milton's words concerning Mulciber,

Whose hand was known in Heaven
By many a towered structure high,
Where sceptered angels hold their residence.

Suffer me to praise the architect and only incidentally the work.

The first edition of Milton's minor poems appeared in 1645. The frontispiece was an engraved portrait of a morose and rather stupid-faced Englishman, whose long hair, parted in the middle, fell down on both sides to the high collar around the neck. Beneath the picture one could read in Latin, "John Milton, Englishman, in his twenty-first year"; and in Greek, four lines furnished to the engraver in jest by Milton himself. Roughly translated, the poet's mischief reads:

That some uncunning hand this face had carved
Quickly you'd say, the living features seen.
But finding here no trait of them, my friends
Laugh at the bungling graver's sorry botch.

This was the beginning only of a fate that has pursued Milton down to our day. Marshall, the engraver, though, sinned without malice, while Samuel Johnson, most illustrious of Milton's subsequent detractors, poured out upon the citizen a brew of falsehood and spleen which no praise of the poet could expiate. For the poet had committed that greatest of crimes: he had taken sides in an internecine political struggle, and taken, too, what seemed to Johnson and Hume and all the Tories of England and of Europe the side of traitors and anarchists who had beheaded statesmen and bishops, and finally a king, and in their revolutionary frenzy enfeebled for all time the sacredness of hereditary privilege and the efficacy of consecrating oil.

To understand Milton we must begin here. He was known to

[1] This paper, read before the Chicago Literary Club by Dr. Charles J. Little, is presented here in memorial honor of one of the most brilliant and valued contributors to this REVIEW during the present editorship.

most of his contemporaries, not as a poet, but as a writer of political pamphlets at a time when, as the publisher of these minor poems declared, "the slightest pamphlet was more vendible than the works of learnedest men." Before this collection of poems was published, Milton's tractates upon reformation and episcopacy, the tractates upon divorce, and the *Areopagitica,* the speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, had made their author notorious, rather than famous; he had provoked the wrath of Episcopalian and Presbyterian, of royalists and compromisers, in the days when ears were cropped and the headsman's ax was not unfrequently the final argument.

Not a few of his biographers declare with lofty self-complacency that Milton's pamphlets had scant influence upon the direction of events. This is true of all really great political writing; as true of Edmund Burke, of Wilhelm von Humboldt, of Francis Lieber, as it is of John Milton. For the really great political writer sees things from that ampler ether into which the lesser spirits never soar. His influence, moreover, asserts itself rather in the assent of the thinking few, and in the resistance that he provokes from the interests he assails, than in the number of the admirers and adherents that he attracts. Milton was an independent of no narrow spirit, a Christian who belonged to no sect, a patriot who belonged to no party, a Puritan whose conscience reaffirmed the laws of God, often by defying the enactments and traditions of men. Independence like this can never become popular; and if supported by unflinching courage and resplendent genius it is sure to be decried, denounced, misrepresented, and maligned. That Milton never feared the face of man, these pamphlets amply prove. That his genius transcended that of his contemporaries, Hobbes, Selden, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, to mention the immortals only, leaps to the mind of every intelligent reader of the *Areopagitica.* That he possessed the prophetic quality which is the very eye of inspiration, three succeeding centuries have attested, for the principles that Milton championed and defended, even the principle that penetrates and redeems his treatises upon divorce, have become the commonplaces of our modern political and social creeds. Who believes to-day either in the divine right of kings, as held by Laud the bishop, or in the hereditary inalienability of a kingly crown, as held afterward by Blackstone the lawyer? Who now refuses sanction to Milton's noble contention that a true marriage must be something finer and diviner than a union of two bodies, that it must be a harmony of souls attuned to a concord of thought and

purpose, a companionship of sorrow mitigated by love and of delights intensified by mutual participation?

Who does not share with Milton the desire and hope for that nobler ministry of truth from which the hirelings shall be driven by the lash of public scorn? and who, whatever be his belief or disbelief, does not thrill at Milton's picture of the coming of "the King who shall put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming his universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they that by their labors, counsels, and prayers have been in earnest for the common good of religion and their country shall in superabundance of beatific vision progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over-measure forever"?

Who would reinstate the censor now? But if it were attempted, what better arguments to defeat it than those of Milton? "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to prey upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse on a free and open encounter? Who knows not that truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defenses that error uses against her power: give her but room and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and tunes her voice according to the time."

The speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing appeared in 1644, while the first edition of his minor poems was in press. But, as his publisher complained, the people were in no mood for literature, least of all for poetry like L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, or even for a work of perfect art like Comus. Strafford had gone to the block, and Laud's head was unsteady on his shoulders; King Charles was nearing the battle-field of Naseby and the scaffold; an assembly of divines, meeting in the Jerusalem chamber at Westminster, were

drawing up a confession of faith which might serve as an iron-clad test to separate the band of Gideon from Jehovah's enemies; sects were multiplying with diabolical rapidity, sixteen of them flourishing in defiance of the law. "We detest and abhor the much endeavored toleration," wrote the London clergy. "Parliament will graciously suppress all sects without toleration," petitioned the corporation of the city. Milton had already noted with his yet unblinded eyes that "New Presbyter was only old priest writ large," while Cromwell had uttered his noble and mighty words, "He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he would trust God for the liberty of his conscience." "From brethren in things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason."

Our self-complacent aftersight enables us to see, now when three centuries have elaspsed, that Milton the poet soars far above the pamphleteer; accordingly, with solemn arrogance we summon him to judgment for wasting his genius in controversy, deploring the loss of certain never-written poems. This vaunted aftersight is blind misunderstanding. Let us listen to the man himself. "As for the other points, what God may have determined for me I know not; but this I know, that if He ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, He has instilled it into mine: Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry than I, day and night, the idea of perfection. Hence, whenever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom through every age has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny that by no exertion or labors of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appear in the successful pursuit of it. You inquire with a kind of solicitude even into my thoughts. Hear, then, Diodati, but let me whisper in your ear, that I may not blush at my reply—I think (so help me Heaven!) of immortality. You inquire, also, what I am about. I nurse my wings, and meditate a flight; but my Pegasus rises as yet on very tender pinions. Let us be humbly wise."

He thinks of immortality! And yet he accepts in early manhood "the lot, however mean or high, toward which Time leads him and the will of Heaven. All is, if he has grace to use it so, as ever in his

great Taskmaster's eye." "For he was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem." A believer in the majesty of man's free will, he was a believer, too, in that eternal spirit "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases: to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs." Observation and insight he sought in Italy, and would have sought in Greece. But "the melancholy intelligence," he tells us, "which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be traveling for amusement abroad while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." He had no love for controversy, especially in an age of brutal recrimination and barbarous cruelty; in fact, he hated it for its own sake and for the abuse and slander that it would surely bring upon him.

Listen again: "For, surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; much better would it please him, undoubtedly, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall conceal." "Which might teach these times not suddenly to condemn all things that are sharply spoken or vehemently written, as proceeding out of stomach, virulence, or ill-nature."

"No man can be justly offended with him that shall endeavor to impart or bestow, without any gain to himself, those sharp and saving words which would be a terror and a torment in him to keep back. For me, I have determined to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it me, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth, when I shall think it available in so dear a concernment as the church's good." Moreover, he imagined his Master saying, "When time was, thou couldst not find a syllable of all thou hast read or studied to utter in my behalf? Yet ease and leisure was given thee for thy retired thoughts out of the sweat of other men. Thou hast the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned or beautified; but when the cause of God and His Church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue

was given thee which thou hast, God listened if He could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast; from henceforward be that which thine own brutish silence hath made thee." This believer in immortality feared to be punished "in the shape he sinned," with everlasting "brutish silence."

His prose inferior to his poetry? Who knew this better than Milton?—who declared in the very moment of self-immolation: "This manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand."

Many in these later centuries have sympathized with Milton in his blindness all the more because he lost his sight in the service of his country, writing the defense of the English people. But the left-handedMilton is no less a patriot than the sightless bard listening to Archangel ruined, or to the harpings and hallelujahs of the angels that renew their strength in glimpses of God's face. Nay, the sacrifice was even greater. It consumed the best years of his life; he was thirty-three when he wrote the first, and fifty-two when he wrote the last, of his controversial pamphlets. They cost him his eyes and the use for two decades of the wonderful right hand that wrote the Paradise Lost and the Samson Agonistes. Does the history of poetry or the history of patriotism anywhere record a nobler sacrifice? Milton was neither poor nor greedy; he was rich enough to write poems at his leisure; like Socrates, his wants were few. He was never physically strong; there was no guarantee, human or divine, that he would escape captivity or the scaffold, or live to old age. Yet he placed upon the altar of English liberty all the poems teeming in his prolific brain, all the thoughts that wandered through eternity. But God, who in the ancient story at once inspired and refused the sacrifice of Abraham's child of promise, the God of Milton, gave back to him and to literature the offered song, the guerdon of his unshaken faith, and the poem lost in the turmoil of the revolution was regained amid the revels and the persecutions of the Restoration. As the Stuarts remounted for a brief space the throne of England, to cover the stains of their father's blood with darker stains of immorality and cruelty, then Milton soared serenely to the throne of the immortals, to sit down with Homer and Lucretius and Dante and Spenser, not the least of that illustrious company who brighten with celestial splendor and soften with celestial melodies "the smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call earth."

Misread him not, however. His was no unpremeditated sacrifice, made in ignorance of consequences. It is Milton's glory that he counted the cost correctly, even to the slanders that would be heaped upon him, and that he paid it notwithstanding. He knew his age and its favorite methods of reply, the prison and the pillory, and, when these were not possible, abusive lies and slanders. Here is an early specimen. "Of late, since he was out of wit and clothes, he is now clothed in serge and confined to a parlor, where he blasphemes God and the king as ordinarily erstwhile he drank sack and swore. Hear him speak! Christian, dost thou like these passages? Or doth thy heart rise against such unseemly beastliness? Nay, but take this head . . . Horrid blasphemy! You that love Christ, and know this miscreant wretch, stone him to death, lest yourself smart for his impunity."

True, we owe to this abuse those radiant bits of autobiography imbedded like jewels in the controversial pamphlets. Milton never skulked, as many do even in our time, behind the plea that a man's character has nothing to do with his opinions. For Milton, a man's bad character discredited his opinions, especially where moral issues were involved. Skilled musician as he was, he would have scoffed at those who, albeit music-deaf, chatter glibly of the concord of sweet sounds. Apostates from liberty, tyrants and sycophants, hirelings and bribe-takers, he believed, were not inspired to instruct free Englishmen in civil or religious duty. To unmask them was, therefore, to refute them. If he himself were such, he had no duty, nay, not even the right to speak. Therefore he replied to his slanderers with noble self-revelation, an example followed in our day by John Henry Newman in his powerful and successful *Apologia*.

And what manner of man did he reveal? The loving son of a very noble father, himself an outcast from the paternal home for his opinion's sake, trained to knowledge and music and independence by this same father, who had acquired wealth by intelligence and industry, and sent by him to Cambridge that he might prepare to serve the Church.

A Puritan in his youth, but not of the kind sculptured by Saint Gaudens, or even of the Cromwell kind, but one that loved Shakespeare and adored Spenser, who delighted in music and in the friendship of noble souls, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. A shallow critic of Milton's Comus declares that Milton could not draw ugliness: "It turns into beauty or majesty

in his hands." He could draw it easily enough, but never with love, always with loathing. Comus, like Satan, the Serpent, tempts chastity with beauty, and only at that entrance was Milton himself exposed to evil. Ugly wickedness repelled him; meanness and cowardice enraged him. A born poet, he was also a born artist; like Dante, taking infinite pains to acquire technical perfection. Like Galileo and Pascal, rebelling at the pedants who controlled the learning of his time, he was none the less a student whose prodigious memory was the ready servant of a puissant and far-ranging intelligence. Not tall, but lithe and erect; his slender frame carrying a shapely head crowned with light brown hair, which clustered about an oval face beautiful in form and color, and luminous dark-gray glittering eyes whose glitter changed to glow when thoughts were surging in his brain or feeling rising in his heart. A sweet and tuneful voice made his speech and song attractive, while a playful irony blended with a serious cheerfulness to brighten all his talk. After fourteen years of preparation for it and witness of its administration, he refused to enter the Church. "He who would take orders must subscribe himself slave and take an oath withal." God's servant he would be most willingly, and man's too, for that matter. But long before the German poet Arndt had written it, Milton felt that God who made the iron grow in the hillsides had little love for slaves. His noble father, one of the noblest in human annals, although reluctant, yielded to the scruples of his beloved son, who spent six years more in quiet study and fifteen months in foreign travel. The lad who had criticised the University pedants made friends in Paris with Hugo Grotius and in Italy with the wisest Italians of that gloomy period. Even where Galileo then languished a prisoner Milton would not hold his peace when his religious views were called in question. Indeed, his interview with the "Tuscan artist," the sightless victim of ecclesiastical tyranny, made him the more eager to preserve the envied liberty of England from the reign of "thorough," begun by Laud and Strafford, and supported by King Charles and his intriguing queen.

Galileo was then in his seventy-fifth year, old, blind, bereft of his beloved daughter, yet indomitably determined to defy his persecutors with the last and greatest of his dialogues, that upon the New Sciences.

Did the young poet, rejoicing in the vigor of early manhood, have some foreboding of his own destiny as he looked upon those

rugged features and talked with the sightless "Columbus of the skies"? Did he feel the darkness gathering about his own head, and the prison walls inclosing him, and see in the ministries of Galileo's pupils the one remaining comfort of his own last days? Galileo had two daughters, one of whom was sour, peevish, morose, and selfish, the other a ministering angel while she lived, and more than ministering angel: a companion for her father's mind, the greatest then blazing in all earth's galaxy; but a companion taken from him all too soon, though still "calling to him continually." Milton was to have three daughters, of whom one only should be any comfort to him, and she rather in love and good intention than in intellectual sympathy. Did Milton hear from Galileo's own lips the story of that strange retraction, not yet wholly free from mystery, and did he swear on hearing it never to fling a stone at the wonderful old man, who was even then redeeming his defeat and revenging his humiliation by the defiant publication of the principles that underlie our modern dynamics, and now flash their splendor to us from every triumph of modern engineering? I never read Milton's allusions to Galileo in his prose and in his poetry without a vision of that meeting: the last of the giants of the older Italy, the herald of an intellectual method that was to change the face of the world and transform the reasoning of mankind, and the last of the Elizabethan poets, the one born out of due time, as he himself declared, but destined to compose a poem of enduring sublimity, and to live a poem of heroic and thrilling majesty.

Perhaps the noblest passage in Schiller's Don Carlos is that in which the Queen begs Posa to tell the Prince to reverence the ideals of his youth. Ah me! How few of us attain to it. In the dire struggle for existence, in the rush of competition, tempted by avarice or ambition or the pride of life, weakened by strife or by the persuasions of timid friends, the ideals that charmed us in the golden dawn fade away like the splendors of the morning, returning at dusk only as reminders of what we might have been.

John Milton stands forever ~~in~~ the history of English politics and of English literature as a man who reverenced in mature manhood and in age the ideals of his youth, "never bating jot of heart of hope, but steering right onward." I shall not defend him from the charges made against him, some—and the most—of which are false and foolish, and many of which betray a signal ignorance of his writings, of his history, and of the age and the England in which

he lived. In Italy he might have written a masterpiece of controversy like Galileo's *Saggiatore;* in France he might have written letters like Pascal's *Provincials;* in England he used the club of Hercules, not the stiletto of the Italian master or, like the wonderful French genius, the shafts of merciless ridicule and the flaming sword of an angry archangel.

True to his ideals, he looked with foreboding at Cromwell's encroachments upon liberty, warning while praising him, and he closed his defense of the people of England with these courageous words: "If, as you have been valiant in war, you should grow debauched in peace, you that have had such visible demonstrations of the goodness of God to yourselves and of his wrath to your enemies; if it should fall out that you have not learned by so ancient an example before your eyes to fear God and work righteousness—then for my part I shall easily grant and confess (for I cannot deny it) whatever ill man may speak or think of you to be very true. And you will find in a little time that God's displeasure against you will be greater than it has been against your adversaries, greater than his grace and favor have been to yourselves, which you have had larger experience of than any other nation under heaven." "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour," and writing for America!

"No one," wrote Milton, "ever saw me going about, no one ever saw me asking anything among my friends, or stationed at the door of the court with a petitioner's face or haunting the entries of lesser assemblies. I kept myself entirely at home, contriving, though burdened with taxes in the main rather oppressive, to lead my frugal life, when lo! Charles's kingdom having been formed into a republic, the Council of State invited me, dreaming of nothing of the sort, to give the use of my services chiefly in foreign affairs." Thus he became Latin Secretary in the new republic, an office which, if not conferred by Cromwell, brought his future panegyrist and intrepid counselor into close relations with him. But the man that sacrificed his eyes to defend the people of England was not the man to sacrifice his conscience to any ruler, however powerful. Much as he admired the Protector, he feared and foreboded the downfall of a republic so dependent upon a single overmastering mind. His fears and forebodings soon turned to facts. There were, upon Cromwell's death, among England's five millions, not men enough to save it from the returning Stuarts. Puritanism, as Milton foresaw and foretold, had made itself hateful by political and social tyranny; even Cromwell

came to see before his death that Puritanism "had missed its aim." Intellectual forces abounded; they were soon to appear, not so much in poets like Butler and Dryden, or in statesmen like Clarendon, but in the Royal Society, and afterward in Isaac Newton. Bacon's skepticism, amplified and emboldened, would assert itself in Thomas Hobbes, his favorite secretary, and theology was to give place to the New Philosophy, "which from the times of Galileo at Florence and Sir Francis Bacon in England hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as in England." Meanwhile men like Hales and Chillingworth were seeing that the Church of England might possibly be saved by mitigating and simplifying its doctrine, and by a noble comprehension of all who lived a righteous life, thus hoping vainly (as the sequel proved) to gain by tolerance and reason what Milton had vainly hoped to gain by independence. But in one of those spasms which sweep over a nation all hope of moderation perished. The corpse of Cromwell was torn from its grave and gibbeted at Tyburn; that of Pym cast out of Westminster Abbey; Howe and Baxter, the ablest preacher and that noblest parish priest in England, were driven from their churches; John Bunyan was sent to Bedford jail, while John Milton was imprisoned and impoverished. His sight was gone, but his spirit was unbroken. True, he had yielded to the urging of his friends and gone into hiding when his enemies were hoping to see him carried to Tyburn in a cart. Mr. Masson declares quite truly that there is no greater historical puzzle than the complete escape of Milton from the scaffold after the Restoration. "It was thought a strange omission," wrote Burnet. But to Milton it was no puzzle; it was an act of God, in whom he had put his trust, and who would not see him put to shame. But whither to go and what to do? Home he hardly possessed, for his beloved second wife was dead, and the only one of his three daughters that loved the blind father, the youngest, Deborah, was but nine years old. His great Taskmaster, however, had work for which he had saved him. Already, in 1658, Milton had begun the elaboration of the great poem which he had laid aside when duty called him to sacrifice his strong right arm. He now regained its use. A feebler soul would have succumbed in such surroundings. Evil indeed were the times: his friends dragged to prison or the scaffold; the causes for which he had made his sacrifices lost apparently forever; his old antagonist, the hypocrite Morus, preaching in London to the King and his courtiers; all the scum of literary Eng-

land floating to the surface! What an hour for such an undertaking! His "late espoused saint" coming to him in dreams only; his oldest daughters stealing and selling his books to gratify their whims; and his little Deborah trying in vain to keep pace with her great father's rapid mental strides so as to read to him his books of divers tongues. Then, to use his own words,

> Though blind of sight,
> Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
> With inward eyes illuminated,
> His fiery virtue roused
> From under ashes into sudden flame,

he

> . . . as an eagle
> His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
> So virtue given for lost,
> Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed.
> . . . . . .
> Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
> When most unactive deemed,
> And though her body dies her fame survives.

Robert Louis Stevenson remarked jauntily that we cannot all enjoy Paradise Lost. He meant to say that we cannot all or any of us enjoy all of it, any more than we can enjoy all of Dante's Commedia, or all of Shakespeare's Hamlet, or all of Browning's Ring and the Book. Poe was nearer right when he contended that every long poem is really a cluster of short ones, Paradise Lost being the chief example.

Let me consider three points only, points that have to do with Milton's character. First, the frequent objection that Satan is the hero of the poem. Of course he is. Why not? The essence of tragedy, as every great dramatist from Æschylus to Ibsen has perceived, lies in wrong-doing, the righteous sufferers being victims always of another's unrighteousness, whether, as in Prometheus Bound, the wrong-doer be Zeus himself, or, as in the Agamemnon, all are wrong in different degree. Now, Milton at first intended to compose a tragedy. The ancient story and his own defect of dramatic power made that seem unwise. But the tragic elements in the story of the fall of Lucifer and of Adam filled his mind; the study of Shakespeare, especially of the characters of Wolsey and of Lady Macbeth, had revealed to him quite early the havoc wrought in great natures by ambition; while the career of his great contemporary Strafford had shown him a colossal character ruined by greed and pride and wanton use of giant strength. Wolsey's "Cromwell, I

charge thee fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels," might be taken as his text..

Wolsey's wail, "If I had served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies," made Milton doubt his other saying, that when he fell "he fell like Lucifer." Strafford, however, whose trial Milton must have followed spellbound—Strafford, indeed, resembled an archangel ruined; witness his fascination for every historian of that momentous period. Not Pym, not Hampden, not even Cromwell, stirs us as does the haughty, brilliant, mentally massive, upward-climbing Wentworth, struggling in heroic splendor to avert his doom. I never recall the famous passage,

> Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
> Tears such as angels weep burst forth,

without a vision of Strafford in the presence of his judges, he, too, in spite of scorn helpless to check the gushing tears that wet his iron cheeks. Precisely here lay all the tragedy, to Milton, that men like Wolsey and Bacon and Strafford should rank with the apostates. His scorn for Belial and for Mammon, the one "who seemed composed for dignity and high exploit, though all was false and hollow," the other expecting to find even in the desert-soil of hell gems and gold, and expecting to exercise angelic skill and art in raising even there magnificence—Milton's scorn for both of them gleams and stabs like lightning in the words of Beelzebub, "than whom, Satan except, none higher sate; who stood with Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies." Milton felt his own kinship with these colossal spirits, together with his abhorrence at their apostasy. That weaklings should go wrong in great affairs matters little; but when giants waste their strength against the eternal laws, and thereby involve the living and the yet unborn in misery, then these laws of God must be followed to their final consequence, never even in Holy Writ more terribly depicted than in those words of Satan, whose accompanying shudder trembles through all the regions of despair: "Whither I go is hell; myself am hell!"

We moderns chuckle fondly as ghosts and devils and the damned fade from the imagination—as though there vanished with them the decrees of God—and so we fail to read aright our works of genius. The grim button-molder of the Norwegian dramatist makes us shiver for a moment only with his threat to throw us to the scrap pile, but the merry mood succeeds him soon. Accordingly on every side of us

we see colossal powers wasted in daring yet unworthy and diabolical enterprises, and in competition for that bad eminence which ends inevitably in the devastation of all that makes men and angels sons of God.

Again, it is this hatred of evil that discolors Milton's image of the Deity. To be sure, the harsher features of the medieval theology had not been softened in the bitter doctrinal conflicts of the seventeenth century, while the framework chosen by the poet for his epic, the story of the fall, compelled him to attempt the impossible and miss. For in his treatise upon Christian Doctrine he declared that to the finite mind God must be forever incomprehensible. But there was in Milton none of that jaunty, jesting sympathy with the incorrigible wrong-doer that inspired Burns in his farewell to Auld Nickie Ben, and made him "wae to think upon yon den e'en for his sake." Milton, on the contrary, was glad to think upon "yon den"; and his joy seemed to him but a drop from the overflow of God's delight in the condign punishment of evil-doers.

Nothing in Dante's Inferno is more terrible than the picture of Satan returning triumphantly from Eden and standing expectant of the universal shout and high applause to fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears on all sides from innumerable tongues a dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn,

> His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
> Each other, till supplanted down he fell
> A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
> Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
> Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
> According to his doom. He would have spoke,
> But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
> To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
> Alike, to serpents all as accessories
> To his bold riot.

"Punish'd in the shape he sinn'd!" There was the lesson learned from Dante. And the power displayed in the description is no greater than the poet's exultation, which he believes himself to share with God and all his loyal angels.

And yet, our milder conceptions of Deity have given us nothing lovelier, and nothing wiser, than the words of Adam persuading Eve to penitence:

> He will instruct us praying, and of grace
> Beseeching him
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What better can we do than, to the place

Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears?
. . . . . .
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?

Or have these milder conceptions given us anything nobler than the lament of Adam for the lost epiphanies of God and the benignant reply of the Archangel so sweet with truth and comfort?

On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd.

This is the voice of humanity yearning for the great Companion: the voice of Schiller lamenting the vanished gods of Greece, the voice of Musset crying in the October night for God to bow the heavens and come down, the voice of Leopardi scanning in vain the Orient sky for tokens of His presence, the voice of Wordsworth complaining:

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

But what says Michael, with regard benign?

Adam, thou knowest heav'n His, and all the earth,
Not this rock only; His omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by His virtual pow'r and warm'd:
. . . . . .
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of His presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love.

And finally, how inane are the gibes so often flung at the converse of Adam and Eve in Paradise. For the nobler gentlewomen of the seventeenth century that Milton knew, English and Italian alike, spoke a language far more stately than that of our fluent and often flippant dames and maidens. Even Romeo and Juliet hardly talked like modern sweethearts. How, in sooth, were the parents of all the living to address each other? Was Adam to greet Eve with some such song as Herrick's Cherry Ripe?

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there
Where my Eva's lips doe smile,
There's the land or cherry isle
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

And was Eve to reply as Dryden made her reply in his never-acted opera, the State of Innocence, in which he "tagged Milton's verses" and sullied them with an impure fancy? Shall we chide the poet who made the mother of all the living speak with the gracious dignity of Vittoria Colonna, or of Margaret Roper, the charming child of Sir Thomas More? Were our first parents in their innocence to indulge in raptures of self-abandon rather than to face each other in the joy of chaste surprise?

Consider the stupendous difficulty of Milton's task. An adult pair with no experience of childhood; without society except each other; with naught to talk about until they fell except the flowers and the fruits, and the creatures of the garden, and the aspects of earth and sky, and the walks and talks with their Creator. Milton could not pour the riches of his vast and varied knowledge into their speech; he shows his power by its utter absence. He would have made their conversation ludicrous and himself a laughing-stock by freighting it with anachronisms and allusions to things beyond their ken.

Nor are the critics either very subtle or very profound who discover in these scenes the persistent shadow of Mary Powell, Milton's truant wife, and his supposed notions of woman's inferiority. Indeed, Milton's conception of the conjugal relation here illustrated is nobler than any to be found, not merely in contemporary English, but in contemporary European literature. How mean is the Adam of the Bible story! How tame and cowardly are his recorded words! "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." But Milton endows Adam with his own fine courage, and a self-sacrifice that verges toward the sublime. Adam disobeys, indeed, but disobeys, not for knowledge: he disobeys for love!

With thee
Certain my resolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, . . .
. . . yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: No! No! I feel

> The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh.
> Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
> Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

The notion that the wife should be the husband's slave, so universal in the seventeenth century, has by no means disappeared in the twentieth. But Milton, rejecting the absurd belief that every woman is inferior to any man, boldly affirmed that whenever the wife proved superior she ought to bear rule, according to the law of nature that subjects the lower to the higher being. No! Eve is not the illustration of a thesis; to be depicted at all she must be depicted within the limit of the ancient story. Neither is she Mary Powell. Happy indeed had Milton been if Mary Powell had been another Eve, for then she would have inspired in him a love like that which triumphed in the Garden. Then, like Adam, he might have found in her that which

> Argued in her something more sublime
> And excellent than what her mind contemned.

Unfortunately for him, there was in his first wife no such fathomless depth of affection as Eve disclosed when about to leave the places that she loved.

> But now lead me on;
> In me is no delay; with thee to go
> Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
> Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
> Art all things under heaven, all places thou
> Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

Nor was it any recollection of Mary Powell that inspired the picture of love triumphant amid the havoc of wrong-doing, so touching in its quiet beauty, with which the poem closes.

> Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
> They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

Do you remember the music of the eighth book's opening lines?

> The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

Dryden, Addison, Wordsworth, thought Milton still speaking, and each of them stood fixed to hear.

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!" was Wordsworth's invocation, and it befits every time that needs a voice whose sound

is like the sea that can be heard afar. If, then, I have chosen to write rather of the architect than of his work, it is because Milton stood for every ideal that we in America are called to realize. He stood for a republic in which the wisest and best should rule; he stood for a free church in a free state, for sane and rapid methods of education, for unchecked research and liberty of speech, for pure literature and noble art, for the people and not for irresponsible rulers or privileged classes, for the laws of God, to which all constitutions and statutes must conform, for sublimity of life, for righteousness of conduct, for that universal and mild monarchy that shall put an end to every earthly tyranny. For these he stood, for these he fought undauntedly, and at the last alone. "I was ever a fighter," sings Mr. Browning. Grant it freely. But when I contrast the blind Samson of the Revolution and the Restoration with the elegant poet of the Victorian age, I cannot be altogether deaf to a touch of brag in Browning's words. That strong right arm of John Milton held useless behind his back while with the left he fights his battles, those beautiful but sightless eyes, all "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out"—they are the marks of the greatest literary fighter in English history, a fighter never more wonderful and never more triumphant than when he organized his mightiest victory, his immortal poem, from the wreck of a republic and the ruin of his hopes.

THE ARENA

A PERTINENT QUESTION FRANKLY ANSWERED

THE Field Secretary of the Methodist Church Temperance Society met in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, one of the most thoughtful and prominent ministers on the Pacific Coast—Dr. E. P. Dennett—who inquired, "What is the use of your office? What justifies its existence? What need is there that you can meet that the Anti-Saloon League cannot meet as well?"

I replied, "The Anti-Saloon League is the most successful campaign organizer that we have yet found in our local-option, law-enforcing, and amendment campaigns. It has succeeded beyond all former experiments; but at the two extremes of the temperance reform there is work to be done by the churches that is absolutely out of the reach of the present plans of the Anti-Saloon League.

"In the first place, the temperance reform must begin with the children in our homes and Sabbath schools. They must learn the nature of alcoholic liquors, narcotics, and opiates; their effect upon the human system, the teaching of the Bible and the teaching of the church in regard to their use and danger. Total abstinence pledges must be presented through the agency of the church, backed up by Christian teaching and religious persuasion; and these cannot be presented to any individual too soon. All this total abstinence and moral-suasion work is beyond the scope of the Anti-Saloon League.

"Secondly, the ultimate aim of all temperance reforms is the State, the national and the world-wide discontinuance of the traffic in liquors; and a sentiment must be made that shall extend over our States, across oceans, as wide as the world concerning the duty of civil government with reference to a crime-breeding, debauching, and all threatening traffic. This nation-wide and world-wide agitation must be carried on by the moral forces within the church of Jesus Christ, and the Anti-Saloon League, under necessity of concentrating its efforts on specific campaigns, cannot do the educating and agitating necessary to bring about world-wide results.

"Is there then a conflict between the forces of the church organizations and that of any other organized temperance force? There is no room for such conflict. First, because the world is big and there is no crowding in necessary work; second, because their purposes are one, and they coöperate rather than hinder each other; and, third, because their work is specific and each stands on its own ground.

"Some of the most useful workers in the Church Temperance Society are party Prohibitionists, such as Samuel Dickie and Alonzo E. Wilson, and some are of the leading Anti-Saloon League workers, namely, Dr. James K. Shields, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, and William H. Anderson, superintendent of the State of Maryland. Both

of these men are convinced of the need of the educational and inspirational work of this Society in sentiment-building preparatory to their organized campaigns, and this writer, before accepting the position of field agent, not only consulted with these men but with Dr. E. S. Chapman, of the California League, and J. R. Knodell, of the Oregon League, and heard statements from them urging upon the denominations just such work.

"Instead of a conflict of interests and leadership in recent campaigns it was found that the church workers did the most heroic and self-sacrificing work, not only in coöperation, but in perfect unison with the Anti-Saloon League forces.

"The Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has an interesting history. The General Conference of 1904 met in Los Angeles and there was a universal call for an aggressive administration of temperance work within our church. We have beaten the world on resolutions, but have lacked an organized force to carry them into execution; and, after a full discussion, the General Conference, with practical unanimity, organized the Temperance Society, and appointed a commission of fifteen leading laymen and ministers, and called upon the church to give the new organization support. The thought that its work might get in the way of the Anti-Saloon League work prevented anyone being selected as the executive head for four years, and on the principle that what is everybody's business is nobody's business very little was accomplished the first quadrennium. Quite a sum of money, however, was raised, and the new State of Oklahoma was greatly aided by speakers, literature, and funds sent into their campaign by our Society. The next General Conference in Baltimore, 1908, indorsed the work so far and provided that the new Society should have its constitution printed in the Discipline and be placed on the same level with the other benevolent boards of the church; that an offering should be taken annually in every church for its support, the same as for the support of missions and church extension, and that the temperance work should represent as real a department of the denominational activity as our work for the Freedmen's Aid, or the establishment of Sunday schools, and that these offerings should be reported to the Conference in the same way as the other benevolent offerings of the church.

"The embarrassment that the Society now labors under grows out of the fact that, after this action of the General Conference, Eaton & Mains have published the blanks for benevolent reports at the Annual Conferences and have given no column to the Church Temperance Society, and, consequently, left our Society without funds. If we had the column and each charge should only report one dollar it would give us more than $17,000 for the promotion of the temperance work throughout the United States and in other countries where our missions represent us. This would in no way interfere with the Anti-Saloon League collection, for it would support the Society without putting its field agents to the necessity of going ino the field and asking the privilege of taking public offerings. And wherever a campaign was on, as it has been in Oregon,

Missouri, and Florida this year, and as it will be in the battle royal coming on in Maine, our church could throw its working forces, its literature, and even devote money to aid campaigns without taking offerings.

"Wherever an opportunity has been given the people have readily responded with liberal offerings to the support of our Church Temperance Society work, but because of the crippling of the Society through denying it a channel to report its offerings in the Minutes, we are asking about one hundred pastors of our strong churches to take a free-will offering for the support of this work and forward the same to our treasurer. We have calls for literature, calls for speakers at colleges, Sunday schools, and league conventions, conference anniversaries, local and State campaigns, camp meetings, where wide opportunities present themselves for sentiment making, and these men who are in the field ought to be able to go anywhere that needs calls without regard to collections or the opportunity of receiving income."

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Field Secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE

I OFFER to the Arena the best editorial utterance I have seen in the secular press on the Bible Tercentenary, now being celebrated throughout the English-speaking world. The New York Evening Post says:

"Elaborate plans are making, both in this country and in England, to commemorate the three-hundredth year since the publication of the King James English Bible. Time would fail us if we were to attempt to enumerate the many reasons why this event deserves celebration, and we limit ourselves to one: the fact that the translation of the Bible, made in 1611, is a great literary monument of the English language. Wholly apart from what the English Bible has been in the faith, and hopes, and prayers of nine generations, its weaving into the writing and speech and thought of millions of human beings has made it unique and venerable. This very fact, however, may raise a doubt in some minds. Are we confounding effect with cause? Is there not a danger lest the immense impression of long inherited associations, precious and solemn, be transferred to the Bible as pure literature, and we incline to praise too highly as English style what we have first surrounded with holy awe? Many a man, we fancy, has turned back to the Bible in later years with something of the anxiety with which he revisits what he felt in his youth to be grand and inspiring natural scenery. Will his mature judgment confirm young enthusiasms?

"Needless to say, any such apprehension is speedily dissipated in the case of the English of the King James's Bible. Its praise has been often in the mouth of competent and impartial judges. The great cloud of witnesses to it include not merely preachers and devout women not a few, but poets and orators and critics and statesmen. What forced the ice-cold judgment of Hallam into a glow, what the literature-devouring mind of

Macaulay exalted as supreme, lesser mortals need not be afraid to admire. Ruskin's crowning of the English Bible is well known; Huxley's tribute less so, though even more convincing. It is a Catholic who said that the language of the Authorized Version 'lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten.' And so fastidious a critic as Professor Saintsbury has singled out a passage from the Old Testament as the best example known to him of 'absolutely perfect English prose.' It is the following from the Song of Solomon:

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

"Scholars and historians have often dwelt upon the fortunate conjunction of circumstances by which the English Bible came into being just when it did. It was a time when the language lent itself with ease to such strength and majesty as are fixed for all time in the King James version. Our present mind, however, is not to go over this beaten path again, but to refer once more to the great loss which the disappearance of the old familiarity with the very phraseology of the Bible has brought with it. The loss is, first of all, as of a key to a great deal of the best in English literature. The Bible is not only a masterpiece itself, it is inwrought in many other masterpieces. Biblical allusions and terms of speech sprinkle the pages of Shakespeare, are as thick in Milton as his own leaves of Vallombrosa, and color the phrase and thought of Tennyson. We remember to have seen a college examination paper on the latter poet, wherein explanation was asked of Bible incidents and names and idioms adding beauty and significance to his verse. It is unnecessary to say that most of the students miserably failed to pass. What to boys and girls of fifty years ago would have been second nature, is to an appalling number of even well-educated young people to-day an alien world.

"Is there any way of making it as widely familiar again as it once was? This is a question often asked, not merely by religious teachers, but by those interested in the best secular education. They know how maimed and half made up a student of English literature must be unless the lingering charm of Scripture terms of expression clings to his memory and he has an easy acquaintance with Bible narrative, yet how to prevent the old knowledge from vanishing away is the problem. Modern attempts to solve it have not been highly successful. Formal schemes of Bible study in college or in special literary courses do not seem to meet the case. Students go out from such classes still dull to the sinewy phrases and the haunting words which a former generation instantly identified with Bible diction. And the great reason for it, we think, the almost insuperable difficulty, is that a late and literary study of the Bible can never make it the instinctive possession, the man of our counsel, that it was under the old system of assimilating its contents. Assiduous reading in the family from earliest days, the memorizing of psalm and

parable and prophecy and beatitude, the listening to the rolling echoes of Sinai in church on Sundays, along with the lightnings and smoke of torment in the Apocalypse—all this was a process to stamp upon the mind indelibly what no amount of sophisticated study can yield. Grant that there was a certain fear in the childish heart as the sacred page was confronted; it was yet a way of sensitizing the photographic plate to make it receive and hold the impression. All this has largely gone, we fear, and with it the intimate knowledge and the swift response which a speaker like Webster, or even Garfield, could count upon in his audience when he played upon some chord that thrills in the Bible. To have lost so much of this as our generation confessedly has is little short of an intellectual calamity, and it is to be hoped that the Tercentenary will aid in recovering something of what has slipped from us in knowledge of a book that has for three centuries been 'woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history.'"

—A Reader of the Methodist Review.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THEORETICAL VERSUS PRACTICAL ETHICS

A MINISTER was addressing a gathering of Methodist preachers at one time in California when the great temperance advocate Francis Murphy, at that time one of the most powerful speakers for that reform, was present. The minister had occasion to use the word "ethics" frequently, and at the conclusion of his address several preachers discussed the subject. Mr. Murphy also arose with a rather sarcastical air and asked what the word "ethics" meant, as he had never heard of it before. It has now become a current word and our people are accustomed to hear about it and to read about it. The constant affirmation of our time is that we are living in an ethical age; such an age as has never been known in the whole development of the history of the world.

There is one aspect of that statement on which there can be no question. The principles that should govern the moral or ethical life have never been so clearly and powerfully affirmed as now. Writers appear to vie with each other in setting forth the most advanced ethical principles, touching every subject in which human society is interested. We have all sorts of ethics—pulpit ethics, medical ethics, social ethics, individual ethics, national ethics, and even political ethics. All are subjects of constant discussion and one ought certainly to be wise with respect to the proper mode of living in relation to his fellow men. The Christian believes that the highest form of ethics known to humanity is found in the teaching of Christ and his apostles. The difference between the Christian ethic and the pagan ethic is clearly defined. The Christian ethic is higher in its moral standards. We can find an abundance of ethical precepts in the pagan philosophers. Marcus Aurelius, Plato, and Socrates have standards of ethical living which have won the admiration of succeeding ages, and no Christian would for a moment think of undervaluing the teachings of the earlier philosophers. That they were of high order is unquestioned, I believe, by the philosophical thinkers on the pagan cults to-day. A Chinese ambassador to our country some time ago, in making a comparison between the Christian religion and the religions of his own country, objected to Christianity because its ethical code was too lofty to use, and not in the power of man to practice. Whereas the pagan ethics were more on the plane of human nature and, therefore, more valuable in the practical relation of life. Those of us in this country are not familiar with the ethical practices of heathenism, but the statement of the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans is very similar to that of the lives of the emperors as depicted by Suetonius. Even some of its most notable philosophers were charged with practices which would be entirely inexcusable in any form of Christian civilization. It is superior also in its breadth and in its depth, and also in the fact that it supplies the force by which the ethical life is practiced.

But the question for present consideration, however, is this: with the lofty ethical ideas which had their foundation in Christianity and which are permeating the nations that have received it, why is it that they do not seem to be securing the practical results which ought to follow? The amount of corruption and of crime and of vice set forth in the daily press would seem to be impossible in an age of such high ethical ideals. It would almost seem that the more laws we have the less obedience to the principles which they enjoin. Law and moral life do not seem to fit each other. With all the fulminations against public corruption, against dishonesty, against oppression we find the complaints of corruption, dishonesty, and oppression iterated and reiterated, and one has almost to close his eyes and stop his ears if he would not see and hear that which is so out of harmony with the ethical promulgation of our age.

One of the great phrases of the day is "ethical ideals." Both the pulpit and the press seem to be urgent in impressing ethical ideals. It seems to the writer of this that we have ethical ideals enough. What is needed just now is ethical practice. We want people to do that which they acknowledge to be right and which the teaching of the time declares to be right. There is a deeper study necessary to-day than that of moral ideals, great and noble as they are and necessary as they are. The fundamental thing which the individual and society and the nation needs is the inclination and the power to embody these ideals in practical living. We know of no way by which the ethical needs of our age can be met except by the preaching of the gospel and by the impartation of the new life through faith in Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit. In the proportion in which Christ is held up as the world's supreme ethical teacher and as the great deliverer from the power of sin the moral life of the world goes up; and when Christ is not preached and the mere ethical ideals without the living Christ are set before men the moral life of the world goes down. The practical exemplification of the teachings of the noblest ethical principles known to men is only possible as they are related to Christ, the supreme Master and example of ethical life for the world. There are many uses for practical ethics to-day besides those to which reference has already been made. The ethics of the ministry need careful thought. No body of men in the world, we believe, has such lofty ethical standards before them as the Christian ministry, and yet with all our ethical views there is danger of our failing to apply them in every-day life. We need constantly to apply them in relation to personal self-seeking. The minister by the very terms of his profession is bound to think of others rather than of himself. He will not seek his own advantage at the expense of another. Indeed, he will be so forgetful of himself, and his interest in others will be so profound, that he is apparently unconscious of the effects of his actions on himself. We need also to consider the relation of men to administration in determining the duties of others in which one should leave himself out of view. No appointments should be made which are not founded on the highest ideals laid down by Christ. "If any man will be my disciple," the Master said, "let him deny himself." The true practical ethic is the denial of oneself for others.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LATEST IN PENTATEUCHAL CRITICISM

One of the latest chapters in Pentateuchal Criticism is from the facile pen of Professor Edouard Naville, the celebrated French Egyptologist, well known the world over for his sober judgment and extensive acquaintance with archæology, especially with the monuments of ancient Egypt. His proposed new solution of the Pentateuchal problem has been known to a few scholars and Old Testament students for some years. It was first made public in lectures to learned societies and then published in their several transactions. We find, as early as 1907, a communication from Professor Naville to the Society of Biblical Archæology in London, and another, in the same year, in the organ of the Society of Theological Sciences in Geneva. Two years later articles from his pen appeared in the Journal of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in Paris. Somewhat later these were presented as a memoir to the French Academy, translated into English, and in 1911 published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, under the title, "The Discovery of the Book of the Law under King Josiah."

We give the above details to show the scholarly character of the new hypothesis, which has been made known in such eminent publications, and later discussed favorably and adversely in several periodicals and newspapers in Europe and America.

Professor Naville rejects the so-called critical theory known as the Wellhausen hypothesis. It is needless to say that Wellhausen and his school reject the Mosaic authorship of the first five books of the Bible, nay, more, they brand Deuteronomy especially as a code of laws foisted upon a simple people and a young king by cunning ecclesiasts about B. C. 621, who pretended that they had discovered in the temple an old law book of the time of Moses. These priests, religiously inclined, and truly desirous of bringing about important reforms in church and state, and to give greater weight to their schemes, deemed it advisable to pretend that they had discovered a copy of the law written by Moses, or at least in the time of the great Hebrew legislator. In other words, this Graf-Wellhausen-Kuenen-Cheyne theory, and that of their followers, makes the Book of the Law, discovered by Hilkiah in the temple, a forgery (to be sure a pious forgery in the interest of religion and better morals, but none the less a forgery), to trick the inexperienced king and the court party to carry out religious reforms.

This *pia fraus*, to say the least, has been an awful stumbling block in the way of the more conservative critic and devout Bible student, accustomed to regard the Old Testament as an inspired book, in some way different from the sacred writings of other nations. "It has been difficult to believe that Hilkiah, the high priest, deliberately deceived the king, when he said that he had found the Book of the Law in the house

of the Lord. It has been a sensibly felt objection to the critical conclusion to have to admit that he wrote the book and placed it there, and then pretended he had found there a writing of Moses." Any theory, therefore, which can relieve the Bible student of the necessity of believing such a dubious course of procedure cannot but be welcomed.

Professor Naville believes that he has found a better way, and argues with great force, even if not with absolutely convincing conclusiveness, that the story of the discovery of the law by Hilkiah is a straightforward, reliable narrative of actual facts, without the semblance of fraud or forgery and worthy of all credence. He maintains, with evident fairness, that there was no connivance or collusion, but that the law was really discovered by workmen while repairing the breaches in the walls of the temple just as described in the narrative of both Kings and Chronicles.

We read in 2 Kings, 22. 5ff. that workmen—builders, carpenters, and masons—had been sent by the king to repair breaches of the house, and that timber and *hewn stone* had been purchased for the work. Then, in immediate connection with this statement, we further read that Hilkiah said, "I have found the Book of the Law in the house of Jehovah," and that he delivered it to Shaphan, the royal scribe, who, having read it, carried the wonderful writing to Josiah, and read it out aloud to him.

Professor Naville is right in insisting that this plain statement has not a trace of myth or legend, much less of fraud or forgery; but that every word bears the stamp of truth and genuine history. Let the reader impress himself with the fact that the law was discovered while repairs were made by masons and carpenters in the temple. The connection of this discovery with the repairs is very important, for, as Professor Naville points out: "In the process of demolition the workmen must have come upon a foundation deposit, or the book must have fallen out from a crevice, and the high priest must have picked it up from among the rubbish. The analogy with Egypt seems to me so striking that I cannot refrain from giving an Egyptian interpretation to the passage. The Book of the Law was immured in a foundation wall. The depositing of the book must, therefore, go back to the building of the temple; that is, to the time of Solomon."

What is this analogy to Egypt herein referred to? It is well known that the Egyptians, from time immemorial, many centuries before the Exodus, were accustomed to deposit portions of their sacred literature, that is, chapters or selections from the Book of the Dead, under statues and in the foundation walls of temples and public buildings; and, according to Professor Sayce, "*in the walls themselves*," where papyrus and parchment could be better preserved and more easily gotten at in case that was desirable. The same custom prevailed in Babylonia, for here, too, clay cylinders and inscriptions of great length were deposited in and under the walls of temples and other structures. Similar practices must have obtained elsewhere, as is evidenced by the discoveries in the ruins of the temples at Ephesus. It is needless to refer to the articles placed under the corner stones of buildings in our day and country.

But let us produce our evidence from Egypt. The title of chapter

lxiv, one of the oldest in the Book of the Dead, runs: "*The chapter of the coming out from the day into the netherworld.*" "This chapter was found at KHMUN (Hernopolis), on an alabaster plaque, under the feet of the Majesty (Thoth), in the writing of the god himself in the time of the Majesty of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt—Mycerinus . . . He, the royal son, brought it to the king as a marvel when he saw that it was something very mysterious, which no one had ever seen or set eyes on before."

The rubric of another shorter chapter runs: "This chapter was found in the foundations of Ami Hunnu, by the overseer of the builders of a wall, in the time of King Usaphais. They were mysterious characters which no one had hitherto seen or examined."

The above two excerpts show clearly that the Egyptians, for some reason, were accustomed, at a very early age, to deposit portions of their sacred books in walls of temples. Now, the connection of Egypt with Palestine was very intimate at all times; so much so, that the Hebrews owed much, in many ways, to the land of the Pharaohs. The excavations carried on recently in several places in Palestine—Gezer, Megiddo, Taanach, etc.—furnish conclusive proof that Egypt played a most important role in the early history of Canaan. No doubt many customs were common to both countries. There is no reason for doubting that the custom of depositing sacred writings under foundation walls and sacred places was one of these.

We read in one of the above citations that the writing was in "mysterious characters which no one had hitherto seen or examined." And again, that the royal son brought the writing "to the king as a marvel, when he saw that it was something very mysterious which no one had ever seen or set eyes on before." The meaning of these words can be nothing less than that the style of writing was so antiquated as to be undecipherable to the ordinary scholar of that age—in other words, that the style, and perhaps the language itself, had in the course of ages undergone a complete change. This finds its counterpart in the discovery of the Book of the Law under Josiah.

Though not definitely stated in the account of Hilkiah's discovery that the Book of the Law found by him was in unfamiliar characters, Professor Naville infers, nevertheless, with some reason that such was the case. If his reasoning be correct, we see at a glance why Hilkiah, the high priest, delivered the newly discovered document to Shaphan, the king's secretary. Naturally, and under ordinary circumstances, the high priest would have been the proper person to read the law of Jehovah. Why, then, did he not do so? Evidently because he was not familiar with the script. We have no reason for thinking that Hilkiah was not conversant with the Hebrew system of writing practised in his time; that is, with the Phœnician characters.

Now, if Professor Naville's supposition be correct, that the newly discovered code was in cuneiform, we can readily see why the services of Shaphan were required. It is a well-known fact that both the Babylonian language and script were employed throughout the entire East in diplo-

macy ages before David and Solomon, as well as ages later. The cuneiform style of writing prevailed everywhere for many centuries. If Abraham brought any writing with him, it must have been in this script. Moses, no doubt, made use of the same; and so the scribes of Israel down to the time of Solomon. If, therefore, this monarch placed any code of laws in the walls of his temple, there can be but little doubt that the writing was cuneiform.

Now, there can be nothing more probable than that Solomon, in common with builders of temples everywhere in ancient times, should have placed a copy of the law in some portion of the walls of his temple. If this was done there is the strongest presumption for believing that, in common with all the nations around, he had availed himself of the Babylonian script.

It is impossible to say, with certainty, when the Phœnician characters replaced the more complex cuneiform script in Palestine, or even in Phœnicia. We have no specimens of such writing which can be dated with certainty before the time of Ahab—or the early half of the ninth century B. C. It is to this period that the celebrated Moabite Stone, recording the victories of Mesha, King of Moab, belongs.

It is, indeed, possible that Phœnicia had its own system of writing before the age of Solomon, even though no specimens of that early age have been brought to light. It is also possible that if they had that, Solomon, who had such intimate relations with Phœnicia, might have adopted this script. Certainly no period of Hebrew history could have been more favorable for such a radical change from the cumbersome cuneiform to the comparatively simple Hebrew. But, with our present light, it is easy for us to believe that the script employed by the Hebrew scribes in the time of Solomon was that of Babylonia. Here we should mention that recent discoveries at Saviana, Ahab's capital, show that Hebrew writing was known in Israel as early as this monarch's reign. It is greatly to be hoped that further excavations at this old capital will give us more light.

Professor Naville's thesis is that the copy of the law discovered by Hilkiah was the one placed in the temple wall by Solomon, and that it was written in cuneiform. It is needless to say that the learned Egyptologist does not profess that he can give absolute proof for his new theory, but very frankly admits that it is nothing more than a hypothesis. But where is the most ardent supporter of the so-called historico-critical view who can claim any more for the Wellhausen theory? Moreover, Professor Naville's hypothesis is by far less offensive to the Christian scholar than the critical view of the more advanced critic which unhesitatingly brands the action of Hilkiah as a pious fraud, or, in plain language, a downright forgery of a cunning priest, for the purpose of tricking a young king to favor the priestly party in its work.

Whether or no Professor Naville's theory can be proven conclusively true and logical, it is certain to cause much thought, and to give another shock to the already tottering complicated theory of Wellhausen.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE "FELLOWSHIP MOVEMENT" IN GERMAN PROTESTANTISM

If German churchmen look with some misgivings on Methodism and other "sects" in the Fatherland, they show a far deeper anxiety concerning the influence of the Fellowship Movement (*Gemeinschaftsbewegung*). For this movement aims to transform the type of doctrine and of life within the church itself. And withal it is characterized, at least in some places, by great extravagances and generally by a very narrow outlook.

The Fellowship Movement doubtless has roots that run back to the German Pietism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The more immediate source of the movement is, however, to be found in the holiness awakening under the leadership of Robert Pearsall Smith in 1875. Indirect influences from Moody—these were far more sober than those emanating from Smith—also played a part in the development. Several men of unusual force interested themselves in the evangelization movement, though not generally accepting the extreme views of Pearsall Smith. Among these were Jellinghaus and Christlieb, the well-known professor in Bonn (died 1889). The latter founded in 1882 the German Evangelization Union. This union in 1887 issued a call for a conference to meet at Whitsuntide, 1888, in Gnadau, wherein was set up a platform of two principles: (1) greater emphasis on the doctrine of sanctification; (2) coöperation of the laity in parish work and in evangelization. Thus was founded the Gnadau Whitsuntide Conference, which has exerted a powerful influence in developing evangelization and the fellowship organization in German Protestantism. In some quarters the movement developed doctrines and practices wanting in due sobriety, although the excesses of recent years were at first unknown. The Gemeinschaften, as thus fostered were not separatist bodies, and are not so even yet, except, perhaps, in spirit. They are groups of awakened Christians that meet together for Bible reading, prayer and to labor for the awakening of living faith in others. But generally speaking these "associations," both locally and in their wider organized activities, have shown pitifully little understanding of the good there is in the usual activities in the Established Church.

An extreme form of the "Fellowship Christianity" is represented by the Blankenburg Alliance Conference. The aim of this branch of the movement is the fraternizing of all believers upon a purely biblical basis; accordingly it disregards all confessional and national differences. The chiliasm generally prevalent in the movement here appears in the extreme form of the Plymouth Brethren—the "rapture of the saints," etc. This Conference has declared itself against every form of theology that in any way qualifies the traditional doctrine of the inspiration and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. In accordance with this position Dr. Johannes Lepsius, the brilliant son of the famous Egyptologist, was con-

demned in 1903 because he had published some offensive results of his biblical studies. In the course of the controversy one of the representative leaders declared in substance: Theology is from Satan and is sin! Of course the theologians withdrew from all participation in the affairs of the Blankenburg Conference.

Lepsius, who is a man of notable gifts and excellent scholarship, had already participated in the formation of a new Conference which first met in 1902 in Eisenach. This was a really significant undertaking. The effort was made to bring the "Fellowship Christians" into closer touch with leading representatives of the Church and of theological science. In the conferences of the Eisenach Alliance men like Kähler, Cremer, Schlatter, Lütgert, as well as Lepsius and Samuel Keller and Jellinghaus, have taken part. No doubt much good has been accomplished thereby. For fundamental questions of the Christian faith have been discussed, as well as the practical questions of the religious life; and the essential harmony existing between theology and life has been made to appear. The Eisenach Alliance is growing in influence; and herein is ground for a good hope for the ultimate triumph of a sound and rational conception of the task of evangelization in proper relation to the other lawful, necessary, and beneficent activities of the Church.

In the year 1905 there sprang up a revival in "Fellowship" circles, traceable to influences coming from Wales. In some quarters the revival was not without its extravagances, although much good doubtless came through them. But in 1907 Pastor Barratt, the leader of the City Mission in Christiania, Norway, imported into Germany from Los Angeles, Cal., by the way of Christiania, the Pentecostal Movement. The chief feature of this movement was the gift of tongues; and along with it came all manner of extravagances. The wildfire broke out in many places. The most extraordinary demonstrations were in Cassel and in Grossalmerode. The first passionate period in these places, with indescribable frenzy, shouting, bellowing, falling into trances, "speaking with tongues," has passed. Some of the leaders of the movement at the time have declared that they had been deceived by Satan. At one time it was hoped the fanaticism was about to die out. Such, however, appears not to be the case. The movement is less passionate than in 1907, but it has developed into a real sect, though as yet lacking in some elements of organization. In various places the Pentecost Christians still manifest essentially the same fanaticism as in Cassel. They seek to form a universal brotherhood. They show traits derived from Methodists, from the Plymouth Brethren (chiliasm), from the Baptists, and especially from the Salvation Army. Naturally they are also faith healers. They cultivate trances and they speak with tongues.

What with them is this gift of tongues? It appears to be nothing but meaningless jargon, sometimes spasmodic, sometimes rhythmical. Sometimes an interpreter is set up to interpret the strange utterances. Once, according to a report in the Christliche Welt, a woman cried the whole evening through, only the syllables Tojetojetojeto (pronounce the *j* as *y*), now with frenzy, now plaintively, now comfortingly, now threateningly;

and always, according to the varying accent, it was made by the interpreter to mean something quite different. Pastor Paul, a leader of this special movement, has made some observations of the sounds most often recurring in the speaking with tongues. He noticed that *ea* and *tu* occurred most frequently. He guessed that *ea* must mean Jesus. He would test it. So he undertakes to say "My Jesus" in tongues. First came another word, then "Jesus." Further experiments confirmed his supposition. In like manner he discovered that *tu* means "God." Then he proceeds to sing a hymn in the spiritual language. He chooses that very popular song, "*Lasst mich gehen*," and he makes the wonderful discovery that the words come in perfect rhymes, as follows:

Schua ea, schua ea,
O tschi biro, ti ra pea
Akki lungo, ta ri fungo
U li bara, ti ra tungo
Latschi bungo ti tu ta.

It should be noted that this extreme Pentecost movement scarcely touched the Methodists in Germany, but has affected chiefly adherents of the national churches. Doubtless there is a reason for this. Possibly this is the natural penalty of a form of church life in which the mass of the laity has traditionally had nothing of consequence to do with the activities of the church and has had no experience of the utterance of religious truth and sentiment in social-devotional meetings.

With all the deplorable excesses incidental to the movement, most Anglo-Saxon Christians will profess to recognize here only a perversion of a desire that might be kept wholesome and salutary—the desire for the free exercise of the principle of fellowship in the gracious benefits of the gospel.

Apart from the essentially unsound Pentecostal movement, the recent developments in the Fellowship Movement have been generally gratifying. Both the Gnadau and the Blankenburg Conferences show a stronger churchly tendency than formerly. This is a healthy reaction from the extravagances of the Pentecost people. Not only at Gnadau and Blankenburg but also elsewhere many representatives of the Fellowship Movement have issued unmistakable warnings against the Pentecostal error. At Gnadau Elias Schrenk, the well-known evangelist, declared: "We children of God to-day do not need to wait for a Pentecost, for we *have* the Holy Spirit"—and much more sober doctrine in the same direction. Also in Blankenburg Schrenk testified in the same tenor: "Prove the foundations of your faith."

GERMAN UNIVERSITY STATISTICS

In the winter semester 1910-11 there are in attendance at the twenty-one universities of the German Empire 54,822 matriculated students and some 4,000 or 5,000 non-matriculated students, or "guests." The sum of matriculated students in 1909-10 was 52,407, while in 1905-6 it was 42,390.

That means an increase of more than 12,000 in five years, although it should not be overlooked that for certain reasons the number of non-matriculated students was much larger five years ago than now. Almost every university has shared in the rapid growth of recent years. As compared with 1909-10 only one university (Erlangen) shows a loss. Berlin counts 9,686 students; Munich, 6,905; Leipzig, 4,900; Bonn, 3,846; Halle, 2,661. Within the last ten years several of the universities have enjoyed a remarkable growth. For example, Bonn in 1900-1 had 1,917 students; Munich, 4,184; Berlin, 6,673. In the decade Jena increased from 681 to 1,637; Heidelberg from 1,280 to 2,008; Marburg from 1,053 to 1,981. The total sum ten years ago for the twenty-one universities was 35,263. The present number (54,822) is divided among the various departments as follows: Protestant Theology, 2,535; Catholic Theology, 1,760; Law, 10,890; Medicine, 11,240; Dentistry, 1,146; Philosophy, Philology, and History, 15,525; Mathematics and Natural Sciences, 7,914; Pharmacy, 954; Cameralia and Agriculture, 2,546; Forestry, 171; Veterinary Medicine and Surgery, 141. Of special interest and significance is the wonderful increase in the number of women students. There are no longer any serious obstacles to their matriculation as students. Such difficulties as still remain lie not in the university regulations but in the inadequacy of the provision for their preparation for the university. When one considers how very short a time the universities have been open to women one cannot but wonder that there are in the current semester 2,412 women matriculated as students with full privileges. In addition to these we may reckon about 1,200 women "hearers," or "guests" (in the last semester there were 1,220 such). One year ago the number matriculated was 1,850; two years ago, 1,108; three years ago, 320; five years ago, 139; at which time women "hearers" numbered 1,764. Of the 2,412 enrolled in the current semester 7 study Protestant Theology; 38 Law; 527 Medicine; 49 Dentistry; 1,370 Philosophy, Philology, and History; 356 Mathematics and Natural Sciences; 5 Pharmacy; 60 Cameralia.

More than twenty years ago the number of students of Protestant Theology began to decline; and this tendency continued until about two years ago, when a slight increase was noticed. The present semester, however, shows a more marked increase. There is a gain of more than two hundred in a year. The large number of theological students two decades ago and less produced an over-supply of candidates for positions in the church, but in recent years there has been a painful dearth of candidates. In order to produce an adequate supply the attendance should yet increase by at least 600 or 800.

THREE DEPARTED LEADERS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

Within less than two years German Protestantism has lost the three greatest leaders in their generation in three of the most important fields of Christian activity. These are Stöcker, the Christian-social reformer and founder of the Berlin City Mission; Von Bodelschwingh, the founder and

developer of a vast work in the field of the "Inner Mission," having its center at Bethel, near Bielefeld; and Warneck, the incomparable leader in the work of developing in German Protestantism a lively interest in foreign missions.

Stöcker was beyond question the most vigorous personality in the ecclesiastical life of Germany in his day. A man of extraordinary oratorical gifts, yet as preacher surpassed by some, of an open, guileless nature, of great force of will, combative, fearless, Stöcker was one of the best-loved and best-hated men of his time. "The only man in the Reichstag" Richard Wagner once called him. His "Life," written by Dietrich von Oertzen, has been published in two volumes, and has already been very widely circulated and much reviewed.

"Father" Bodelschwingh, too, was a man remarkable for the strength of his will. He, however, dominated in a spirit of wonderful gentleness and benevolence. He was often called "the best-loved man" in Germany. In the various institutions under his charge at Bethel and in its neighborhood as many as 5,000 afflicted or needy persons were cared for. And this was but the center of activities for the betterment of the bodily and spiritual condition of the distressed classes throughout the empire.

Warneck, who died in Halle, December 26, 1910, in his seventy-seventh year, had been for more than three decades the recognized authority in the history and science of missions. In spite of bodily frailty and many serious interruptions through sickness, he did an amazing quantity of work. The patience and self-sacrifice of his years of toil merit the highest praise. Not only was his scientific preëminence in the field of missions unquestioned, but he was just as clearly the leading spirit in organizing the forces of the home church to the support of missions. This balanced union of knowledge and practical talent made him the most notable worker in this field—the organizing and directing of the missionary factors of the home church—that the last generation has seen. His *Allgemeine Missionszeitschrift*, which he edited uninterruptedly since its founding in 1874, will be edited hereafter by Dr. Julius Richter and Dr. Johannes Warneck. The former has been an associate editor for some years.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, embracing Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology, and Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Biography, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Based on the Third Edition of the Real Encyklopädie. Founded by J. S. Herzog, and Edited by Albert Hauck. Prepared by more than 600 Scholars and Specialists under the Supervision of SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D. (with the assistance of 2 associate editors and 8 department editors). (New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.) $40 per set of 12 volumes when subscribed for in advance.

SINCE we noticed Volumes II, III, IV, and VI, in this REVIEW for January, 1911, pp. 152-3, and Volume VIII in March, we have received Volumes I, 1908, and V, 1909. It is a far cry from 1853, when the first part of the old Herzog appeared in Gotha, to this present year of grace. What prodigious strides have been made in all departments of theological science since then! To record and estimate that advance, and to give as full a treatment as space will allow of all subjects in all departments of theology, is the object of the present edition, which is carried out with commendable diligence and impartiality. A word or two on some of the articles in the volumes before us. Bonwetsch gives an excellent account of that singular development in the ancient church, the Arcani Disciplina, instruction in secret rites and doctrine necessary before the initiated was received in full membership in the church. It was due largely to the pagan mysteries, and was one of the many evidences of the intrusion of heathen influences into the Catholic Church of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries. You see a survival of it to-day in the services of the Greek Church, when the priest retires behind a screen or wall out of sight to go through part of his sacred mysteries. The Roman Church has retained the mysteries, with their elaborate and awe-inspiring performance (compare the services in modern lodges), but her practical sense has done away with some of the feature of the Arcani Discipline. Gilmore gives long, interesting and rewarding articles on Assyria and Babylonia, but O! how happy we would be if he had answered this question: Did the Jews borrow anything from the laws and religion of the Babylonians, and if so, what, and if not, why not? With the propaganda the Babis are carrying on in the United States his article on Babism will be read with deep interest. The article on Thomas Arnold makes the impression of a latitudinarianism which does him great injustice. In his mind there were other essential things in Christianity besides "practical godliness." He stood on historical Christianity with a positiveness which would be refreshing in these days of emasculated theology. For instance, he was a Trinitarian through and through. See letter 204 in his Life by Stanley, and the new edition of his Sermons (London: Reeves & Turner, 1874-6, Volume I, Sermon 14; Volume II, Sermon 11, and Volume III, Sermon 4). In fact, the reading of Arnold's Life, Letters and Sermons would be a veritable tonic to men

who feel themselves being enervated by our Unitarianizing Zeitgeist. It is interesting to notice that Gregory is not the only American who occupies a theological chair in a German university, the Church historian, C. F. Arnold, at Breslau, being a native of Williamsfield, O. The cultured head of the firm of Leonard Scott Company, Mr. Barr Ferree, does not think much of American church architecture. Colonial architecture was simply a copying of English forms by "untrained men who hardly understood what they were copying." This ignorant and commonplace copying has been kept up till within recent years. "In the last few years a more enlightened conception of the meaning and purpose of church architecture has taken root among American architects, and some few churches have been built worthy of our time and the purpose to which Christian structures are dedicated." We wish the author had mentioned what and where these few churches are. Professor Newman gives a model article on the Baptists (twenty-six long, two-column pages), almost worth the price of the volume. When he says that "Baptists find their spiritual ancestry in all individuals and parties that during the early Christian centuries, the Middle Ages, and the Reformation time, in the spirit of obedience and loyalty to Christ, sought to stay the tide of incoming pagan and Judaizing error, or in times of general apostasy endeavored to restore Christianity to its primitive purity and simplicity," he speaks for Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., as well. It is not, he says, till the twelfth century that the Baptists find their principles almost completely embodied, namely, in the Petrobrusians, though in the earlier Paulicians there were welcome traces of some Baptist ideas. On Hittites Gilmore quotes Sayce as making, in 1906, the candid statement that decipherment of the inscriptions is yet unaccomplished. The Hittite script is still a puzzle, though a "few names have been read, and in several cases probably fairly close approach to the meaning has been gained." He refers to W. H. Ward as suggesting—a most interesting striking suggestion, if true—that the Hittites not improbably gave to the Greeks the last five letters of the Greek alphabet. On Pope Honorius I Krüger concedes that he committed himself to the Monothelite heresy, though not a "conscious deliberate Monothelite." At the Vatican Council in 1870 Hefele declared himself in favor of condemning the Pope for heresy, though the learned historian swallowed his consistency and later retracted. No mention is made in the article on Hippolytus of Flournoy's excellent book The Searchlight of Saint Hippolytus (Revell, 1896). It is well known to church-history students that in 1851 a French scholar, Miller, published in Oxford the Philosophumena of Hippolytus (discovered on Mount Athos by Mynas in 1842) as the work of Origen, but it is probably known to not more than two or three men now living that the first article on that most important work published in America, and the first proof published in English-speaking lands, that it was not the work of Origen, but of Hippolytus, appeared in this Review (The Methodist Quarterly Review, October, 1851, pp. 645ff.), by the friend of the editor, McClintock, Professor J. L. Jacobi, of the University of Berlin, the pupil, friend, and editor of Neander. The story is one of the romances of literary discovery. Jacobi was the first to publicly vindicate the work for Hip-

polytus, which he did in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben*, June-July, 1851. But at the time he was working on the text, Bunsen, Prussian Ambassador to England, was writing his letters to Have on the same book, and proving to him—entirely ignorant, of course, of the work of Jacobi—that Hippolytus was the author of the Philosophumena. These letters were put to press in 1851 and published in 1852, and can be found in the appendix to his Hippolytus and His Age, London, 1852, second edition, 1854. But more remarkable still, unknown to these men and at the same time, Duncker, of Göttingen, was studying the Philosophumena, and he also came to the conclusion that Hippolytus, and not Origen, was the author. Outside of a brief announcement of the forthcoming book by Bunsen in The Princeton Review, and of a short statement concerning Jacobi's articles by Professor Dr. J. Müller, of Halle, in a letter to Schaff, then editor of *Der deutsche Kirchenfreund*, Mercersburg, Pa., November, 1851, pp. 429, there is not a word in the theological journals of America in 1851 touching the great work published by Miller in Oxford in that year. That was not the only instance in which our REVIEW, under McClintock, led the scholars of America. If one reads the two articles on the Hexateuch, by Strack and Davis, he will discover that the extreme criticism set forth by books recently published as that on which there is "general agreement among recognized biblical scholars" is by no means so generally held. Strack himself holds a middle view between the "old traditional views" and those of the so-called "advanced critic," König, that large parts of the Pentateuch spring from Mosaic times, Dillmann that the oldest composition written in the first half of the ninth century contains still older written sources, while Klostermann thinks that the whole "modern Pentateuchal criticism founded upon the documentary hypothesis lacks basis." Ruprecht holds to the Mosaic authorship, not to speak of such eminent scholars of a few years past (who knew, however, all the arguments of the critics) like Green and Bissell and substantially James Robertson and C. H. H. Wright. Our ministers should not be imposed upon by that talisman, "assured results." No results in literary and historical criticism are assured till they are accepted by all who are competent to pass on them. The interesting and illuminating article on the Gospels, by Nash, says that the "mind of the Fourth Gospel requires a personal disciple of Jesus for its author. The Gospel, or its first text (possibly worked over by the Johannean 'school'), was published in Ephesus in the last decade of the first century." We have been deeply interested in Patton's articles on the Hodges, perhaps the most remarkable family God ever gave to America.

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Vol. III. Burial—Confessions. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911. Pp. xvi, 901. Price $7 per vol.

ANOTHER volume of this greatest of all the dictionaries. In the breadth of its scope, the exhaustiveness of its articles, and the combined interest and scholarship of its treatment, it is unexcelled. Think of an article of eighty double-columned pages, by twenty different specialists, on "Charms

and Amulets," according to different countries and religions, and ten articles on "Chastity" (thirty pages), and you will have an idea of the wonderful richness of information laid before you. It is a monumental achievement, and is indispensable to all students in its field. So much being said, a word or two on some of the articles. Read Tasker on "Certainty" (religious), and twice Garvie on "Christianity," and you will feel that you have gotten one half of your money back. Curtis's (of Aberdeen) article on "Confessions" (creeds) is a book in itself. It contains these golden words: "Creeds and confessions there must be; faith, though it embraces more than intellect, cannot renounce the intellect, or dispense with words and forms of uttered thought. There cannot be a gospel, a preacher's tidings for the saving of mankind, without an antecedent creed or body of belief, articulate or inarticulate. Preaching is the utterance of belief as well as of experience; and if men are to speak from a common platform, within a common organization, for the propagation or increase of religion, they must have a common basis of faith, which may well be expressed in some form of public creed. It is unthinkable that the vast aggregate of doctrinal symbols evolved by the Christian Church in all lands during nineteen centuries of intense activity should have proceeded from any but a profoundly natural and honorable instinct in the soul of faith. But it is also now unthinkable that any type of doctrine should claim, without self-discrediting presumption, to have a monopoly of divine and saving truth intrusted to it. It is not more certain that a branch of the church ought to publish the faith that animates it, so far as words can do so, than that it ought to publish such changes in that faith as time, under the spirit of truth, brings with it." Though the author had specially in mind the dour Highlanders who passionately resented any changes in the Westminster Confession, yet his words have universal application: "It is treachery to faith to suggest that it can be preserved only by inclosure within fences, or by isolation from contagion in the stir of science and of life. Religion can have few deadlier foes than the man who thinks that its influence can really be destroyed by tampering with a particular creed." Methodism has *not* represented Calvinism as teaching that God damned the "rest of mankind" *irrespective of their sin* (p. 884), but it has represented Calvinism's teaching as to that damnation as being in effect both arbitrary and unjust. Curtis gives this generous tribute to Methodism: "The revival of which it was the leading force has affected almost every other church for good. It has stimulated the thought of every other system, and it has transformed the world's conception of the nature and basis of religion." The article on "Catacombs" is too brief. It ought to have been enlarged on the side of the inscriptions, which are instructive from the religious point of view. Notice the four articles on "Communion with the Dead" and the fourteen on "Communion with the Deity," and even the economic-ethical discussions on "Communism and Competition." The word "American" is used in the eighteenth-century sense as equivalent to American Indian. The article on "Clericalism" is deficient, as not sufficiently treating the development of clericalism in France. The article on "Coleridge" is written by a Roman Catholic (Father Professor Ryan, of Rochester, N. Y.). In it he calls Newman the "greatest

ecclesiastic which the Church of England has ever produced," which is a perverse judgment, as Manning *as an ecclesiastic* far overtopped him. Newman is wrong in saying that Coleridge interested English "genius in the cause of Catholic truth," except in the sense that he interested it in religion, for the main drift of his influence was toward liberal Christianity. It is not said that some scholars have doubted the statement of Burkitt that the Syrian Church baptized only celibates (p. 25). In the article on "Thomas Chalmers" there is no mention of Professor Henderson's edition of his The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns (Scribners, 1900). There are ten articles on "Chastity," of which the introductory, by Crawley —full of the most varied and interesting information—is written from the naturalistic point of view, to which the law of God is non-existent. He quotes Ellis with approval: "Our sexual morality is thus in reality a bastard born of the union of property morality with primitive ascetic morality. The economic element has given it a kind of stability." Even if we eliminate God's revelation as back of any moral principle, as these scholars do, it is yet a fact that races *have believed* that God's will was back, say, of the prohibition of adultery, and that belief must have had a tremendous historic influence. It is unscholarly and narrow, therefore, for writers to refer *all* the factors in morality to this naturalistic evolution. If you throw out God, you ought not to throw out history. There is a lack of discrimination and an air of exaggeration in Crawley's treatment of Christianity on this matter. Many sentences here are partly true and partly false. It is *not* true that "in its early days the church showed little respect for women." It is *not* true that "ecclesiastical traditions placed sexual relations on a pecuniary basis." Asceticism indeed came in later, partly from heathen sources, but you cannot judge all of Christianity even then from exaggerated statements of Augustine and Jerome. All the time there were thousands of happy homes under the smile of the church. Saint Paul's cautions in regard to marriage were entirely due to the fearful danger of persecution, and arose from no ascetic principle. Ellis and Westermarck, whom our author follows here, are so indiscriminating in their treatment of Christianity that they give a perverted view. The early Christians did *not* "denounce the bath as the Puritans the theater." "The church killed the bath"—hardly. Monasticism and Catholicism later developed not a "cult of personal uncleanliness" (much less did the "early Christians"), but a cult of devotion and austerity which had personal uncleanliness as one of its consequences. If the reader will turn to the articles "Bath" and "Bathing" in Smith and Cheetham's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, he will find that the Christians did not only *not* kill the bath, but themselves built bathhouses and commanded bathing. The church did, indeed, have a hard fight with the promiscuous bathing in the heathen bathhouses, but her concern there was not for dirt but for morals. Crawley quotes Paula as saying that the "purity of the body and its garments means the impurity of the soul," and on the strength of that charges the church with "denouncing the bath." Does one swallow make a summer? Who was Paula and what did she really say? A fierce ascetic, who established in or near

Bethlehem, about 390, a nunnery for girls, and in warning one of her nuns against overadornment in dress (*aliquam comptiorem*)—too much associated with women of evil character—she reproved her with the words (evidently thinking of the moral danger) *Munditiam corporis atque vestitus animae esse immunditiam*, "Elegance of body and dress means impurity of soul [an historic judgment of much of society as it then was]. A virgin's lips should never utter an improper or impure word, for such indicate a lascivious mind, and by the outward man the faults of the inward are made known" (Jer., Ep. 108:20, al. 19). (See Migne 22:89, and Post Nic. series, Eng. tr. p. 206.) Ellis is quoted with approval: "In the spiritual orgy of baptism they were not ashamed to adopt complete nakedness." But so far was baptism from being a spiritual orgy that if one will read the full and detailed account of baptism in Cyril of Jerusalem, Catechetical Lectures, lecture 20, he will find that it was a sedate ceremony. The candidates were, indeed, naked when they entered the dark tank of the baptistery, but through the ministry of deaconesses and other circumstances there was nothing to shock modesty or lead to scandal. Several remarks quoted from Ellis and Westermarck, in regard to the ancient church, need to be taken with a grain of salt. We note Coe's article on "Childhood," Fick's on "Child Marriage in India," ten different articles on "Children," according to different countries and religions; Spence on "Chile," different articles on "China," and many other rich and rewarding treatments, not to mention the various articles under "Church."

New Testament Theology. By HENRY C. SHELDON, Professor in Boston University. 12mo, pp, 364. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THE author of two important previous books, Unbelief in the Nineteenth Century and Sacerdotalism in the Ninteteenth Century, now presents us with some of the fruits of New Testament study. "Gallia est omnis *divisa*" was great Cæsar's instinctive way of approaching a complex object of study and exposition. Logical division was for him, as it is for all minds accustomed to the mastery of intricate and confusing masses of fact, the necessary first step. It is the scholar's version of the soldier's maxim: "Divide et impera." In the strategy of war and of study alike, it is the discovery of the lines of cleavage which makes conquest sure; it is the application of the pedagogical principle that the division of the whole into its constituent parts gives one the mastery of the parts. In no field of intellectual enterprise is the recognition of the principle more fruitful than in that of Bible study and exposition. Saint Paul warns all biblical students and teachers to seek the approval of God and of man by instruction which has first of all the merit of a right division of the Word of truth. For the preacher's study of the Word, therefore, no method is so strategic and perennially rewarding as that pursued in the modern discipline of biblical theology. Biblical theology is nothing if not historical. As Jesus noted in God's developing spiritual kingdom the successive stages of blade, ear, and full corn in the ear, so the biblical theologian feels the awe and charm of that com-

prehensive divine plan of growth, sequence, cause, and effect; that scheme of variety and diversity, culminating in higher unity, which is as characteristic of the revealed Word as it is of the works of God. As the stars of the sky differ in glory, so to the mind of the biblical theologian the various scriptural authors have their distinctive places in the organism of revelation, and their idiosyncrasies of statement and emphasis, due to their providential environment and their appointed spheres of inspired teaching. Such an one finds one glory in the synoptic, another glory in the Johannine, another glory in the Pauline, and another glory in the Alexandrine type of Gospel. His appreciation of the differentiated but mutually illuminating and complementary types of teaching gives him such a comprehensive and vital grasp of the whole Bible as no desultory and intermittent study of isolated texts could produce, though pursued through a whole life time. The rising tide of new interest in Bible study on the part of the hosts of educated people, not only in Great Britain and America, but even in Germany, bodes ill for the preachers of to-morrow, therefore, if they shall be found having only a speaking acquaintance with certain striking texts here and there, suggesting more or less remotely some outlying island or solitary oasis of the truth, and with scant appreciation of the whole spacious continent of inspiration in its larger organic and symmetrical divisions. Just now, when every new biblical commentary, German as well as English, responds to the demands of the historical method, by more thorough and intelligent treatment of the historical warp and woof of which the particular document was a part, and more careful analyses of whole books, and paraphrases of the larger as well as the lesser sections; when in England as many as two thousand persons, of all grades of culture (including members of both Houses of Parliament), gather weekly for a whole winter to hear continuous exposition of Scripture in Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's Westminster Chapel; when in the United States more than thirty thousand of the most intelligent university and college students are enrolled in college Young Men's Christian Association Bible-study classes, it is a happy omen that a Methodist theological professor, who, by personal contact in his classroom for a period of no less than thirty-six years, has shaped the fundamental theological conceptions of a multitude of Methodist leaders, and who in recent years, through his textbook of Sytematic Theology, is exerting a like potential influence upon a large body of the coming ministry, should have crowned his long career of instruction with a compact but comprehensive textbook of New Testament Theology. Like Dorner, Dr. Sheldon had long discipline as a teacher and author in church history before he was called to the chair of systematic theology. He has a deep, intimate, and wide acquaintance with the greater and lesser problems of New Testament introduction and criticism. Like the piers of the East River bridge in New York, which go down more than eighty feet for the bedrock, which alone can give stability to the fabric that is to carry the multitudes that come and go, so the solid scholarship, mature reflection, clarity of insight, and evangelical fervor of this timely book will give to many a biblical student, in the

pulpit and out of it, a secure and abiding foundation for those forms of intelligent scriptural teaching which appeal to the men of this generation. The purpose of this treatise is to give a compact and lucid exposition of the subject-matter of the New Testament, as respects its principal antecedents, its distinctive types, the historical order of those types, their interrelations, and their respective doctrinal contents. In briefer terms it might be said that the purpose of the book is to give an organic view of the New Testament teaching. It is found that, with scanty exception, this entire teaching can be included within five different provinces or types, among which, of course, the synoptic, the Pauline, and the Johannine take the foremost place. In the treatment of the different topics recent phases of New Testament criticism are touched upon, and enough is said to clarify the main points. The volume, however, has not been cumbered with multiplied details of critical discussion. The main attempt has been to set forth with utmost distinctness, and in their proper historical setting, the characteristic teachings belonging to the several stages in the preparation of the New Testament literature. The plan pursued begets appreciation for the wealth and balance of factors included in this literature, and leads up to the judgment expressed in these closing sentences: "No one of the New Testament types is to be elected as giving by itself the complete doctrinal standard. One may excel another in important respects, but it is by their united contributions that the full-orbed truth of the new dispensation is made to shine upon the minds and hearts of men." This new contribution to biblical theology seems to have special adaptations to high-class work in the English Bible in universities and seminaries. At the same time, it is well stored with materials suited to the uses of the preacher, and is sufficiently readable to serve as a book of edification to the intelligent layman.

The Pastor-Preacher. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. Crown 8vo, pp. 411. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 81.50, net.

WE revert to this book in order to transcribe Bishop Quayle's beautiful meditation on Christ, the Good Pastor. The Greek Testament has it, "I am the good Shepherd." The Vulgate renders it, "I am the good Pastor." Bishop Quayle says: "The tenth of John is a poem. It is Christ's rendition of the twenty-third psalm. In that poem, far-known and sung because of its enchanting melody, a king tells how God has shepherded his soul. It has the willowy note of a wild bird's call. In life, in death, God has him in his care and will provide him with a house with him forever. That is the meaning of the psalm. And it must thrill the hearts of all such as love God to see how Jesus in his New Testament poem identifies himself with the Shepherd of this Old Testament psalm. The twenty-third psalm flows like a gentle river where it nears the sea, the quiet waters nigh fallen asleep. This twenty-third psalm of the New Testament has the sound of tears in its flowing. Tears are raining in the dark, you think, as you listen to the flow of this blessed river. The Shepherd is here—may be set down as the implication of Jesus. I can never other than believe that in this passing sweetness of this Shepherd

proclamation Jesus has consciously the Shepherd psalm in mind. So that, as we study this, let us keep in thought the psalm whose emendation this Christ of ours is come to earth to be. 'The Lord is my shepherd,' says the psalm: 'I am the good shepherd,' says the Christ. The Shepherd is come. He of whom the old, glad poet sang has come out along the hills. He is from Bethlehem. He is tramping the hills across the world looking for the lost sheep and caring for the sheep not lost. Look, eyes of ours, on the blessed, blessed Shepherd. The dominant idea in the Shepherd Psalm is the care of God. God is alive and well and, hence, gives room. He is caring for his own. He is keeping him from want. He is spreading his table. He is pouring into his cup, till the cup spills over, being more than full; though a man wander down into the valley of the shadow of death, he fears no evil; for God, the Shepherd, is with him, and his rod and his staff comfort. There is neither fear nor want where God is shepherd. No want here, and no want forever. There is not in that beautiful psalm any thought that God might in his shepherding grow tired or come to his death. Never once did that cloud cross the sun of help to that singing heart. Just here does the Shepherd Psalm of Christ tune its melody. The Shepherd is after the lost sheep. That is a thought the older poem has no hint of. That is the psalm of the shielded sheep, those close against the Shepherd's care. But the lost sheep—that was ever the burden of Jesus's thought and plan and love. The straying and the lost, the broken and the faint, the storm-girt and the snarled—these are those in the mind of Christ. The thief bites like winter's wind in this psalm—'the thief' and 'the robber.' How are the sheep to be kept safe? Not solely the leading in green pastures, but the keeping from the marauder. Not simply leading where the streams are calm, the pastures pleasant, and where we in satisfaction lie down midst green pastures; but how about the nights and the days, how about the fold and the shielding? Here is the shepherd who guards at night, who 'entereth by the door,' who is no intruder and no thief, and who is known to his sheep. 'The sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out,' is the entirely exquisite reading of Jesus's poetry. I confess to thinking those lines as sweet as anything ever written by any poet since this world of poetry began. I have pillowed my heartache on them. He knows me and loves me and calls me by my name! Truly, he is the Good Shepherd. Note how the thief is constantly in the mind of Jesus. A marauder is near the sheepfold and the pasture. All who have been pastors of the people of whom Jesus has his thought, will know how lacking in imagery is Jesus's fear of the thief. A good man is begirt by danger. The thief is near. The devil is not a myth. The thief lurks and lunges in the dark and frays the soul. Jesus had no hypothetical dangers against which he is guarding his sheep. He knows these hills and valleys, these days and darks, and is afraid for the sheep. 'The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' That vicarious Shepherd is far past any dream of the poet of the Shepherd Pslam. In Christ's psalm there is a cross; and in the poet's psalm there are a rod and a staff for comfort. The Shepherd with the blood

on his hands and the danger to himself and the fight with the thief and the anguish and the faithfulness untouched with fear—here that is. The Shepherd to die for the sheep—that is the crown of Jesus' shepherding. I hear that, and I put my hands before my face and weep. The Shepherd who loves me will die for me! Then am I safe indeed. By dying he leads me past death and the grave. 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' What think you, soul, of poetry like this? Christ's crozier is a cross. There hath been battle; and the fight was hard; and the Shepherd hath tasted death for the sheep, that the sheep may die no more. They are coming to the sheepfold where Shepherd and sheep alike shall die no more. He marches past our door, the Shepherd with the cross!"

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., assisted by others. Volume VII, Morality to Petersen. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1910. Pp. xviii, 500. (To be completed in 12 volumes, at $5 per volume, cloth. Special reduction to advance subscribers.)

IT is twenty-nine years since the last volume of McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia left the press (not counting the two supplemental volumes), and it is twenty-six years since the last (or third) volume of the Schaff-Herzog was published. Since then prodigious advance has been made in all departments of sacred learning, which has been registered in the third edition of the *Realencyklopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche* (Leipsic, 1896-1909). The assistant editor of the first edition of the Schaff-Herzog, Dr. Jackson, wisely concluded to publish a new edition, which is not so much a new edition as a new work. Following the method of the first edition, a condensed translation has been made of the articles in the German book, with numerous fresh articles written by English-speaking scholars. Only in this case the larger number of the volumes allows a much fuller treatment. For instance, in the old Schaff-Herzog Oecolampadius had a little over two pages, in the new he has three and one half. It is well known that the German work is specially full of church history, and this proportion has been followed in the American condensation. For Bible topics the book should be supplemented by the Hastings larger Dictionary of the Bible. It is hardly necessary to say that the new Schaff-Herzog is a work of immense range and fine scholarship, and should be found in the library of every minister and of every layman interested in church history and related themes. The specialist will still need the original German, as even in this enlarged form the articles are much shortened. The article Pantheism is in fourteen pages in one and in three and one half in the other. This is a kind of grim satisfaction to those who, like the writer, received the volumes of the Hauck work as they are issued from Leipsic with provoking slowness, at the nice little cost of $67.25 for the twenty-one volumes. So much being said in general praise of the new Schaff-Herzog, a remark or two on some of the articles is in order. It is a pity that some one more in sympathy with New England theology could not have been found for that article, and it is a striking illustration of the por-

tentous Unitarianizing of Congregational orthodoxy within the last thirty years that the able and learned article on the same subject in McClintock and Strong, written by a Methodist (Dean W. F. Warren, D.D., of the Boston University School of Theology), is in sympathy with that theology in its great Christian currents, while the present writer rejects it in toto. Was there not, somewhere, a Congregational divine who knew all that this writer knows about New England religious thinking, but who has not been so Unitarianized by the Zeitgeist as to have no inner appreciation of that noble band of theologians who tried to be true both to reason and to the Christianity of revelation? It is a fateful evolution which has in Congregational circles outgrown—taking this article as a witness—not only their Calvinism but their general evangelical conceptions which they shared, substantially, with other Protestant churches. The additions to the article, Papias, by a radical critic who eviscerates the New Testament by his antisupernaturalistic point of view and by his peremptory waving aside of every inconvenient witness —at least such is the impression he makes—might have been spared. The notable and valuable article on Paul the Apostle would not have been weakened if the author had tried as hard to find reasons *for* the genuineness of 1 Timothy as he has *against* it, or at least if he had carefully stated the reasons for it. For Hüllmaier, read Hübmaier, p. 44, col. 2; for C. Sheldon, read H. C. Sheldon, p. 470, col. 2; for G. B. Crooks, read G. R. Crooks, p. 389, col. 1. The New Schaff-Herzog is a vast thesaurus of ecclesisatical information, an honor to its indefatigable editor and to its publishers, who claim to have laid out $300,000 on its execution. In the brief but excellent article on Perseverance, by Prof. Beckwith, he says finely that the "induction of religious experience puts it beyond question that the Christian life, after conversion, may be partially arrested or radically overthrown," but adds that this does not militate against "predestination which will, if not in this world, yet in the future world, attain its goal in the final perfection of all souls in God," and refers to Schleiermacher, *Christliche Glaube*, §§ 117-120. This is certainly a pleasing prospect to the hardened sinner who has refused all God's overtures in this life. But the question arises, How do we *know* the prospect will issue in a reality? If God has not been able to make even a beginning of this good work in 77 years, will he do it in 777 years? In the meantime, what is the law of habit doing with this man? This new turn to the doctrine of Predestination is infinitely superior to the Calvinistic, but it runs up against some pretty hard facts.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

I Wonder. By the writer of "Confessio Medici." Crown 8vo, pp. 109. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

We have known some famous physicians, one of whom, at least, while brilliant in the technique of his profession and showy in displaying his knowledge, lacked so much the saving grace of common sense and was

so destitute of practical wisdom that more than one of his patients said, "The man is a fool." Yet the physician has a good chance to be, and ought to be, one of the wisest and most sensible of men. The directness and immediacy of his contact with sheer, undisguised, natural human nature is calculated to give him correct and ample knowledge of the human elements. In the conversation and writings of a gifted, thoroughly trained, honest, and experienced physician, we might reasonably expect to find a penetrating insight, a cool judgment, an unperturbed confidence, a patient considerateness, a gentle but unhesitating candor, a shrewd incisiveness of comment, and withal a kindly humor which together would make his words sagacious, pointed, and reasonable. All this and something more we find in the author of Confessio Medici, which we noticed some time ago with much interest in this REVIEW. The book before us is dedicated to the author's grandchild, and is described as "Essays for the Young People"; eight essays on "The Way of Wonder," and "The Wonder of Matter," and of "Nature," and of "Self," and of "Pain," and of "Death," and of "Beauty," and "The Use of Wonder." The world is as full of wonder to this sensitive, observant, and thoughtful physician as any region in which Lewis Carroll's Alice found herself, and the book might almost be entitled Stephen Paget in Wonderland. The author, quoting Aristotle's saying that wisdom begins in wonder, says: "The only way toward wisdom is that which begins at the gate of Surprise and goes along the dim groves of Bewilderment." Then he has this to say about the Fool: "The fool is he who takes for his motto *Nil admirari:* he does not wonder at anything. He chose this motto, suggested by the devil in a most red-hot moment, because he says in his heart that there is no God, nothing to wonder at. He is not surprised, not he, at Nature: he sees what is in his line of sight; and is sure that he can judge, from that, the rest of the show. You, of course, are the fool, to his thinking, because you wonder. You and your God, says he, just suit each other: your God was invented by primitive man, Caliban scared by the lightning, calling it Setebos. Point by point, says he, man elaborated God, always a large old personage up in the clouds amid thunder and lightning. That is what comes of wondering. Men went on wondering at Nature till they imagined God: and the pavements of the temples of Greece and Rome, and of Jerusalem, were slippery with blood, and hideous with beasts kicking and gasping in death, to please God: which, all the time, was only the name for a man's fright at the sight of his own shadow. And that is all that there is, and quite enough for me, says the fool: and I wonder if and whether, and when and where, but I make it a point of honor never to wonder at: and *Nil admirari* is the motto of my family. What have we to say to this Fool? For he is so well-informed, quick with references and authorities, expert in the use of history, criticism, and book-learning. He has had such a long innings, and drives the ball of Religion so high over the pavilion of Logic: and if you cannot get him out, with all your modern advantages, how can I? Let us put aside the hope that we shall argue him down: it will take us all our time to argue ourselves up. We have our motto, *Semper admirari:* let us see what comes of Wonder."

The chapter on the "Wonder of Pain" begins thus: "Fools, says Pope, rush in where angels fear to tread: but I am sure that angels rush in where fools fear to tread. There are many fools who are afraid of treading anywhere. But angels rush in, without fear, everywhere: and, the more fearsome a place looks, the more haste they make to tread it. They leave the fool outside, shuffling with embarrassment, self-conscious, half-hearted, wondering if and whether, and letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would.* For instance, when the people next-door lost their only child, there was a fool who left his card, because he was afraid to go in: but there was an angel who rushed in, and broke down, and cried, so that the other two found their tears; and it was time that they did, or one of them would have gone out of her mind. And when that young fellow, you know whom I mean, was getting into evil ways, and there was a lot of talk, but none of us quite liked to interfere, it was old Angelus who said, '*Call yourselves his friends?* I call you a pack of fools,' and went straight off to him, and said that which made him turn over not one new leaf but half a dozen, and tear the old leaves out of the book of his life and burn them. That is the way of all angels; they are absolutely fearless, and, where they can be of any service, there they tread. Their one fear is, that they may be too late: they dare not risk the shame of delay, the disgrace of not behaving like angels. So, if I venture into the presence of the wonder of Pain, I may be less of a fool than usual, and more of an angel. For the angels are there before me, and the whole place is full of the sound of their feet: and they keep saying that there is, because there must be, a meaning in all pain. They know that pain will never let go of life; that earth rings, like hammered iron, and always did, and always will, with pain, pain, pain: and they have the face, these bold angels, to say that there must be, therefore there is, a meaning in every bit of it, past, present, and to come. That is why Christian Science does not believe in angels, because she does not believe in pain, and they do: and the contrast between her and them, on a Good Friday, is one of the sights of London." After pointing out some of the uses of pain, the author admits that there is some pain the use and reason of which we cannot discover. At that we have to stop. Beyond that, we depend on faith and not on explanation. "It is not Faith's business to be an universal explainer: she has trouble enough without that. Hope and Charity go ahead; she limps after them, so tired of looking at what she cannot see, listening to what she cannot hear. They two fare pleasantly; there is always a welcome for them, and a seat at the table; Hope tells such a good story, Charity spends so much for the good of the place: but Faith, poor soul, cannot give a satisfactory account of herself, and must beg her way from door to door, while Hope and Charity are under shelter. When I think what she has to put up with, I am half inclined to say that Faith, after all, is the greatest of the three." The chapter on the "Wonder of Beauty" opens thus: "Not long ago, I was in Regent's Park: and so was the Spring. Blue sky, pink almond-blossom, and green buds, were given away to all: and I had done nothing to deserve this treat. It is true that I had been chilled and fogged by a most unkind March: and I did feel that the

Spring was bound to warm and air me, and to make me fairly comfortable. She had kept me waiting so long, while she was putting on her new gown: she could hardly say now that she was not at home. She was reviving all creatures, and might as well include me. But why do more? Why not warm and air me like a dormouse, or a pair of sheets, and therewith be content? Mark now what she did. She made love to me: she downright courted me, as if I were the only man in the world. It sounds incredible: for the Park was crowded with other people, not less attractive than myself. She did not mind that: she singled me out, cried to me to stop, ran after me, took my ugly face between her dear hands, and kissed me full on the lips. Think of me: think of her. All that she had, she gave to me. For my sake, she had woven light and air into a veil, set the almond-blossom against the sky, and covered the hedges with shining buds: she had even remembered to put the amethysts on the dwarf rhododendrons at the lower right-hand corner of the Broad Walk, just to please me. To the rest of us, she was equally kind; she made love to us all. But the point is, that she made it to me; and would have made it none the less, if I had been the only man there: indeed, she would have made it all the more. What is the meaning of her passion for me, her pursuit of me, me of all men? She flung herself at my head, and her treasures at my feet. Who am I, that she was thus prodigal? I had asked only for warmth and fresh air: and I was caught up into heaven. What does it all mean? Am I God, that Spring should thus work miracles in my name, and give her Kingdom to me? The fool here leaves his uneasy place in the Psalms, and offers to explain what happened in the Park. It was, he says, the result of your environment, acting on your psychical faculties. Fool, say I, proceed: I am deeply interested, and I seek the truth at any price. Well, says he, something, in the Park, was impinging on something in your nervous system, which wasn't there: and it went on impinging, till what wasn't there was there. Your environment created, in your subliminal consciousness, a definite series of coördinated associations: and that is why you thought the Park beautiful. Fool, say I, this explanation, for a thousand reasons, is ridiculous. Parks are not capable of creating a series of any kind. Besides, it was not a series: it was a blend, of my own making, a most supra-liminal blend. Besides, I did not think the Park beautiful: I tell you, it was beautiful. Besides, I am sure that I was impinging on the Park, not only the Park on me; for I could feel myself doing it: and I should not have been in the Park, if the Park had not been in me. Well, says he, I cannot argue with a bigger fool than myself. So he goes away: and I fall to wondering at the eternal fact of the beauty of the world." The chapter on the "Wonder of Death" ends thus: "At a funeral, I long to hear the Hallelujah Chorus; for, though a man be dead, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth: and we have a right to hear that, in place of the Dead March from 'Saul.' Funeral services are for the living, not for the dead, who hears not a word, nor a note of the music. When it is my turn, may there be no hint, in words or in music, that my going was half so strange as my staying: no bewildered airs on the organ, like questions put and not answered: no comparison of me to

Saul: let my ashes be used *ad majorem gloriam Dei*, to say that the wonder of Death is nothing, compared to the wonder of Life; and the Kingdom of Death is nowhere, compared to the Kingdom of God." The book closes with a chapter on the "Use of Wonder," part of which runs thus: "It is an old half-truth, that Man is a poor creature: and, to do him justice, he is the first to take this view of his predicament. In his chief books on the subject, you find him saying clearly that he is not what he ought to be. The poets, alike in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and modern languages, though they praise his great ability and mighty works, yet feel, through all their lauds and glorias, like a cloud across the sun, that he is not worth all that music. They cannot define his level; they now exalt him, now cast him down. He sets himself to be at home with the apes, and immediately the angels invite him to be of their company: he makes himself at home with the angels, and immediately the apes call him back to the top of the tree. You might arrange, from the poets, two anthologies, of the praise and the dispraise of man; and might ask yourself, and get no answer, how one and the same species can be so variable. But you may find, in a single poem, both sides of man's case. Here is the famous passage from Pope's Essay on Man:

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of mankind is man.
> Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
> A being darkly wise, and rudely great,
> With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
> With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
> He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
> In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
> In doubt his mind, or body, to prefer;
> Born but to die, and reasoning but to err:
> Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
> Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
> Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
> Still by himself abused, or disabused;
> Created half to rise, and half to fall;
> Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Forgive me, but you are too young to care for Pope: you take more pleasure in a poet of your own day; all honor to Rudyard Kipling! You love to see, by words that flash like lightning, man at work, at hard work, in which God suddenly is there, and the *vexilla Regis* go forward, as it were to bugles calling, and the drums of the fore and aft. Man is plodding in the furrows, or buying and selling in the bazaar, or holding-on through a storm at sea, or picking-off his country's enemies with a rifle, or flying on the wings of an aeroplane; and the field, the shop, the sea, the war, the motor, all are God's act and deed: where man is, there is his Maker. You have no great regard for academic estimates of man apart from his Maker. Well then, here is another bit of the Essay on Man: and I think that Heraclitus himself might have written it:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

You cannot afford to take these lines with amusement, nor to call them artificial, as if poetry ought always to be strumming on our emotions, with the loud pedal down, and herself all untidy; whereas, the finest brocade is not good enough to make her a gown, nor the rarest marbles to build her a house, and she cannot be too fastidious, in her station in life. That is why Pope's poetry is so delightful, because she is such a lady. She is dressed in the height of fashion, but her close-fitting rhyme and rhythm do not impede the grace of her movements: she sings always in time and in tune, pronouncing every word clearly, phrasing every bar perfectly, whether her song be of beaux and bells, or of deity: and she is able, without thumping, to get real tunes, pure as Mozart, out of those jangled old cottage-pianos which we call our hearts. Have you never read Pope's 'Universal Prayer'? You will find it hard to better his instruction:

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey . . .
Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath,
O, lead me whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

You cannot find, in the facts of drink, murder, brutal insolence, cowardly selfishness, any sort or kind of consolation: you cannot, by mere wonder, mere looking at them, find anything but the dark. There they are; look till your eyes ache, wonder yourself crazy, you learn nothing: try to console yourself with Shakespeare and Tennyson, and their protestations ring false. You cannot rest in the comfortable assurance that good comes out of evil: it only comes out because it could not stop in. Cover all the walls of your heart with pious Bible texts; the fact remains, and mocks at you and your holy books, that the wonder of evil is unlike all other wonder, giving no hint of any purpose, meaning, or explanation, and having none to give. There is a badness, outside things good, which we recognize in experience, but find utterly unintelligible. The wonder of evil, if you limit yourself to wondering, leads you to the grave where Faith and Hope and Charity are buried side by side, without so much as a head-stone over them; it is that way madness lies. Evil has one thing, and no more, to say to us: *Will you fight?* O, the ugly bully, so much bigger and stronger than we are, the great beast. In the name of God, off with your coat, and up with your fists. Of course, he will beat

you, the brute: still, you may get home on him, once or twice. You may? No, you will. Then, wash the blood off your face, and give thanks to heaven as best you can: and fight him again. See, even the wonder of evil is not so mad as it looks. From the beginning of our world, it has challenged men, after the provoking method of Goliath of Gath. To sit wondering at evil, as a matter of contemplative thought, is sheer stupidity, and worse. To fight, is the very act and presence of God. And I am told, on good authority, that they who make a habit of it do, in the long run, score." Just as Dr. Paget was closing his book his wife said to him: "*You ought to add a chapter on the wonder of Love.*" He replies: "I should like to do that, if I could; but it would have to be a very long chapter. It would begin, I suppose, at the level of the mating of insects, and would ascend, without a break, to the love of a beast for its young, the love of a mother for her baby, the love of a man for a maid. At that level, thought would have to find wings, and go Eastward, to the *holy fields*, as Shakespeare's King Henry IV call them—

> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross."

At the end, having named only a few of the many objects of wonder, the author refers briefly to the "Wonder of Evil," and points out that for the presence of Evil and Wickedness in the world we can see no use or reason.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Marion Harland's Autobiography. Crown 8vo, pp. 498. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $2. net.

"THE story of a long life," Mrs. Terhune calls it. She is now in her eightieth year. She began her literary career in her girlhood, and her assiduous authorship has made the name of Marion Harland a household word in the homes of America. A vivid narrative of rare interest, crowded with varied experiences, with many pictures of life North and South, social conditions in Virginia in ante-bellum days, the excitement of the Civil War, impressions of the New England character; intimate views of the lot of a minister's wife, literary friendships, the anxieties and joys of a wife and mother; all these, and a multitude of other human experiences fill this autobiography with "shadow and shine, flower and thorn." It is a wholesome human book, fragrant with charm and blessing for any home which gives it a place on the center-table in the living-room of the house. A story of real life, it will prove more fascinating than a novel, especially in a home inhabited by girls. As a gift-book for girls it is almost unsurpassable; though it will appeal to "all sorts and conditions of men." The story of Washington's profanity at the battle of Monmouth is denied by Marion Harland, upon the best authority of a Revolutionary veteran, Stirling Smith by name, who was uncle to Marion Harland grandfather. "He did not swear. I was close behind him—and I can tell you, we rode fast—when what should we meet run-

ning away, licketty-split from the field of battle with the British almost at their heels, but Gen'ral Lee and his men? Then, with that, says Gen'ral Washington, speaking out loud and sharp—says he, 'Gen'ral Lee, in God's name, what is the meaning of this ill-timed prudence?' Now, you see, Gen'ral Lee, he was mighty high-spirited. So he speaks up as haughty as the Gen'ral had done, and says he: 'I know of no one who has more of that most damnable virtue than your Excellency.' So you see, young man, it was Gen'ral Lee that swore and not Gen'ral Washington. Don't you ever let me hear that lie again!" Mrs. Terhune, being a Southern woman, is able to give many lifelike pictures of Southern life in the old days of slavery, including not a few character sketches of some of the slaves. One colored man named Dabney, a carpenter by trade, was especially "gifted in prayer." Mrs. Terhune describes a Sunday afternoon service held on the spacious lawn of the Gaines homestead. "Under the trees shading the turf were ranged long rows of benches, occupied, that Sunday afternoon, by men and women from the Gaines plantation and from other freeholdings for miles around. There may have been four hundred, all told. A healthier, happier peasant class could not be found on either side of the ocean. All were clean; all were well-dressed. The younger women were gay with the discarded finery which was the perquisite of house-servants, ladies' maids in particular. The porch and the windows of the drawing-room were filled with guests of fairer complexion, but in demeanor and general behavior not a whit more quietly reverent. The brief invocation, the reading of the Scriptures, and the sermon were the duty of the presiding clergyman. He stood at the head of the short flight of steps, facing the dusky throng. It was the colored people's service. In the selection of hymns the leader was guided by his knowledge of what would be familiar to them. The first went with a swing and a rush, that shook the branches above the singers' heads, and brought down slow showers of tinted leaves upon the grass. It was a perfect afternoon. The fields were golden brown; no frost had fallen to blacken or bleach them. Hickories were canopies of warm amber; oaks were reddening, and the maples were aglow with autumnal fires. The still air was nutty sweet. The prayer, immediately preceding the sermon, was offered by an aged farm-hand, upon whom the leader called to conduct our devotions. His hair was pale chinchilla; his back was bent, and his thin voice quavered sadly. All the same, he voiced the petitions of every heart for strength, wisdom, and righteousness, briefly and pertinently. The sermon over, Dabney was bidden to lead us in prayer. And thus held forth that mighty man: 'O, Lord! have mercy upon the hardened and hell-defying, hell-desarvin' sinners, in these 'ere low-groun's of sin an' sorrow, 'roun' about Charlotte Coate-House, from the rivers to the ends of the yearth. Bring 'em to mou'n as one mou'ns fer his first-born, and come a flockin' into the kingdom, as doves to their windows, from the rivers to the ends of the yearth. Bless the master an' mistis of this home, an' pour out on 'em the riches of the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, from the rivers to the ends of the yearth. O, Lord! in the plentifulness of Thy

mercy, bless with all manner of mercies the great and notable man of God, whom Thou hast placed over us in speritual things. Bless him in his rising up, and goin' about, and among the sheep of his parstur', from the rivers to the ends of the yearth. Bless her who Thou hast given to him to be a pardner in the lan' what flows wid milk an' honey, an' in de was' and desolate po'tions, whar no water is, from the rivers to the ends of the yearth. May they two live together for many a long year, like two turtle-doves in one nes', with nary a jar between, from the rivers to the ends of the yearth!'" This Virginia-born woman, who was there when the war broke out, gives us a sample of the boastful talk with which leading newspapers and political demagogues of the South fanned the flames of secession in the early months of 1861. An editorial in one such paper said: "Since the organization of the Union, the South has held the balance of power—*as it is her right to do*—her citizens being socially, morally, and intellectually superior to those of the North. Our whilom servants (the Northeners) have lately strangely forgotten their places. They now aspire to an equal share in the administration of the government. They have presumed to elect from their own ranks an illiterate, base-born, sectional tool, whom they rely upon to do their foul work of subverting our sovereignty. It is high time the real masters awoke from their fatal lethargy and forced their insubordinate hinds to stand once more, cap in hand, at their behest." By such wild, fierce ravings were kindled the passions which carried the South into her awful suicidal tragedy. According to this Southern woman, secession, with all its dire and dreadful consequences, was the crime of demagogues, the penalty of which fell on the brave men and heroic women of the Southland. Mrs. Terhune generously tells of her indebtedness to a great variety of friends, among them being Mrs. Anna Cora (Mowatt) Ritchie, an "American actress, novelist, dramatist, and poet," of irreproachable character, who left the stage to become the wife of a Virginia gentleman. Of her, Marion Harland writes: "Mrs. Ritchie was a Swedenborgian. I had learned that in her Autobiography of an Actress. All denominations —including some whose adherents would not sit down to the Lord's Supper with certain others, and those who would not partake of the consecrated 'elements' if administered by nonprelatic hands—united in shutting and bolting the door of heaven in her face. In the intimate companionship, unbroken by these and other admonitions, I never heard from Mrs. Ritchie's lips a syllable that was not redolent with the law of kindness. I learned to love her fondly, and to revere her with fervor I would not have believed possible, six months earlier. It was not her fascination of manner alone that attracted me, or the unceasing acts of sisterly kindness she poured upon me, that deepened my devotion. She opened to me the doors of a new world: broadened and deepened and sweetened my whole nature. We never spoke of doctrines. We rarely had a talk—and henceforward our meetings were almost daily—in which she did not drop into my mind some precious grain of faith in the All-Father; of love for the good and noble in my fellow man, and of compassion, rather than blame, for the erring. Of her own church she did not talk. She assumed,

rather, that we were 'one family, above beneath,' and bound by the sacred tie of kinship, to 'do good and to communicate.' She had a helpful hand, as well as a comforting word, for the sorrowing and the needy. As to her benefactions, I heard of them, now and again, from others. Now it was an aged gentlewoman, worn down to the verge of nervous prostration, and too poor to seek the change of air she ought to have, who was sent at the Ritchies' expense to Old Point Comfort for a month; or a struggling music-mistress, for whom Mrs. Ritchie exerted herself quietly to secure pupils; or a girl whose talent for elocution was developed by private lessons from the ex-actress; or a bedridden matron, who had quieter nights after Mrs. Ritchie ran in, two or three evenings in a week, to read to her for half an hour in the rich, thrilling voice that had held hundreds enchanted in by-gone days. To me she was a revelation of good-will to men. She lectured me sometimes, as a mother might, and ought, always in infinite tenderness. 'I cannot have you say that, my child!' she said once, when I broke into a tirade against the hypocrisy and general selfishness of humankind at large, and certain offenders in particular. 'Nobody is all wicked. There is more unconquered evil in some natures than in others. There is good —a spark of divine fire—in every soul God has made. Look for it, and you will find it. Encourage it, and it will shine.' And in reply to a murmur during the trial-experiences of parish work, when I deplored the effect of these belittling cares and petty commonplaces upon my intellectual growth, she laid her caressing hand against my hot cheek, and said: 'Dear! you are the wife of the man of God! It is a sacred trust committed to you as his helpmate. To shirk anything that helps him would be a sin. And we climb one step at a time, you know—not by bold leaps. Nothing is belittling that God sets for us to do.' She, and some other things, gave me a royal winter." Here is Mrs. Terhune's tribute to another friend: "Mary Massie Ragland was, at that Christmas-tide, twenty-two years of age. I had liked and admired her from the first. In time she grew into a place in my heart no other friend had ever held, and which, left vacant by her death six years later, has never been taken. I think no man or woman has more than one complete, all-satisfying friendship in a lifetime. Her portrait hangs against the wall in my bedchamber now. I awake each morning to meet her gaze bent, as in life, on mine. In sorrow and in joy, I have gone secretly to my room, as to an oratory, to seek in the depths of the beautiful eyes the sympathy never denied while she was with me, and visible to my dull vision. To a mind stored richly with the best literature, eager to acquire, and faithful to retain, she added exquisite fancies, poetic tastes, and love for the beautiful that was a passion. Her heart was warm, deep, tender, and true. It well-nigh breaks mine in remembering *how* true! In all the ten years in which we lived and loved together in closest intimacy, not a cloud ever crossed the heaven of our friendship. One remark, uttered simply and with infinite gentleness by her, after a great loss had chastened her buoyant spirits, stands with me as the keynote to action and character. I was commenting somewhat sharply upon my disappointment in not meeting, from one whom I loved and trusted, the fullness of sympathy I thought I had a right to expect in

what was a genuine trial to myself. 'She was hard and critical!' I moaned. 'You saw it, yourself! You cannot deny it!' 'Dear!' (The stroking fingers upon my bowed head were a benediction; the sweet voice was eloquent with compassion.) 'Don't judge her harshly! She is *good*, and true to you and to the right. But she has never had sorrow to make her tender.' How boundless was the tenderness my mentor, who comforted while she admonished, learned in the school of pain in which she studied until Death dismissed her spirit, was fully known to Him alone whose faithful disciple she was to the end. To the world she showed a smiling front; her merry laugh and ready repartee were the life of whatever company she entered, and over and through it all, it might be reverently said of the true, heroic soul, that, to high and humble, 'her compassions failed not.' 'Refined by nature and refined by grace!' said one above her coffin. I added, inly: 'And by sorrow!' " During Dr. Terhune's pastorate in the Reformed Dutch Church, on Market Street, Newark, N. J., Mrs. Terhune's health failed. A consultation of physicians reported that the apex of the right lung was gone, and doubted if anything could prevent the rapid waste of both lungs. His church gave him indefinite leave of absence —two, four, or six years—provided he would bring his wife back well. As his steamer was about to sail, a gift of $3,000 from a few friends in his church was put into his hand. Into her account of their winter in Rome, Mrs. Terhune puts a friendly tribute to our Dr. Leroy M. Vernon: "That I am alive upon this wonderful, beautiful earth at this good hour, I owe, under God, to those divine four months among the Seven Hills. Doctor Terhune had received the appointment to the Chaplaincy of the American Chapel in Rome before we left Paris. He decided to accept it within a week after our arrival in the Eternal City. It was a cosey corner for pastor and flock—that little church in Piazza Poli, belonging to an Italian Protestant corporation, and occupied by them for half of each Sunday, by American tourists and transient residents of Rome for the other half. All my memories of the wonderful and bewitching winter are happy. None have a gentler charm than those which renew the scenes of quiet Sunday forenoons when visitors from the dear home-land, who had never before looked upon the faces of their fellow-worshipers, gathered by common consent in the place where prayer was wont to be made in their own tongue. There were no strangers in the assembly that lingered in the tiny vestibule and blocked the aisle when the service was over. The spirit of mutual helpfulness spoke in eye and speech. It should not have been considered singular that those thus convened were, almost without exception, refined and educated, and so unlike the commonly accepted type of traveling American, that we often commented upon the fact in conferences with familiar friends. We felicitated ourselves that we caught the cream of the flow of tourists, that season. 'It is a breath of the dear old home-life!' said more than one attendant upon the simple services, where the congregation was kaleidoscopic in outward seeming, the same in spirit. I cannot pass over this period of our foreign life without a tribute to one whose friendship and able coöperation in the work laid to Doctor Terhune's hand, did more than any other one influence to make for him a

home in Rome. Dr. Leroy M. Vernon, who subsequently became Dean of the University of Syracuse, in New York State, was the rarest combination of strength and gentleness I have ever seen. He had been for some years resident in Rome; was an enthusiastic archæologist and art-student, speaking Italian with fluency and grace, and thoroughly *au fait* to the best literature of that tongue. From the beginning of their acquaintanceship, the two men fraternized heartily. In the ripening of liking into intimacy, they walked, rode, talked, and studied together. What the association was to the younger of the two, may be imagined by one who has had the privilege of close communion with a beloved comrade who held the key to the treasure-house one has longed all his life to enter. 'The winter in Italy with Vernon was worth more to me than a course in the Academy of Fine Arts, combined with ten years of archæological lectures from experts,' was the testimony of the survivor, twenty years later, when the news of the dean's death was brought to us. They loved each other tenderly to the end of mortal companionship. Who can doubt that it has been renewed in the City where eager minds are never checked by physical weakness, and aspiration is identical with fulfillment?"

History of Ethics Within Organized Christianity. By Thomas Cuming Hall, D.D., Professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary. Royal 8vo, pp. viii, 605. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $3, net.

We have been repeatedly told that ethics is the root of religion, and that in its final efforts it is merged in religion. The highest type of religion is, therefore, distinguished by its unique combination of piety toward God and purity toward man. An imperfect religion has a confused conception of legal and vital demands. Primitive Christianity was confronted on its entrance into the world by the moral irresponsibility of paganism on the one hand and the religious insufficiency of Judaism on the other. In its struggle with these two forces Christianity demonstrated its power, and so secured a triumphant entrance into the heart and life of the Roman empire. As Eucken recently stated, it was the fundamentally ethical character of Christianity which caused its spiritual superiority to the world to become at the same time constructive of a higher world. The misfortune has been that the spiritual ideals of Christianity so refreshingly exemplified in Jesus Christ failed to grip the church. There was a wretched fall soon after the apostolic age. Indeed, the seeds of decay had been sown during that very age by men whose thought had not been thoroughly Christianized, and who brought into the church an embarrassing legacy from the imperfect past. This element has been wholly foreign to essential Christianity, but it has, nevertheless, continued within the church. It has moreover been fed by the trifling side issues which have turned the energies of the church away from things fundamental. Just as the study of theology had been pursued purely for controversial purposes, and the history of doctrine is, therefore, relatively a modern science, so also the interest in ethics as such had been submerged by the passion for dogma with its dogmatic and *ex-cathedra* interpretations. The science of ethics is thus a modern dicipline; it is "the study of the laws

of human life and conduct, that we may adjust our lives to our changing surroundings and become masters of our surroundings." Christian ethics is determined by the redemptive principle of love set forth by Jesus Christ. We are living in an era of bewilderment, between two worlds, "one dead, one powerless to be born." Some are tempted to renounce the past, without any sense of the inevitableness of history; others, more conscientious, are endeavoring to retain what is of value in the past and merge it in the adaptations of the present; others, again, are seeking for new light to burst forth from some hidden source of spiritual efficiency. This is an age of shifting ideals, and social unrest, and industrial disquietude. What an opportunity for the church to interpret the eternal message of Jesus in ways that are suited to present needs. Under these circumstances the historical survey, by Dr. Hall, is to be welcomed. His purpose in this volume is to estimate the ethical progress of the past as objectively and fairly as possible. This is a large undertaking. It is really a history of the church in action, in its relation to the social and moral forces which were embodied in the lives of men, movements, and nations. It implies a recognition of the dogmatic and doctrinal changes within the church; and also a consideration of all the processes—subterranean and surface, philosophical and pragmatic, social and religious, artistic and literary, educational and political—which were involved in the course of the activities of the church. The spirit of candor and freedom from prejudice is not the least virtue of this book. The author does not hesitate to acknowledge the injustice of much Protestant criticism of Roman Catholic positions, while he also sharply exposes the numerous ethical defects of Romanism. There is a tendency, however, to belittle the church in favor of the kingdom of God; but the excess of zeal for this latter conception, which is confessedly attractive, must not do injustice to the former, even though it has been misused by ecclesiastics during the centuries. Say what we will, the only hope of Christianity is in the church, and this cannot be advanced by a spirit of irreverence or of slackened enthusiasm for the church which is the body of Christ, and which, in a catholic interpretation, is synonymous with the kingdom of God. This is a history of the unfolding ideals of the Christian life; not, however, wholly abstract, but in its bearing on the experience of the Christian thinker struggling to incarnate his ideals. A mere theoretical discussion of ethics has fortunately become impossible since the day of Kant, who dethroned dogmatic rationalism and established the seat of authority in the self-conscious mind. The content of ethics, both within and without organized Christianity, is now based upon experience. The strongest link in the chain of preparation for Christianity was forged, not by the intellectualism of Greece, nor by the imperialism of Rome, but by the democratic ideals of Hebrew prophetism, which were based on the justice and mercy of God, offering to every individual alike the privilege of fidelity to him and devotion to the best interests of mankind. These prophetic ideals were seized by Jesus and set in a large frame-work of universal sympathy and service. His teaching of the supremacy of the spiritual man, and his insistence on the inwardness of life, without any tinge of asceticism, were

in marked contrast to the ritual extravagances of contemporary Judaism. Indeed, his emphatic application of the principle of redeeming love revealed a new law, and made God known not merely as a law-giver but as a life-bringer. Thus he came not to destroy but to fulfill, in the large sense of perfecting and completing the immature aspirations of former days. The Pauline interpretation of Jesus was based upon a vivid personal experience, and it swept with a mighty religious enthusiasm over a fevered and disorganized life. Dr. Hall excellently rescues the Pauline ethics of a new life in Christ from its theological obscurities. He shows how the simplicity of the gospel did more than anything else to bring abounding life to that early world. But alas! the apostolic age had hardly closed before the pristine purity of primitive Christianity began to be perverted by ecclesiastical Christianity. One can hardly realize how great was the tragic lowering of the standards of Christian experience and life. The writings of the post-apostolic fathers are strikingly lacking in the freshness and spontaneity of ethical enthusiasm and achievement. The reason for this became increasingly manifest. Dogma had taken the place of life; religion was superseded by theology; the ideal of a kingdom of love was displaced by an ecclesiastical organization like the Bishop's church; compromises were effected with the religious cults of Isis and Mithra, in the interest of political and ecclesiastical unification; sacramentarianism was exalted above spirituality; monasticism and ascetic austerities destroyed the freedom and joy of the filial spirit in Christ; orthodoxy in doctrine was purchased at the fearful expense of purity in Christian character; crass paganism received Christian baptism and heathen gods became saints. What a fearful departure all this was from the simplicity and the purity that is toward Christ. This brief summary of corruptions inadequately represents the elaborate working out of the causes and consequences in chapters four and five. The chapter on scholasticism and its ethics is very suggestive. This type of thought, represented especially by Scotus Erigena, Thomas Aquinas, Peter Abelard, and Duns Scotus, was an effort to establish upon the rational foundation of pagan culture a supernatural structure born of tradition. This effort, with its entire lack of interest in history, produced a system of ethics which was mere legal casuistry. The Protestant Reformation restored to the individual the sense of self-consciousness and the freedom of direct access to God. Luther's defense of the moral supremacy of the spiritual man found a response in many hearts and struck the key-note of a real ethical advance; but unfortunately the power of traditionalism was too great and the idea of authority was not thoroughly thought out, with the result that Protestant casuistry of a stringent type was established. It is pathetic to contemplate how the legal ethics of the Old Testament, taken in a grossly literal sense, bound the conscience of the Protestant as with fetters of iron. Its ethics, therefore, became not only autocratic, but also, in essence, priestly and aristocratic. The Puritan life was, however, far better than its theory. The chapter on the English Reformation and its ethics is a marvel of luminous interpretation and enables one to understand the struggles now going on between Free Churchmen and the Estab-

lished Church in England; out of which let us hope there will soon come a higher unification of Christian thought and life, which will preserve what is best in the autonomy of the individual and the authority of the institution. The pressing demand to-day is for new formulations which will relieve the pressure from inherited traditions and unrealized truths. The section on the ethics of Philosophical Protestantism is a careful study of the ethical contributions of men like Francis Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Butler, and Hume, which freed Protestantism from the bonds of scholastic authoritarianism. The movement on the Continent was marked by efforts at social and intellectual reconstruction, in which Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, and Calvin were the leading spirits. The ethical influence of pietism in its weakness and strength is also judiciously considered, while sections far too brief are devoted to the remarkable work of Grotius, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte. The short chapter on the Merging of Churchly with Philosophical Ethics whets the appetite for more. The limits of his subject have been strictly observed by the author; otherwise, fuller sections might have been expected on the ethical teachings of modern times. It is worth noting that the great ethical discussions of this latter period have largely been by men outside of organized Christianity, and that the systems of ecclesiastical ethics were broken up by their severe criticisms. But it is also encouraging to remember that the conflict of ethical theories has tended to a reversal to the divine ethical autonomy of Jesus, who promised the experience of freedom in the Holy Spirit to all men. The history of Christian ethics, like the history of the church, is a record of weary and dreary struggles; but the facts must be known if we are to register an advance toward the freedom of the Spirit in Jesus Christ. This is, therefore, a very timely volume. It will help the reader to enter more intelligently and heartily into the program of the evangel of Jesus, to establish the reign of God in the lives of all men on the principle of redemptive love.